

# Movie CLASSIC

NSC

JANUARY

MOVIE  
CLASSIC

10¢



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CARROLL  
Natural Color Photo

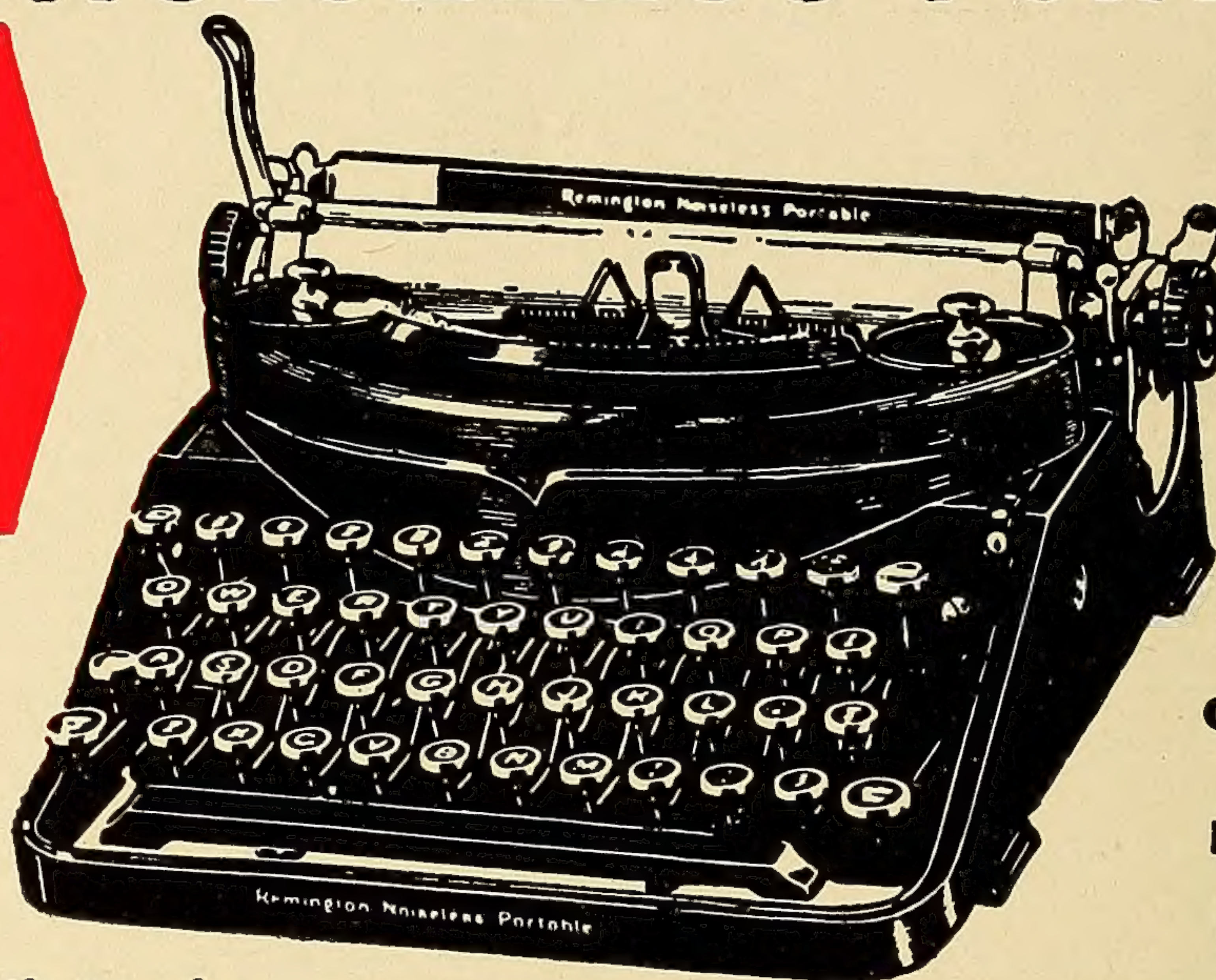
What Love Has Done to Joan Blondell and Dick Powell  
The Five Million Dollar Battle Over Gary Cooper



# FACTORY TO YOU

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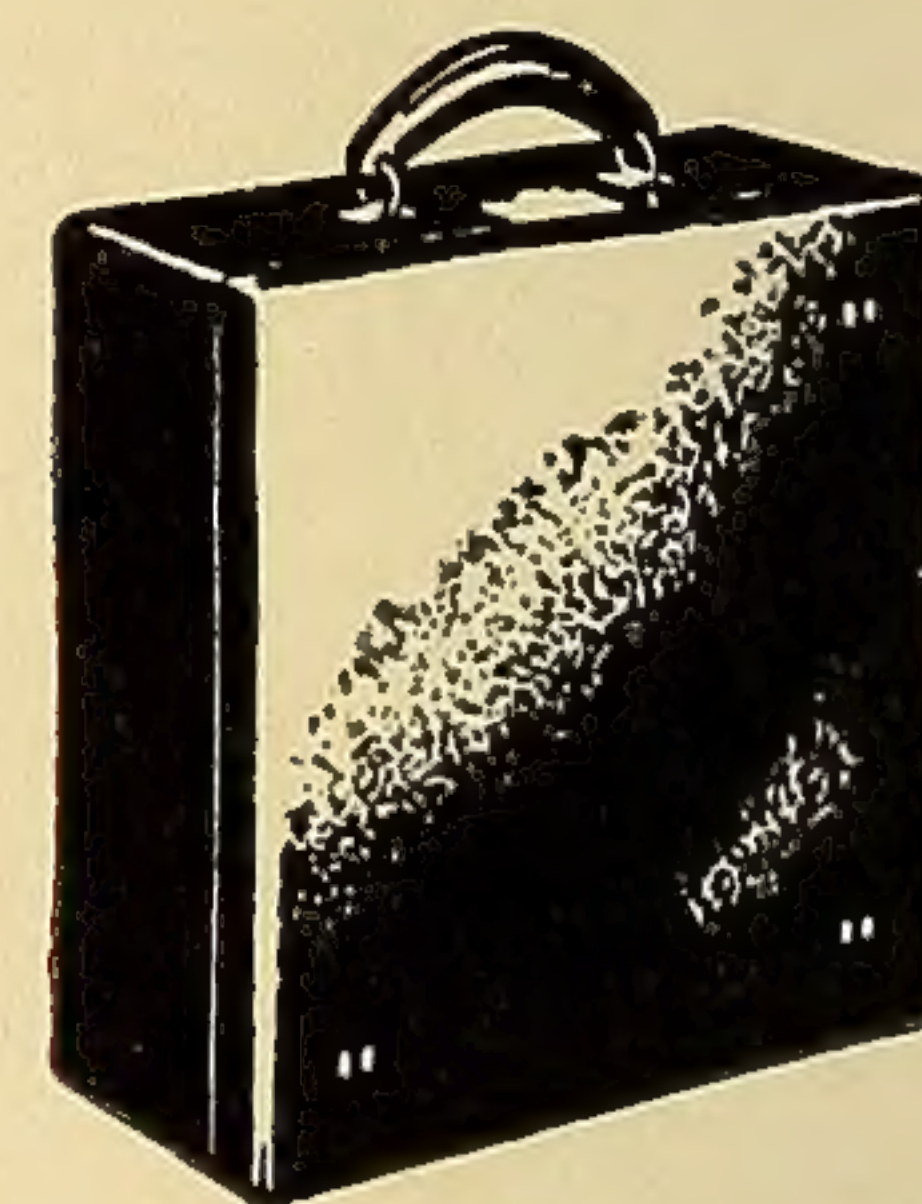


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Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Noiseless Portable typewriter, plus FREE Typing Course and Carrying Case, for only 10¢ a day. Also send me without obligation, new illustrated catalogue.

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**SPECIFICATIONS.** Standard Keyboard. Finished in glistening black with chromium attachments. Takes paper 9.5 inches wide. Writes lines 8.2 inches wide. Standard size, 12 yard ribbon. Makes up to 7 clear, legible carbons. Back spacer. Full size platen. Paper fingers, roller type.

Black key cards with white letters. Double shift key and shift lock. Right and left carriage release. Right and left cylinder knobs. Large cushion rubber feet. Single or double space adjustment. All the modern features plus the satisfaction of NOISELESS operation.



# Eye-taking Loveliness

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



**I**F ONLY this lovely girl could stand forever as you see her here—serene, beautiful, goddess-like! *But when she smiles—when lovely lips part and reveal dull teeth and dingy gums—how quickly and tragically the spell of beauty is broken.*

## NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

It may not seem dangerous—that first warning "tinge of pink" on your tooth brush. It may seem trivial, unimportant. But your dentist will tell you it can be and has been the prologue to many a dental tragedy. Remember—"pink tooth brush" is a distress signal, and only a distress signal. But when you see it, play

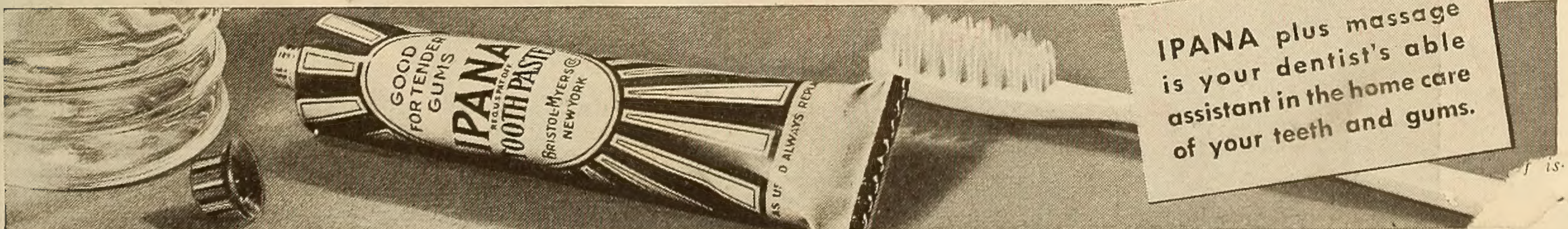
**She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"**

safe—*see your dentist.* The chances are that it does not mean a serious gum disorder—but *your dentist should make the decision.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food menus—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as so many dentists will often advise—gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation

stimulates gum tissues. You'll soon sense a new, healthy firmness in the gum walls themselves.

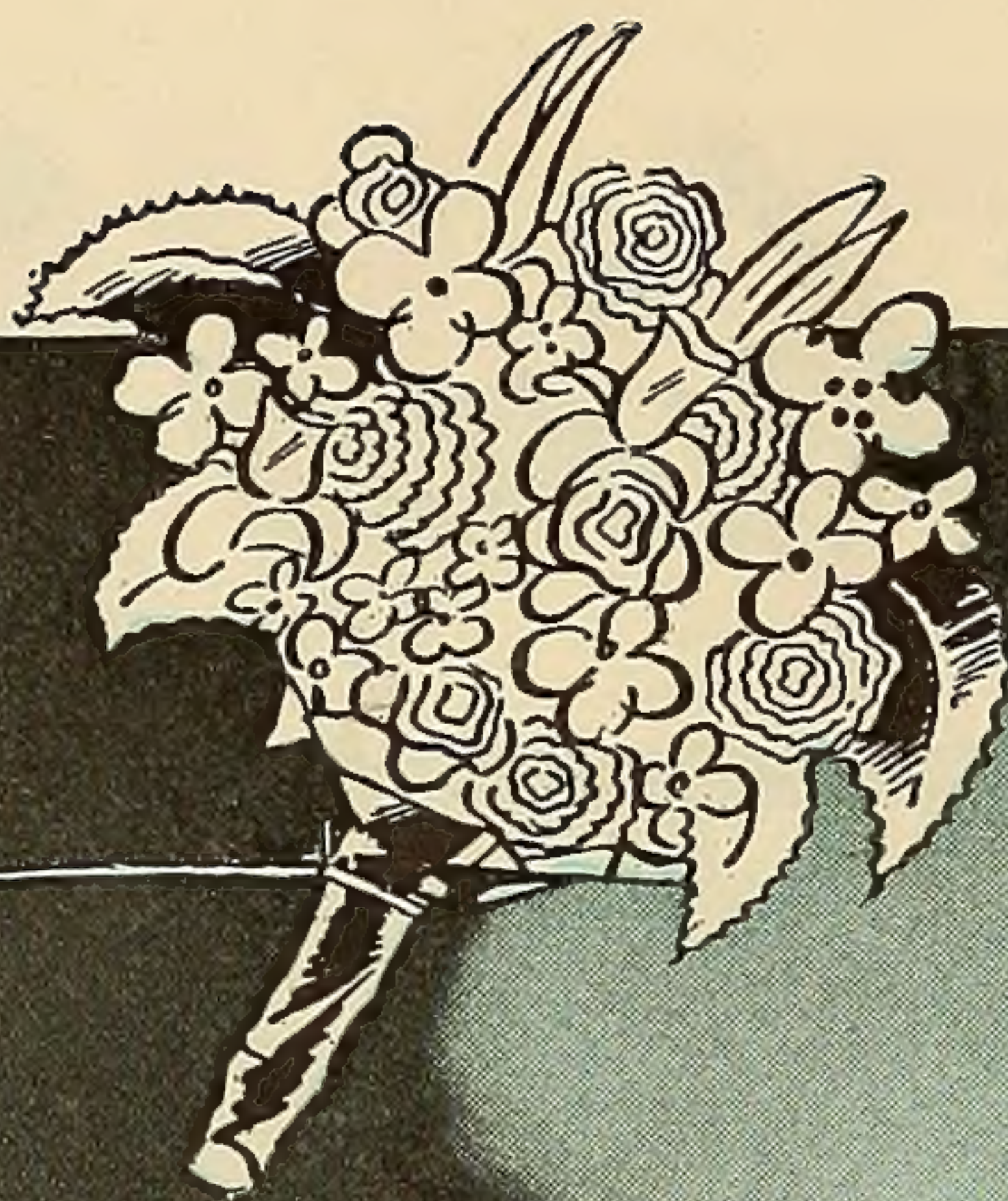
Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is approved by many modern dentists, taught by many modern teachers in classrooms all over the country. Don't take chances. Even before you see that "tinge of pink" on your own tooth brush, even before you have this first warning of danger—schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine with Ipana and massage. Don't risk being a "dental cripple." Change to Ipana and massage, and help keep your smile lovely, bright, sparkling—and safer.





**REUNION-IN LOVE -  
BY REQUEST!**

You asked for it and you'll be delighted you did! They're together again! Joan and Clark taking their "Love On The Run"—kissing and kidding their way from Mayfair to the Mediterranean in a trans-continental caravan of jollity!



*Joan*  
**CRAWFORD · GABLE**  
*Clark*  
**IN LOVE on the RUN**

A W. S. VAN DYKE Production  
with  
**FRANCHOT TONE**  
**REGINALD OWEN**  
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture  
Produced by  
Joseph  
L. Mankiewicz

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!



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On the Cover

Posed exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC, this beautiful natural color study of Madeleine Carroll was photographed by Edwin Bower Hesser.

# MOVIE CLASSIC

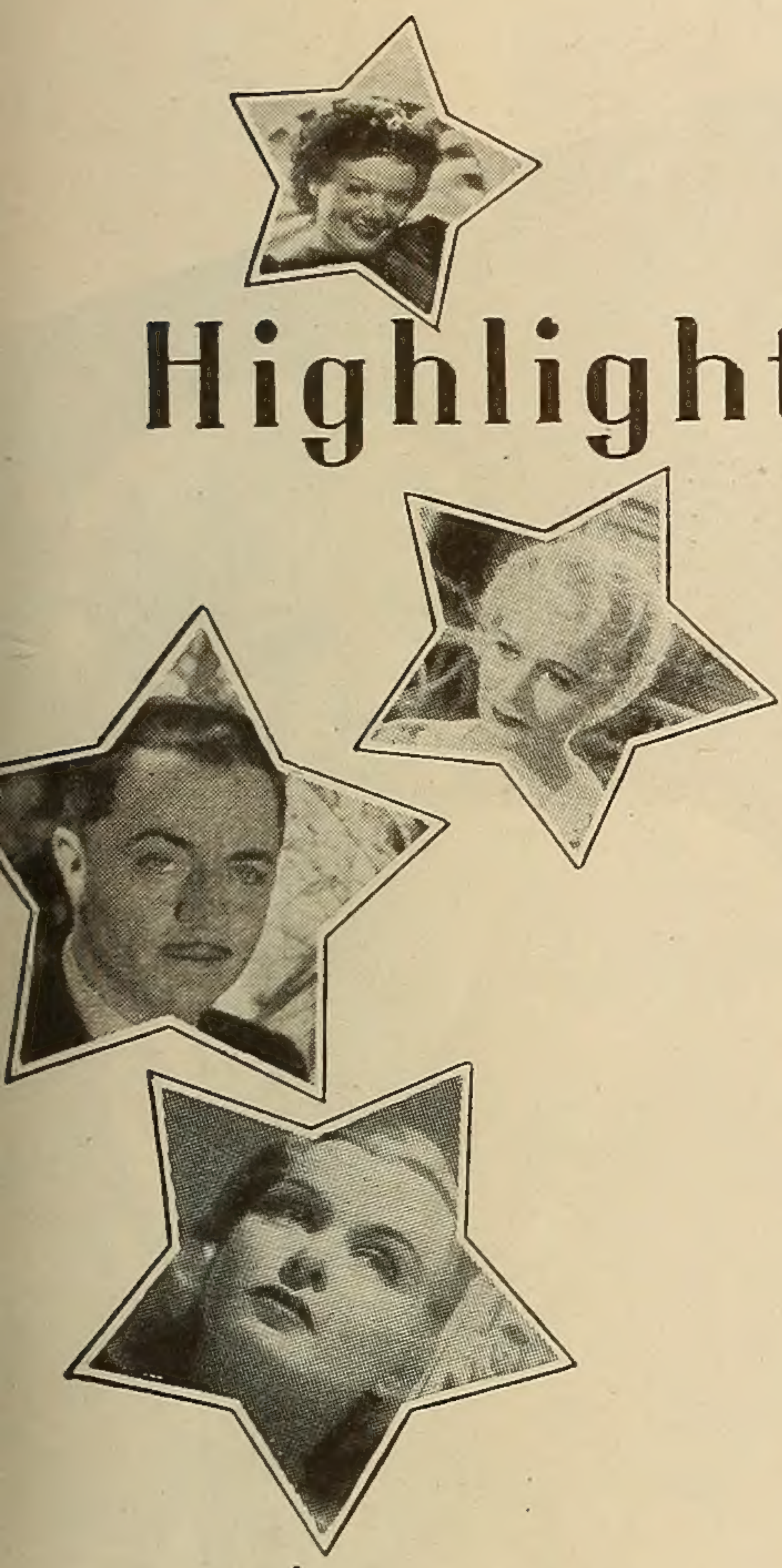
EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

JANUARY, 1937

VOL. 11 No. 5

E. J. SMITHSON  
Executive Editor

## Highlights★



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## ★ News★

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W. H. FAWCETT  
Publisher

Go to your favorite newsstand for February MOVIE CLASSIC. You will find it on sale on December 30th.

HARRY HAMMOND BEALL  
Managing Editor

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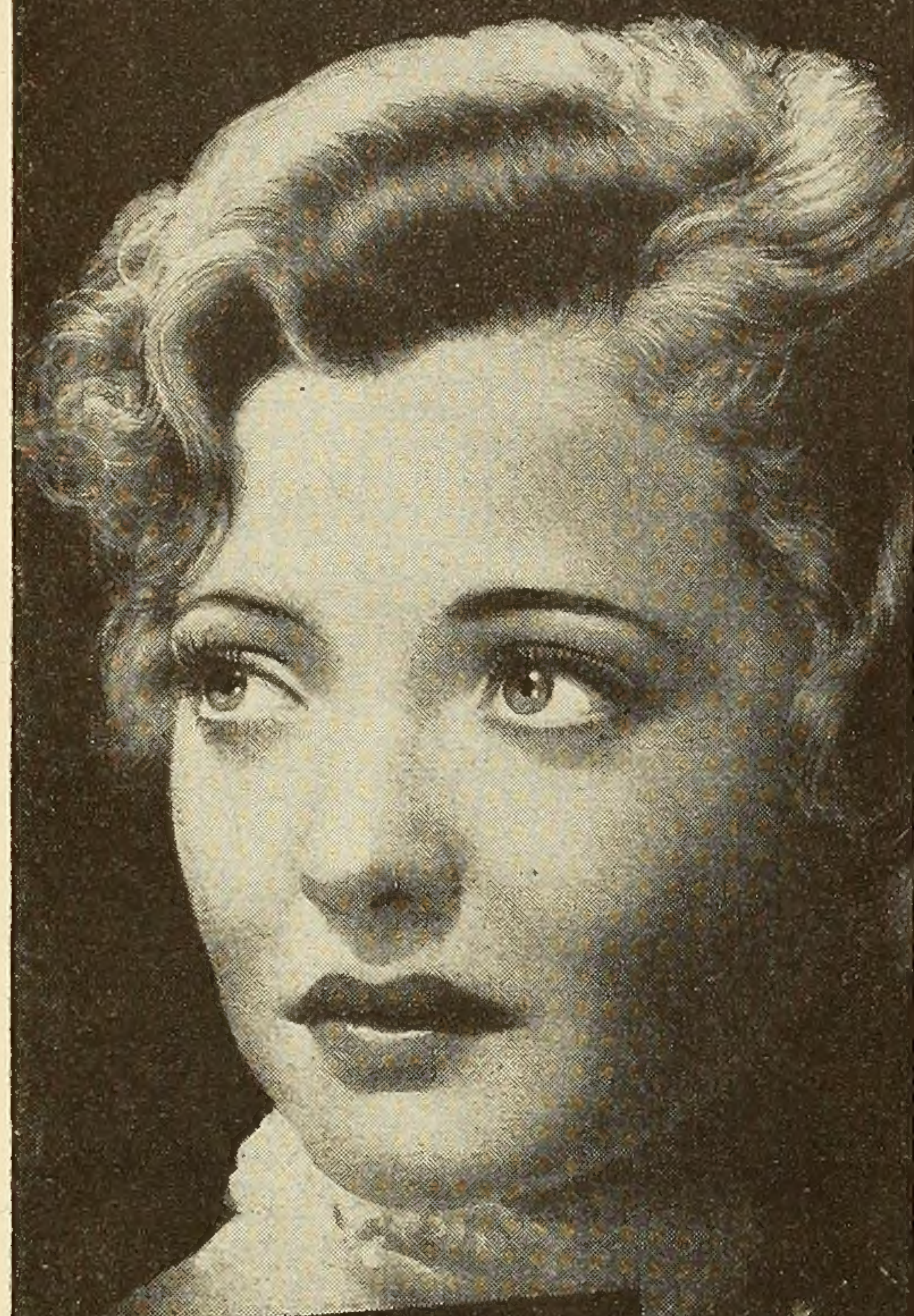
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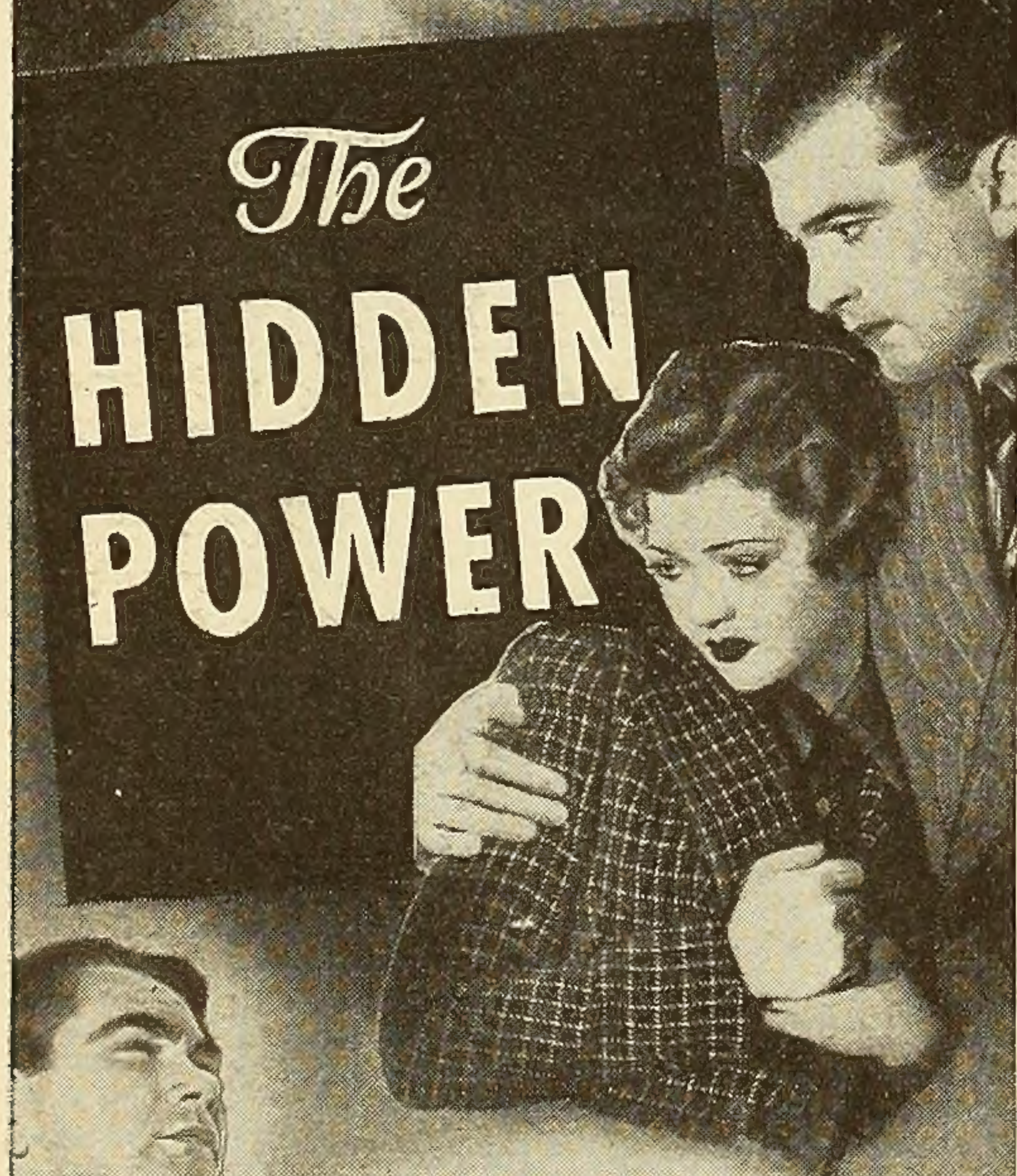


SYLVIA  
SIDNEY

*in her most dramatic role!*



*The*  
**HIDDEN  
POWER**



... A great story by  
JOSEPH CONRAD ...  
masterly direction by  
ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
of "39 Steps" fame ...  
a brilliant cast with  
SYLVIA SIDNEY  
OSCAR HOMOLKA  
JOHN LODER and  
DESMOND TESTER

**A REMARKABLE PICTURE THAT  
NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO MISS**

*Coming to your favorite theatre*

A  Production

# She *Battled* Her Way To *Stardom*

A star in stock, a star  
on Broadway — and  
now a star in pic-  
tures — that's the  
record of the girl  
who has struggled  
alone for success  
since she was  
three years old.



Gladys George as she appears in  
Paramount's *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie*.

By E. J. Smithson

**B**LONDE, throaty-voiced Gladys George, star in Paramount's *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie*, sums up her philosophy of life so far as it concerns the theatre and the movies in the following ten words, no more and no less:

If you keep on traveling you are bound to arrive.

And Gladys ought to know for she's been traveling back and forth behind footlights and in front of spotlights ever since she was a tiny tot of three.

Like all good troupers, however, Gladys isn't satisfied now that she has definitely "arrived" in pictures via *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie*. Paramount executives

may be wildly enthusiastic over her portrayal of Carrie; they may be busier than bees lining up bigger and better stories for her; "rave" notices may be finding their way into the public prints in increasing numbers—but Gladys isn't satisfied.

"I'll never really go to town out here," she insisted frankly as we visited in her home in Laurel Canyon, "until I get a part with good comedy in it. Heavy parts like Carrie get me down. You heard about my hysterics after the final scene was shot in *Valiant*. Well, it was the truth, so help me. You can't imagine an old trouper like me pulling a stunt like that, can you? But

[Continued on page 79]

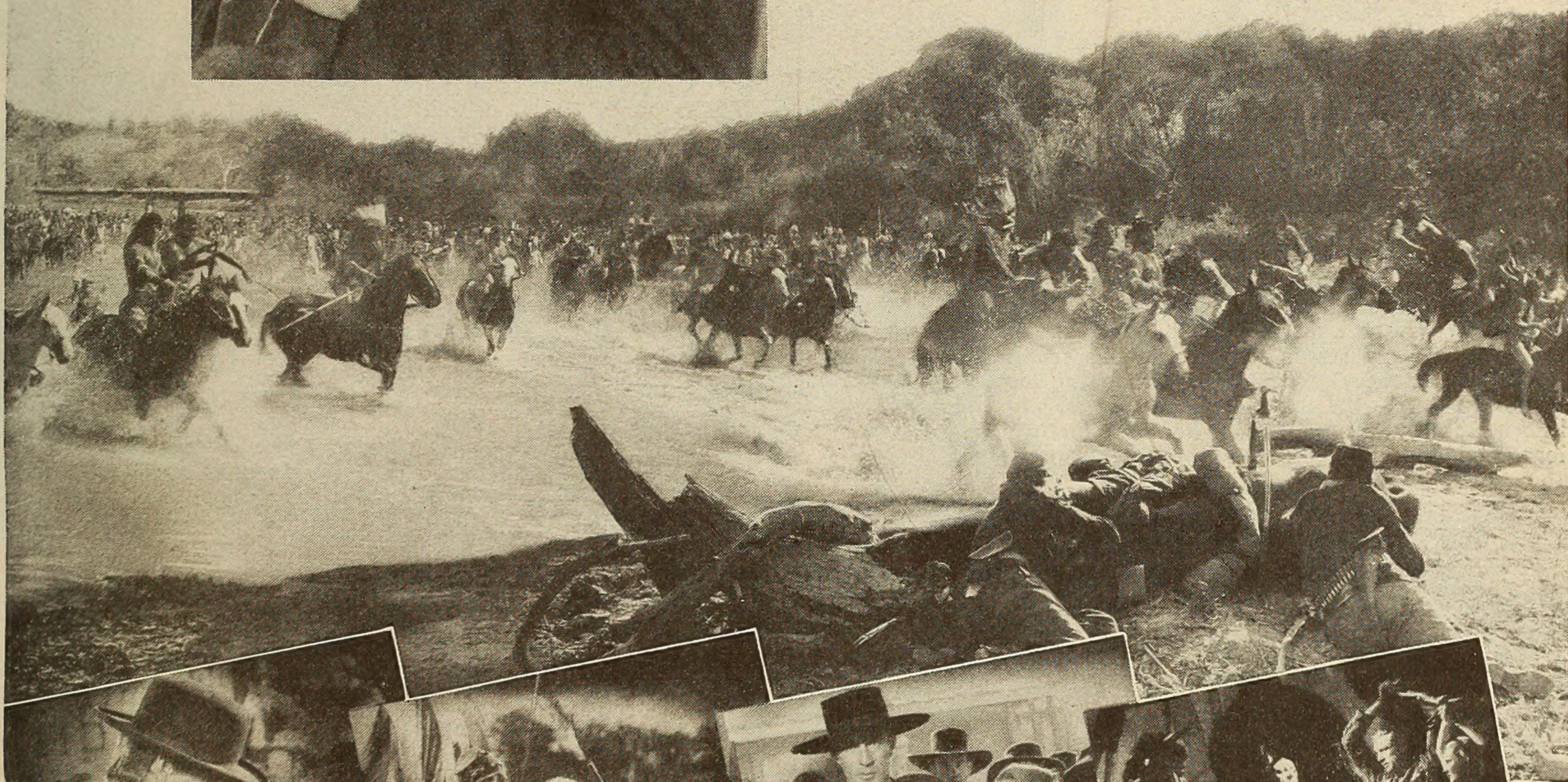
Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!



Another **GARY COOPER, JEAN ARTHUR** Triumph  
**CECIL B. DEMILLE'S**  
*"The PLAINSMAN"*



Cecil B. DeMille brings you Gary and Jean in their grandest picture . . . the story of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, the hardest boiled pair of lovers who ever rode the plains . . . a glorious romance set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West . . .



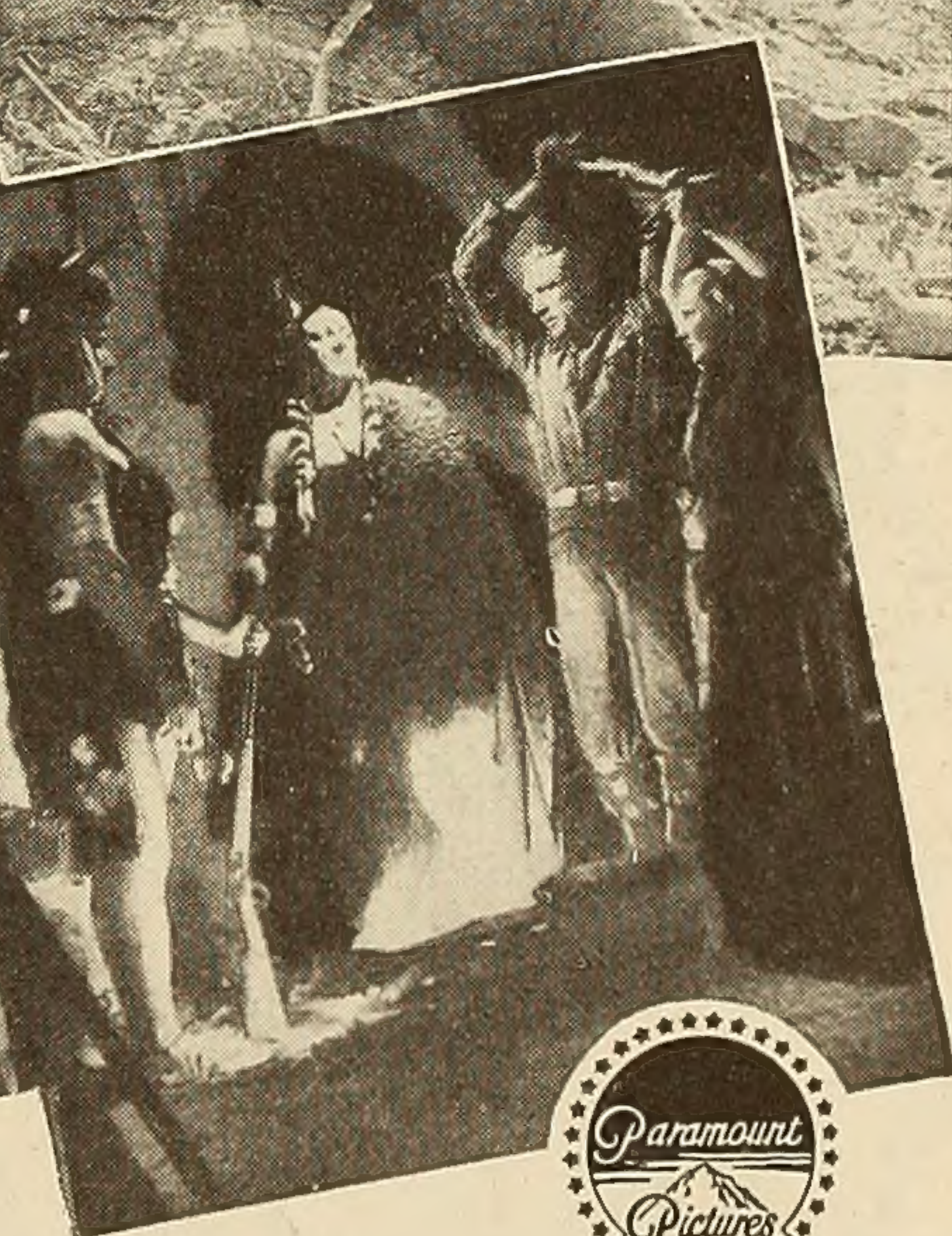
"You've got courage enough to kill a dozen Indians . . . why haven't you courage enough to admit you love me?"



"Save your fire, boys, 'til they come close and then blast the varmints. There's got to be room for white men on these plains."



"Gentlemen, my name is Wild Bill Hickok and I think we can settle everything very . . . very peacefully . . . unless somebody wants to deal out of turn."



"Go ahead. Do your worst. We'll still be laughing at you. Laughing at a great chief so small he'd kill two helpless persons for spite."





# Who *Discovered* Deanna Durbin

*Read the answer in this inside story about the fourteen-year-old girl who is credited with possessing the most remarkable voice ever discovered in America!*

"WHO is the Voice Teacher of Deanna Durbin? Call \_\_\_\_\_ (giving telephone number)."

"I am the real Discoverer of Deanna Durbin."

"Consult the real discoverer and first teacher of Deanna Durbin regarding your prospects."

"I trained Deanna Durbin for her first picture and radio work."

These, and other similar ones, are actual advertisements that appeared, and are appearing, in Los Angeles and Hollywood newspapers and publications.

For everybody seems to be claiming credit for the discovery and development of this amazing picture and radio sensation—the fourteen year old girl who became internationally famous before her first picture was released, and who received four thousand letters from



Deanna Durbin, Universal's happy little singer, as she appeared on the *Three Smart Girls* set.



radio fans after her first broadcast, and before her name was even known to the listening public.

Hundreds of these letters were addressed in care of Eddie Cantor and hundreds of others simply to "the little girl who sings on the Texaco hour."

Famous voice teachers, opera scouts and critics credit this girl with having the most remarkable voice ever discovered in America. Others, such as Lily Pons, Nelson Eddy, Gladys Swarthout and Irene Dunne, frankly admit being amazed at this phenomenal youngster. Eddie Cantor has announced over his radio program that hers will be the outstanding American voice of all time.

In the history of pictures no star has ever had such amazing developments in his or her career. A [Continued on page 75]

by

Howard Chase Farwell



**THE PICTURE**

**OF THE MONTH**

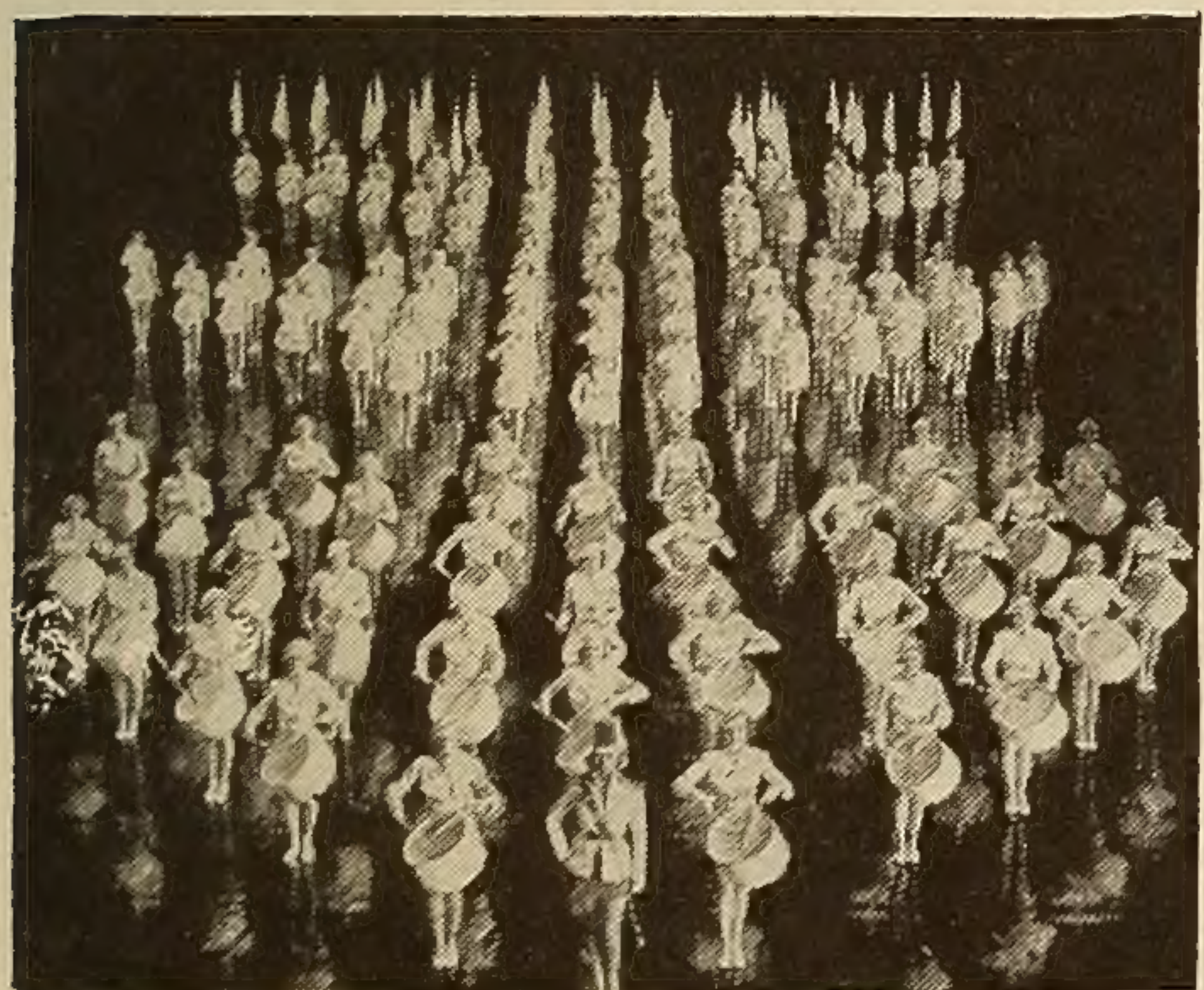
**Come On, Everyone  
THE PARTY'S  
ON AGAIN!**



Glenda coos the new Gold Digger's lullaby—"With Plenty of Money and You"—to those dashing heartbreakers and champion fun-makers—Victor Moore and Osgood Perkins!



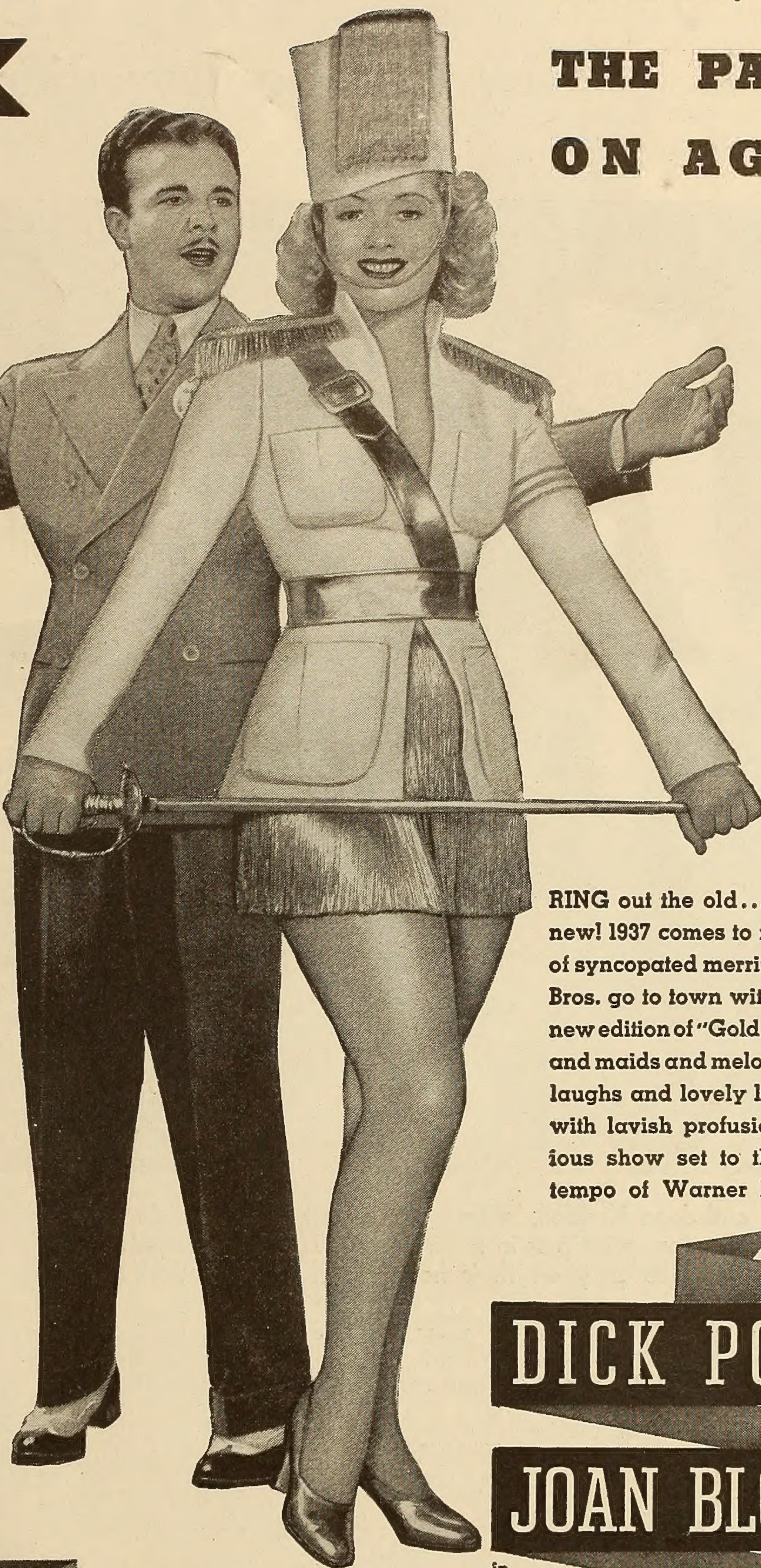
Take a bow, Lee Dixon, for stealing the show from Hollywood's fanciest steppers with the dazzling dance stuff that made you the overnight sensation of Broadway's hot spots!



Busby Berkeley achieves a new pinnacle in rhythm as he introduces his 170 newest beauty discoveries in that stunning dame and ditty number—"All's Fair in Love and War"



And "Speaking of the Weather", it's fair and warmer for everyone concerned when Dick lets himself go with that grand new love song the tunesmiths made to order for his lady love!



RING out the old...SWING in the new! 1937 comes to town in a blaze of syncopated merriment as Warner Bros. go to town with a superlative new edition of "Gold Diggers". Mirth and maids and melody... lyrics and laughs and lovely ladies...packed with lavish profusion into a glorious show set to the split-second tempo of Warner Bros. musicals!

**DICK POWELL**

**JOAN BLONDELL**

**"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"**

**VICTOR MOORE • GLENDA FARRELL • LEE DIXON • OSGOOD PERKINS • ROSALIND MARQUIS • Directed by LLOYD BACON... A First National Picture with songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Harold Arlen and E. Y. Yarburt**

*Warner Bros.*



# Hollywood Highlights

by The Boulevardier



Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, Warner stars, visit Kitty Carlisle and William Gaxton, principals in *White Horse Inn*, backstage. The Powells saw the play on their honeymoon in New York

**O** MIGAWSH!!! screamed Your Favorite Keyhole-Peerer and Transom-Snooper (I bow modestly) upon sustaining the Shock-of-the-Month on the MGM stage where they're shooting *After the Thin Man*. It was that moment when I beheld Myrna Loy, sitting on the sidelines, *knitting a baby blanket!*

But when I came to, I was advised that the baby blanket is for Myrna's maid, Theresa. It's Theresa who's going to be a mother—pretty soon, now.

And so reassured, I hasten on to report other Cinemitems of the month.

## Place Your Bets

**F**OR instance, the revolt of the Lily Pons at Radio. She weighs barely a hundred (or does she?) but when she gets mad, they'd rather handle Joe Louis over there. And right now, Lily is *mad*. She's mad because they want to cast Nino Martini in the same movie with her.

Lily said NO. She said it in English, French and anger. "One opera star," she declared, "in a picture is enough." And, she indicated, she would be that one star.

At this writing, it's a draw between RKO and Lily. Lily says she'll not sing in a picture with Nino. RKO says she will.

## Sour Notes

**L**AUGH-of-the-Month out of Hollywood's martial involvements is the one on Gladys Swarthout's husband, Frank Chapman (who, like Gladys, is a singer of no mean note.)

It seems that Frank's former wife, Buff Cobb Brodie, chanced to visit as house guest a filmland couple who live directly across the street from Gladys and Frank's house. Not until the next morning after her arrival at her hosts' did the former Mrs. Chapman learn that—and then it was through hearing, as she struggled out of the depths of slumber, Frank's voice carolling lustily as he sang in his morning bath.

She said nothing. But the next morning, Frank's singing again awakened her. Buff couldn't stand it. As he ended his aria, she yelled across the street:

"Do I have to be awakened at the break  
[Continued on page 13]



Dixie Dunbar, 20th Century-Fox star, all dressed up and evidently no place to go



DORIS  
**NOLAN**

THE SCREEN'S NEWEST  
& MOST GLAMOROUS STAR

# TOP OF *the* TOWN

THE HIGHEST PEAK IN GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT

Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances!  
Gorgeous with Girls! Looney with Laughter!  
Sparkling with Splendor! Tingling with Tunes!

GIANT CAST OF 350!

LOOK WHO'S IN IT!

**DORIS NOLAN**

The new fan topic of the nation!

**GEORGE MURPHY**

Broadway's greatest dancing star!

**HUGH HERBERT**

**GREGORY RATOFF**

**HENRY ARMETTA**

Filmdom's top comics together for the first  
time in one picture!

**GERTRUDE NIESEN**

Radio's greatest songstress!

**ELLA LOGAN**

Internationally famous radio & night club star!

**THE THREE SAILORS**

They're nuts to everybody!

**PEGGY RYAN**

Eleanor Powell's protegee and dancer supreme!

**GERALD O. SMITH**

Where fun is—there he is!

**JACK SMART**

Famous stage comedian & March of Time star!

**MISCHA AUER**

Remember the gorilla man of  
"My Man Godfrey"?

CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL  
BE WHISTLING THESE SONGS

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On"

"There Are No Two Ways About It"

"Blame It On The Rhumba"

"Fireman Save My Child"

"I've Got To be Kissed"

"Top Of The Town"

"Where are you?"

SONGS AND LYRICS

By Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, the  
greatest song hit team in pictures!

STORY AND SCREENPLAY

By three writing Aces: Charles Grayson,  
Bob (Academy Prize Winner) Benchley and  
Brown Holmes!

DIRECTOR

Walter Lang who gave you "Love Before  
Breakfast!"

GOWNS AND SETS

By John Harkrider, illustrious Ziegfeld set and  
wardrobe creator!

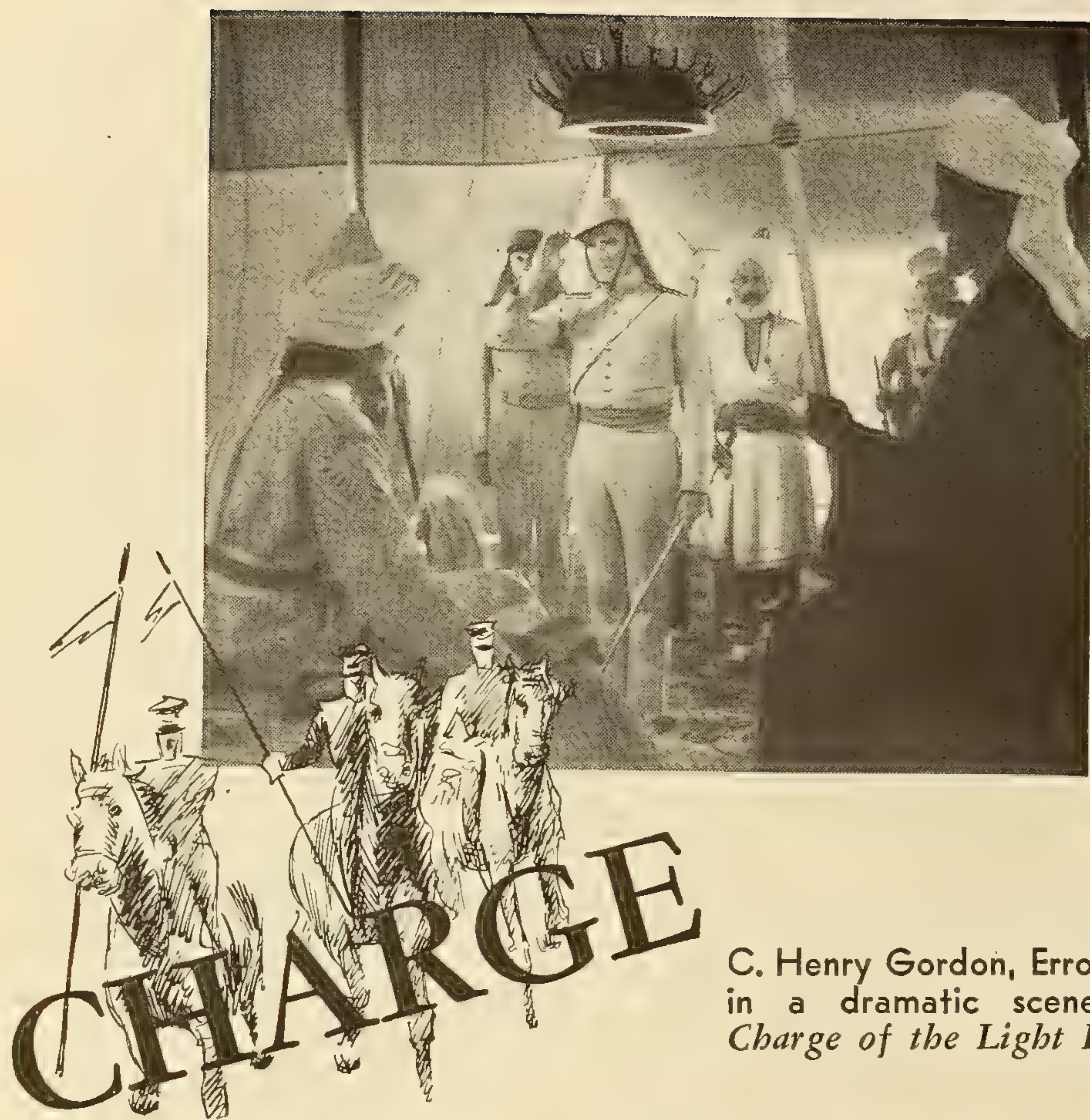
DANCES

By Gene Snyder, famous director of the New  
York Music Hall Rockettes!

LOU BROCK, Associate Producer

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!





C. Henry Gordon, Errol Flynn, in a dramatic scene from *Charge of the Light Brigade*

# of the LIGHT BRIGADE

## The Show Window

*Frank Reviews of the Latest Screen Offerings*

### EXCEPTIONAL

**CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE**—Without the slightest tinge of press-agent exaggeration, here's a film that possesses everything needed to make the customer happy—nerve-tingling thrills, grand acting, beautiful photography, stirring music and fine direction. Take our unbiased word for it, you'll come away from the *Charge of the Light Brigade* feeling glad that movies were born!

The story is based on Tennyson's immortal poem and is admittedly a highly fictionalized treatment in spots. But the ride of the valiant six hundred as caught by the camera is something as magnificent as it is spectacular. Nothing like it has ever been offered to movie fans.

Errol Flynn, cast as the brigade's major, is credited by this reviewer as giving a flawless performance. His rating in any popularity contest from now on will be near or above any topflight competitor you care to mention.

Olivia deHavilland, charming and lovely, supplies the romantic interest in a rôle of a girl who has promised to marry one brother while loving the other. Patrick Knowles, as the younger brother, shows a world of ability in this, his first American picture. C. Henry Gordon as the sly and cruel Surat Khan scores a great hit in his rôle of villain. Henry Stephenson, Nigel Bruce, Donald Crisp, Spring Bying-

ton and David Niven contribute excellent work.

Special awards for excellence should go to Sol Polito for his photography, to Max Steiner for his music and to all the others who, in whatever capacity, helped to make the *Charge of the Light Brigade* one of the truly great pictures of this or any other year!—*Warner Bros.*

**LIBELED LADY**—There may have been other stories filmed that contain as many laughs per foot as *Libeled Lady*, but we can't recall them—and perhaps we wouldn't if we could for if ever a picture came as close to perfection, so far as comedy situations, sparkling dialogue, and suspense is concerned, *Libeled Lady* is IT in capital letters. Jean Harlow re-establishes herself on top of the movie ladder as a comedienne without an equal. What she does to her rôle is something that deserves a bouquet of WW's orchids. Spencer Tracy as the hustling, bustling newspaperman too busy to marry Jean; William Powell as the slicker who tries to stave off a five million dollar lawsuit by conniving with Tracy to trap Myrna Loy, the international playgirl; Walter Connolly as Myrna's worried father—these four put more life and gusto, more genuine, 14-carat acting in one picture than you usually see in a dozen. And you don't have to take this statement with the usual grain of salt. *Libeled Lady* is nothing but one continuous laugh-fest—and what more can you ask in a comedy. Outstanding scene—the

trout-fishing sequence in which Powell, admittedly the most amateurish of all fishermen, fools Myrna and her expert fly-casting papa. Unstinted praise, too, must be accorded Charley Grapewin, Cora Witherspoon, Lauri Beatty, E. E. Clive and Charles Trowbridge for the excellence of their work. If you fail to see *Libeled Lady* don't call yourself a movie fan!—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**LADIES IN LOVE**—Whether or not this 20th-Century-Fox picture will appeal to the men folk of the family can only be determined by the box-office receipts, but none-the-less, *Ladies In Love* is a film well worth seeing. With a cast that includes such notables as Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett, Simone Simon, Don Ameche, Paul Lucas, and Alan Mowbray to put the three-in-one plot across, theatre patrons really have a treat in store for them when they see it. Acting honors, so far as this observer is concerned, go to Alan Mowbray and Janet Gaynor both of whom turn in superlative performances. Constance Bennett as the unmarried companion of Paul Lucas; Don Ameche as the young doctor; Loretta Young as the impetuous showgirl in love with Tyrone Power, Jr., all of these sterling actors expertly take over difficult rôles and play them to perfection. No little praise should go to Ed. H. Griffith's excellent direction. The task of keeping three separate love

[Continued on page 54]



William Powell, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy form an quadruple love team in *Libeled Lady*



Paul Lukas, Simone Simon and Constance Bennett give outstanding performances in *Ladies in Love*



# Hollywood Highlights

[Continued from page 10]

of dawn by *your* practicing!?!"

Moved then she cut short her visit and moved back to her own home.

That amused even Hollywood, accustomed as Hollywood is to hilarious interludes involving ex-hubbies and ex-wives when they meet unexpectedly. But even Hollywood got a variation of that now-old theme at a night club the other night—this time it was one of those embarrassing meetings between ex-"that-way-ers" instead.

It happened at the door, when an incoming couple and an outgoing couple collided. One pair consisted of Cary Grant and Sonja Henie. The other consisted of Mary Brian and Tyrone Power, Jr. And inasmuch as Mary and Cary were reported at the very verge of matrimony only a fortnight or so ago—, well, the spot rustled with whispers like a gale in a palm grove for minutes afterward!

However, I must append an after-note: A few days later, Cary learned that Mary was down with a cold. He sent her huge gobs of flowers. And right now, it's reported that despite Sonja and Tyrone, or others, Cary and Mary are very pit-a-patty again.

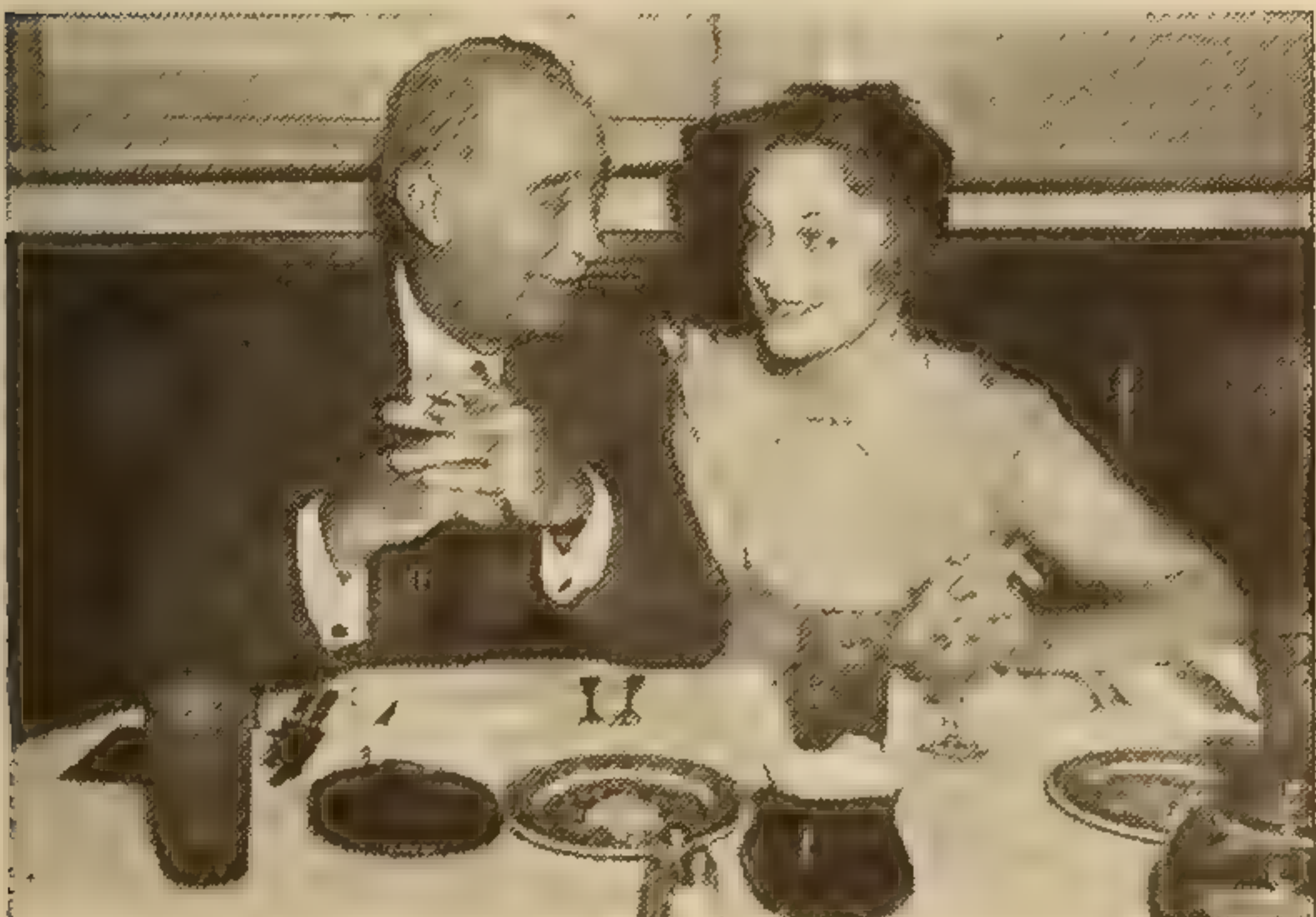
## Happy Birthday!

**T**HE Carole Lombard-Clark Gable matter still interests Hollywood's wonderwhatters. Apparently, the friendship between Carole and Clark is running full blast. They're together everywhere, and Hollywood has never seen a couple who apparently have sweller times together.

However, Carole is now denying herself to all interviewers, because, it is explained, she does not wish to be quoted in any way about Mr. Gable. Nevertheless (I don't know whether it's the interviewers' fault or Carole's) all interviews seemed inevitably to veer around to the Gable subject. So, to simplify the problem, *all* interviews were called off.

Meanwhile, may I report that for her birthday, just past, Clark presented her with a gorgeous bracelet. And a cocker spaniel. She just loves dogs, and Clark knows it. The spaniel makes her fourth.

May I also report that Hollywood's favorite fortune teller advised me, confidentially, that according to the planets, Clark Gable and Mrs. Rhea Gable, now legally separated, will *never* be divorced? However, that's merely an astrologer's forecast, Carole.



—Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes

A Brown Derby twosome—Sir Guy Standing, distinguished peer and gentleman and blonde Virginia Fields

## Cupid's Calendar

**"WHO'S** Dating Whom in Hollywood?" Well, here are the latest romanswers to that question:

Nelson Eddy? this most adamantly-opposed-to-love-life-publicity gentleman



—Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes

Mr. and Mrs. "Thin Man" are determined to *impress* their footprints on the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre

has recently been escorting Mrs. Ann Franklin to the niteries, but won't talk about it. . . . Jimmy Stewart? he's still playing the field, with Virginia Bruce one night, Ginger Rogers the next, and Eleanor Powell the night after and so on and on and on. . . . Dixie Dunbar? well, it's a toss-up between assistant director Bob Herndon and rich auto-dealer Bill Davis with Dixie, and she's alternating hand-holding dates. . . . Alice Faye? probably wedding bells for her and Tony Martin pretty soon, now. . . . Robert Kent? still Astrid Allwyn and they've been house-hunting together. . . . Toby Wing? good-looking Davie Carlyle's her latest beau, and Tom Brown is dating elsewhere for a change. . . . Betty Furness? hats and all, she's being taken places by Alan Lane. . . . Cesar Romero? he's running Jimmy Stewart a close second as a field-player, with Martha Raye and Virginia Bruce getting his top play. . . . Paula Stone? she's going to be Mrs. Henry Willson if it goes on. . . . Brian Donlevy? when you don't see him out with Marjorie Lane, count it a lost day or night. . . . Ann Shirley? now that RKO's busy trying to build her from li'l-girl rôles into adult ones, Ann is helping by plotting early matrimony with Owen Davis, Jr. . . . June Lang? if she isn't Mrs. Victor Orsatti by the time you read this, it won't be much longer. . . . Lee Tracy? he's favoring ex's, what with stepping out one night with Marian Sayres who used to be Mrs. James Murray, and the next with Florence Lake, who's separated from Jack Goode. . . . Francis Lederer? the apple of his eye is Margo and maybe she'll be his wife too if she'd only say uh-huh. . . . Marlene? well, all London's a-chatter over gossip about

how much la Dietrich and Doug Fairbanks Junior are together—it's almost as definite as King Edward and Mrs. Simpson!

## Something Worthwhile

**FRANCIS LEDERER**, handsome screen star, is very generous with his services for radio interviews, guest speaker for clubs of both sexes and for any charity affair.

He exacts no pay for his services and agrees to appear with one proviso.

Somewhere in his talk, interview or else, he must be permitted to talk of World Peace, a hobby on which he spends the greater part of his income.

## Strike Up the Band, Roger!

**ANN SOTHERN** has to quit her honeymoon with Roger Pryor, and leave him in Chicago while she hurries back to Hollywood to be made love to by one of Hollywood's handsomest bachelors—Gene Raymond. It's all for a movie, but the love-scenes between Gene and Ann will be torrid, as usual. . . .

However, is Hubby Roger Pryor worried? He is NOT. Because he knows that Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond dislike each other offscreen just as cordially as the script demands they love each other ON screen. As a matter of fact, it's reported that throughout the making of one whole picture together, Gene and Ann didn't speak to each other except when they spoke their lines before the camera!

So is Roger laughing?

And is Ann burning?

## Bouquets

**DON'T** forget to pat Hollywood on the back for one of its most heart-warming activities—the wave of adoptions that is bringing fortune into the lives of at least a few children who otherwise might have been doomed to bitter lives—

Within the past few weeks, Hollywood's top-liners have adopted a new group of

[Continued on page 14]



—Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes

Pat Ellis and Craig Reynolds, attending the *Flashlight Frolic* are shown holding that pose while "Buckwheat" Thomas and "Porky" Lee of Our Gang prepare to "shoot"





# What JOAN CRAWFORD Thinks of JOAN CRAWFORD

All of us are more or less introspective, but would we dare speak out loud and let the world know what we think of ourselves? We dare say, no! But, Joan Crawford, first glamour lady of the screen, isn't ashamed. She comes right out and tells us frankly and honestly what she thinks of Joan Crawford in the January issue of MOTION PICTURE.

And while Joan turns the spotlight on herself, we turn it on Shirley Temple, Robert Taylor, Gene Raymond, Margo, et al.



**AT ALL NEWSSTANDS**

## Hollywood Highlights

[Continued from page 13]



A big star line-up at a recent Lux Theatre of the air broadcast. Left to right—Doris Kenyon, Mrs. Lela Rogers, Alan Mowbray, Ginger Rogers, Warren William, Vera Teasdale and Cecil B. DeMille

babies to add to the many adoptees that already rule Hollywood homes. The Al Jolsons, thrilled to death over adopted Al Junior, are arranging for another baby from Chicago's famous foundling home, called The Cradle, and this time it'll be a baby sister for young Al. The Pat O'Brien's have adopted another baby. The Fredric March household will soon welcome another. Miriam Hopkins, who has adopted one, is preparing to adopt another. . . .

### Life Is Like That

**T**HERE are a dozen actors in films, now rating four figure salaries, who are there, solely and only, through the personal help and friendship of the late Will Rogers.

Indeed, one of them whom Will pleaded for was passed up by every company in Hollywood until Will persuaded one of the companies to take a chance and promising to personally pay for any loss the picture might run up.

Will is gone and the actors mentioned are all doing well but of the entire lot not one of them ever seems to remember and credit the help Will gave them but one.

His name is Bob Burns. He never fails to give thanks to Will Rogers for his kindly advice and help.

### Back in the Fold

**O**NE of the finest comebacks Hollywood has ever seen has been staged by Lee Tracy. He was Hollywood's bad boy—no doubt about that. But some time ago Lee decided to settle down and RKO-Radio tried him out for one picture. He did a grand job and now he's playing the lead in *Criminal Lawyer* and those on the lot who have seen the rushes will tell you it's his finest job in years. Maybe Florence Lake, his heart flutter, is the good influence.

### Narrow Escape

**O**NLY Bill Powell's closest pals really know what a narrow escape he recently had from losing an eye. When he went

fishing with Dick Barthelmess and some friends off the British Columbia coast, he suffered a very slight sunburn on the eyeball. Each wink of the eye irritated the condition and in the middle of shooting on *After The Thin Man* he was in terrific pain. He tried to carry on, but it was useless. The eye specialists finally demanded that the studio order him to bed and he was locked in a completely darkened room for a week, while shooting was held up.

### Wise-Crack

**A**GIRL friend of Martha Raye—Bob Burns tells the story—called up Martha and asked her to come along to a lecture



According to Lily Pons, RKO-Radio songbird, one grand opera singer is enough in any picture



at a Hollywood club.

"What's it about," said Martha.

"It's all about Buddhism," explained the gal.

"That's out!" said Martha. "I'm not interested in flowers."

#### They Deserve Salute

**F**REEMAN GOSDON and Charles Correll—"Amos and Andy to you"—before they departed for the East presented the Hollywood American Legion with a pair of timeclocks, cost \$2,000, and they are in place at the Stadium where the picture colony gets its Friday night fisticuffs.

Amos and Andy return soon to winter at Palm Springs after which they will make Beverly Hills their permanent residence.

Also they will make another picture around the first of the year, this time for Paramount.



Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes

This stairway of fame holds a host of stars with their hostess, Margot Graham, in the foreground.

#### Here's to Your Success, Joan!

**N**EARER and nearer gets Joan Crawford to that latest ambition of hers—a place on the singing stage, be it opera or the concert platform or maybe radio.

Her latest step came as a complete surprise, the other night at one of Hollywood's favorite nite-spots. Phil Ohman, who batons the band there, strolled to the table where Joan and Franchot Tone were celebrating their first wedding anniversary. He set down a microphone before Joan, and asked her to say a few words.

Instead, Joan sang! She crooned "Melancholy Baby" and she crooned it with a swing and a fervor and a deep passion that would make even a libbyholman envious. The roof lifted three inches at least from the burst of applause that followed—and Joan was as thrilled as a little boy who's said his first piece at a school party without forgetting the words!

Joan has never forgotten that Rosa Ponselle said that her voice was good enough for even the Metropolitan, with sufficient training. If training will do it, Joan will get there!

## QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only **CONFINES** . . . it **REMOVES** ugly bulges!

**Reduce Too Fleshly Hips and Thighs**

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**Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All**

**GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn separately**

If YOU Do Not **REDUCE** Your Waist and Hips **3 INCHES** in 10 DAYS with the **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE** . . . it will cost you nothing!

**T**housands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the quick, safe way to reduce! Since so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in 10 days, we believe we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing . . . simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

#### YOU APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . . and at hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm—the spots where surplus fat first settles.

#### NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

#### THE SAFE, QUICK METHOD

■ Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear next to the body.

"Reduced my hips 9 inches", writes Miss Healy; "Hips 12 inches smaller", says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds with Perfolastic", writes Mrs. Derr; "Formerly wore a size 42, now I take an 18. I eat everything", writes Mrs. Faust, etc., etc. Why don't you, too, test Perfolastic?

#### SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense . . . Mail the coupon NOW!



#### PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 71, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me **FREE BOOKLET** describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your

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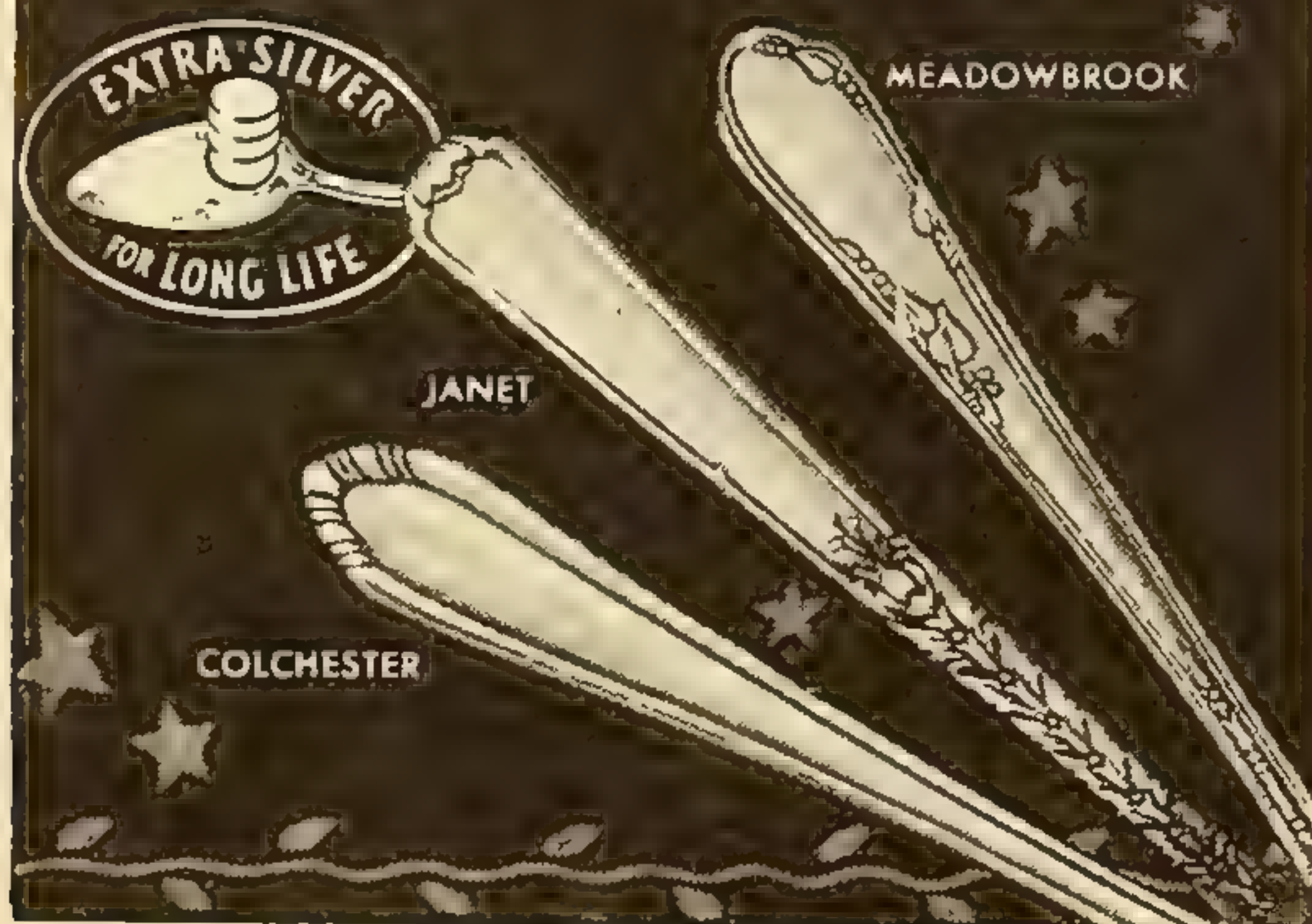
ON THE CHARMING TABLE  
OF  
*Gloria Stuart*



PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE  
HOLLYWOOD HOME  
OF THE LOVELY STAR OF  
20TH CENTURY FOX

On Hollywood's perfectly appointed tables, charming in every detail, this gorgeous Silverware gleams. And, here is exciting news! . . . With the Quantity Saving (\$2.50 or more) a 26-Piece Set, including stainless-blade Hollow Handle Knives, and a smart tarnish-proof Chest, can \$13.50 be yours for only . . . **\$13.**

**1881**  
**ROGERS**  
MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.



# Your Last Chance Mervyn LeRoy's Trademark Contest



One of Mervyn LeRoy's most notable directorial contributions to the screen was *Oil for the Lamps of China* for Warner Bros. The first picture for his own company, known as Mervyn LeRoy Productions, will be *The King and the Chorus Girl*

**J**UST to keep the records straight on this easy contest, and also to prod those who have failed to enter, we're going to say right here and now that this \$500 trademark contest closes December 20th—and that means, if you'd like to share in the cash prizes Director LeRoy is offering for a trademark, you'll have to sit right down TODAY and work out ideas you think would be suitable as an emblem for the fine pictures he will produce by his own company to be known as "Mervyn LeRoy Productions."

**REMEMBER THIS**—All you have to do is to submit ideas. You don't have to be an artist or an advertising expert to stand a chance of winning a cash prize. And you can send in as many ideas as you wish—there's no limit. All Director LeRoy wants you to do is to jot down your ideas in writing—a brief, clear, and concise description of what you would consider an appropriate trademark idea symbolical of the fine pictures he intends to produce.

Here's what he says:

"All I want is a trademark that is original and entirely different from those now in use. It must be distinctive and impressive. My plan is to produce only class pictures with mass appeal and I'd like to have the contestants bear this in mind. Contestants need not go for artiness in their suggestions. It's the effectiveness of the idea that will bring home the bacon. No sketch is required, although contestants may submit them if they wish."

Mervyn LeRoy, as you undoubtedly know, stands very high as a director. Included among his greatest successes are *Goldiggers* of 1933, *Little Caesar*, *Oil for the Lamps of China*, *Tugboat Annie*, *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, and *Anthony Adverse*. He recently completed *Three Men on a Horse* for Warner Bros., who also will release pictures produced by his own company—"Mervyn LeRoy Productions."

For his first picture as an independent producer, LeRoy will film *The King and The Chorus Girl*. He promises to produce it on so lavish a scale that it will indeed



# to Enter \$500.00

*With December 20th as the deadline for entries in this trademark contest you will have to get busy, now, if you wish to win your share of the cash prizes!*

warm the heart of any king. Ferdinand Gravet, the French idol, signed some months ago to a LeRoy personal contract, is cast for the lead and will co-star with Joan Blondell. Edward Everett Horton also has a major role in *The King and The Chorus Girl*—that of the king's uncle.

Also in preparation for the coming year, Director LeRoy has purchased another sure-fire hit story entitled *The Great Crooner*, written by Clarence Buddington Kelland.

Now, back to the contest. First remember the closing date—December 20th. Next, take out your pencil and begin transcribing your trademark ideas to paper. And after you've done that, send them to Contest Editor, Movie Classic Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. **DO IT NOW!**

This same offer appears also in the January issues of Fawcett's affiliated film magazines — HOLLYWOOD, SCREEN BOOK, SCREEN PLAY and MOTION PICTURE. The winner of ideas submitted to any of these magazines receives a \$50 cash prize and a chance at the \$250 grand prize.

Read the following rules over very carefully and when you have finished, start immediately on the pleasant task of transferring to paper your trademark ideas. But —**BE SURE THEY ARE ORIGINAL!**

Here are the rules:

1. Contest closes December 20, 1936. All entries must be in the mail not later than midnight, December 20, 1936.

2. Any reader is entitled to enter except employees and relatives of employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., Motion Picture Publications, Inc., or Mervyn LeRoy Productions.

3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of the trademark—you can outline your idea in words.

4. Do not submit fanciful or decorated entries.

5. Judges will be Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfeld, Director of Advertising and Publicity for Warner Bros., and Edward Selzer, Director of Publicity for Warner Bros.

6. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned.

8. Prize winners agree to sign over all right and title to winning designs, and to accept the prize money as full compensation for the same.

9. Submit your entries to Contest Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC MAGAZINE, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Now put on your thinking caps! Your chance to win a \$50 cash prize and the \$250 Grand Prize is as good as anyone else's.

## WHICH NUMBER WINS FOR YOU?



## Try Your Luck — and Be Lucky Ever After!

**The Right Shade of Face Powder Will  
Add the Final Touch to Your Personality**

By *Lady Esther*

All women and girls make up. But plenty of them need to be *made over!*

Yes, positively. They're hiding the loveliness Nature gave them and quenching the vital spark of personality with a drab, dull, *dead* shade of face powder.

What they need is a shade that flatters, that gives them the young, alive, *vivid* look that never fails to attract.

How sure are *you* that you're using the right shade of face powder? Even if you think you're satisfied—there may be another shade that would create a "you" no one has ever seen before!

### You're An Individual, Not A Type!

Don't be old-fashioned and choose your shade by type or coloring. You aren't a type. You're yourself and nobody else. Choose your shade according to which is most *becoming* to you, before your own mirror. And the only way to do this intelligently is to try on all five Basic Shades, one after the other.

So new—so true is this new way of finding your true shade that I offer to prove every word at my expense. I will, therefore, send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obliga-

tion. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

### Stays On For 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is—how evenly it goes on and how long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more without getting shiny.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-days' tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (29) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)



# THE HITS TO WATCH FOR FROM NOW TO NEW YEAR'S DAY

## **THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS** *in* **REUNION**

*with* the year's most important cast: JEAN HERSHOLT, ROCHELLE HUDSON, HELEN VINSON, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, ROBERT KENT, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen. Directed by Norman Taurog

## **BARBARA STANWYCK** and **JOEL McCREA** *in* **BANJO ON MY KNEE**

*with* Helen Westley, Buddy Ebsen, Walter Brennan, Walter Catlett, Anthony Martin, Katherine De Mille. Directed by John Cromwell.

## **WARNER BAXTER** and **JUNE LANG** *in* **WHITE HUNTER**

*with* Gail Patrick, Alison Skipworth, Wilfrid Lawson, George Hassell. Directed by Irving Cummings.

## **CRACK UP**

*with* PETER LORRE, BRIAN DONLEVY, Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood, Thomas Beck, Kay Linaker, J. Carroll Naish, Lester Matthews, Duncan Renaldo. Directed by Mal St. Clair.

## **LAUGHING AT TROUBLE**

*with* JANE DARWELL, Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden, Lois Wilson, Margaret Hamilton, Pert Kelton, John Carradine. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.

## **SHIRLEY TEMPLE** *in* **STOWAWAY**

*with* **ROBERT YOUNG · ALICE FAYE**  
Eugene Pallette, Helen Westley, Arthur Treacher,  
J. Edward Bromberg, Allan Lane, Astrid Allwyn.  
Directed by William A. Seiter.

## **ONE IN A MILLION**

*with* SONJA HENIE, ADOLPHE MENJOU,  
JEAN HERSHOLT, NED SPARKS, DON  
AMECHE, RITZ BROTHERS, Arline Judge,  
Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, Dixie  
Dunbar, Leah Ray, Montagu Love.  
Directed by Sidney Lanfield.



Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production



HAPPY NEW YEAR



from

SHIRLEY TEMPLE and MOVIE CLASSIC



# What LOVE to Dick Powell

*With Dan Cupid as director, love promises to give Dick and Joan, Hollywood's famous newlyweds, a new lease on life and a new reason for attaining even greater successes in their screen careers*

**A**LL HOLLYWOOD was happy when Joan Blondell said "I do" and became the bride of handsome Dick Powell. Somehow, Hollywood considered this an ideal match. There have been any number of "ideal matches" since Hollywood first hit the front pages as the movie capital and it is a sad necessity to admit that precious few of them have withstood the test of time.

But, for some reason that might be hard to explain in words, all Hollywood expects that this will be a lasting marriage. Surely, it is ideal in every sense of the word. It is the union of a couple of happy youngsters who are old enough to know what they are doing and young enough to enjoy in full measure the happiness that only marital bliss can supply. It almost seems as if Joan and Dick were born for one another and now that their year-long romance has culminated in marriage the curtain has been rung down on yesterday and the sun shines brightly on tomorrow's horizon.

For both Joan and Dick have known their darker hours. Both have suffered from unhappy marriages. They didn't plunge headlong into this one. For a year they were constant companions, in work at Warner Brothers' studios, where both are under contract, and at play. They were as eager for one another on the day they were married as they were on their first date.

To understand just what love has done to Joan and Dick, one must consider their backgrounds, their early lives—their struggles for professional success and for financial and social security. And, strangely enough, their careers bear a striking parallel, one for the other.

Let's take Joan first:

She is the daughter of two famous vaudevillians. Ed Blondell, her dad, was one of the stage's best known comedians. When she was only four months old, she made her stage debut in New York. Before she was old enough to be a high school graduate, she had traveled around the world seven times and had crossed continental United States fifty-six times.

**T**HERE came the day when her devoted family wanted her to have the same chances other kids her age had. They settled down on the farm they had always longed for and Joan—only in those days she responded to the name Rosebud—entered the Texas State College for Women at

Never was there a bride more lovely or more happy than Joan Blondell when she married Dick Powell aboard the S. S. Santa Paula in Los Angeles harbor on September 19





# HAS DONE *and Joan Blondell*

by Murphy McHenry

Denton, Texas. All troupers dream of the day when they can "settle down." Usually, when the day arrives, they are sorry it has come and they live in the memory of those more exciting moments when they were in the public eye. The Blondells—all of 'em—were no exception. Joan had been used to performing for crowds, or enjoying the spotlight and the applause. College life was too dull. So she just quit and started out on her own, working as a model here, acting in a small stage show there, sometimes going into beauty contests and almost always winning title of Miss Something or Other.

Finally, she landed in New York and, in 1930, after a short session with the famous *Ziegfeld Follies*, she was playing in *Penny Arcade*. Another performer in the same show was James Cagney. Warner Brothers, who swept into power through their introduction of the talkies, bought the show for movie purposes and Joan and Jimmy were given contracts which took them to Hollywood, where they both made their film débuts in *Penny Arcade*, later released as *Sinner's Holiday*.

Press agents have a way of sensing talent. They made Joan Blondell a Wampas baby star and she was on the road to glory, riches and ultimate happiness. A year after her début, she was being billed in big type and all over the country her name was in electric lights. It is the simple story of the girl who had that something that Hollywood wanted. Fame didn't go to her head. With [Continued on page 89]

Wearing a smile that won't come off—that's Dick since his marriage



(Above) Dick cuts a piece of the wedding cake for himself and his bride. (Left) The popular screen couple in a scene from *Golddiggers of 1937*







## JOHN BOLES

Portrait of a gentleman in repose. A striking study of the stalwart screen actor, John Boles, by Alfredo Valente



# Hollywood's Cinderella Girl!

How would you like to attend a picture show and become a modern Cinderella with Grace Moore for your fairy godmother? Well, that's exactly what happened to the heroine of this story!

by Marian Rhea

**T**HIS is a new kind of Cinderella story. It should begin: "Once upon a time, there was a young girl who went to see a moving picture called *One Night of Love*. . . . And it changed her entire life."

Then the ending: "And now, she is secretary to a famous singing star so she's living happily ever after!"

But, of course, there is more to the story than that—much more. There is,

in fact, another of those stranger-than-fiction dramas which abound in Hollywood. The heroine is the slender, pretty, blue-eyed girl who went to the picture show in Winnipeg one night and so became a modern Cinderella. The fairy godmother is Grace Moore!

As I say, it all began on that night, in Winnipeg, when Betty Gardner went to the movie and saw *One Night of Love*. And that night, as she walked



Betty Gardner, the alert and ambitious Winnipeg girl who wouldn't take a prima donna's "no" for an answer



Between scenes on the set Grace Moore, Columbia's golden-haired, golden-voiced prima donna, dictates to Betty Gardner, her new secretary

out of the theater, that gorgeous aria from *Madam Butterfly* that Grace sings at the end still ringing in her ears, she said a strange thing.

"I am going to be Grace Moore's secretary."

Of course the boy friend who had taken her to the show laughed a little.

"Granted you're a good secretary (Betty had been working for a group of physicians for some time) how'll you go about getting Grace Moore to give you a job? They say she's as exclusive as the King of England!"

"Never mind, I'll do it," Betty Gardner told him, quietly.

She started trying the next day by writing a letter to Miss Moore in her very best secretary-ish style and set forth her qualifications and her background (she is the daughter of a Canadian surgeon and has an excellent education). Then she finished the letter courteously with a statement something like this: "You perhaps will not be interested in me, now, but I shall keep on trying."

In due time—[Continued on page 72]



# Meet — — Bill “Sir Walter

**J**EAN HARLOW calls him “Daddy.” Carole Lombard used to call him “Pop.” His first wife, Aileen Wilson, affectionately spoke of him as “the Pater.” Which are three very good reasons why we say there is more to this ladies-man Powell than just ladies-man stuff!

There is something benign about the gent. Something tolerant and protective, something definitely paternal. It springs from his innate and childhood desire to be *gallant*.

“I have always thought all women were beautiful,” he told me once. “I have always thought of all women as damsels in distress. I have always thought of women as being the particular and very special problem of man. Of course,” he added humorously, “I know they’re not. That’s the bunk. Many of them are better able to take care of themselves than most men. But, anyway, I like to think it. When I was a boy Sir Walter Raleigh was my idea of a man with a mission in life—to make the byways of the world safe, and dry, for femininity.

“As a matter of fact, I suppose that’s why I wanted to become a lawyer. I never figured on having to defend hardened criminals. Oh, no, I’d leave that for someone else. My clients were all to be lovely women with tears in their eyes—lovely, abused women for whom I would right a wrong. Oh, dear, oh, me, oh, my,” Mr. Powell sighed elaborately in remembrance.

But be that as it may, and notwithstanding, Bill Powell has given reality to his boyhood dream. No actor, with the exception of Will Rogers, has gone to the aid of as many acting damsels in distress as Bill has. No actor has been more patient, more gallant, or more fatherly in helping actresses over tough career hurdles. No actor has ever had so many actresses looking up to him as children look up to their parental benefactors . . . with the same look in their eyes that children wear when they insist that their father is stronger than any of the other kids’ fathers on the block. You won’t get him to admit it, but he doesn’t have to. There are cases.

Luise Rainer was new to American picture making when she appeared in M-G-M’s *Escapade*, but due to Powell’s friendly help it turned out to be her “discovery” picture

by  
Katharine Hartley

**T**HERE is, for example, the fatherly shove that he gave to the careers of Carole Lombard, Myrna Loy, Kay Francis, Jean Harlow, Margaret Lindsay, Ginger Rogers, Rosalind Russell, Luise Rainer, and Jean Arthur. In fact, name one girl he has worked with who hasn’t benefited by his kindness, and there’s where we’ll rush into the ring with you!

Everyone is talking of *My Man Godfrey* as the triumph of Carole Lombard’s career. Never before had she been so adorable and natural. Never before had she given such a magnificent performance. That picture brought forth the discovery of a new Carole Lombard and, believing that stars in love make better pictures, a lot of fans will credit this new Carole to the tip-toe vivacity which comes with a new love—her love for Clark Gable. But this is not the case. Carole was a success in that picture because Bill Powell willed it so.

*My Man Godfrey* was the realization of a four-year-old dream. Four years ago when Bill and Carole met and were married Bill had his idea of Carole’s possibilities on the screen. He said that someday, luck willing, he would find the perfect script for her. Came the separation and the divorce, and Bill still went on looking. That it was a long look can be seen by the following.

Two years ago Universal was to do *The Great Ziegfeld*, and because this promised to be a big





*He's much too modest to admit it, but Bill Powell takes a sincere delight in helping ambitious actresses over tough career hurdles—and here is a story that proves it!*

# Raleigh" Powell!



production, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer agreed to loan Bill for the title role. Then came a low spot in Universal's history, money ran short, and that studio sold the rights to the picture to Metro; but stipulated that they should still have the rights to Bill Powell for one picture.

And it wasn't until *My Man Godfrey* rolled along that Bill got around to talking starting dates with Universal. Naturally Universal was planning to co-star him with Margaret Sullavan—their biggest and best leading lady. But when Bill read the script he knew it was the script he had always been looking for, for Carole, and here was their chance, at last, to appear together. Fortunately, Universal had a "borrowing" contract with Carole.

So, not only did he find the feather for his ex- [Continued on page 86]



In Universal's *My Man Godfrey* Powell saw to it that Carole Lombard got her first big chance to win the success she so well deserved



# Joan Bennett's Ten Commandments

**"B**E HONEST with your children and expect them to be honest with you. This is the first and the greatest of the commandments."

Joan had come into the living room of her Beverly Hills home to greet me, looking like Alice In Wonderland—but an Alice who knows just where the Rabbit came from and where he is going.

Joan always makes me think of a very wise child. I never quite get over my preliminary gasp of amazement when I realize that "the child" has children of her own and that she does not "play dolls" with them. On the contrary, she gives them the thoughtful care and intelligent supervision of a woman of twice her years and half her cares.

She reads books on child psychology. She spends time with her children. She has nurses for them but she supervises the nurses. She always makes out their menus for them herself. There have been definite occasions when Joan has turned down a good part in a good picture because she has felt that she should be more with her children.

Joan has been making one picture after another picture. Phones ring incessantly. Agents and producers do a quick routine on her doorstep. Joan and husband Gene Markey are planning to build a new home in Brentwood. But with all the vivid and colorful strands that go to make up the life of this least Bennetty of the Bennett daughters it is not of her career of which she talked. It was of the children.

And as we talked I realized how interested other young mothers would be in the problems Joan has met and faced with her children. She doesn't like to talk about the children for the public prints. But I prevailed against her personal scruples by persuading her that she could really help other "little girls" who also have little girls of their own.

"I have certain commandments," she said, "I guess you'd call them, that I obey—and expect the children to obey. And the first of them is: *Be honest with your children and expect them to be honest with you.*"

"A mother has simply got to be as honest with the child as she hopes the child will be with her. I certainly try

never to shade the truth where the children are concerned. I answer every question they ask me as honestly as I know how to answer it. And if I don't know the answer I'm not ashamed to say 'I don't know.'"

2. *Let your children share your life with you:*

"This commandment," said Joan, "is, in a way, an amplification of the first one. And to me its very important. So many parents are too busy or too worried or too indifferent to take their children into their confidence. And then when the children grow older and fail to take their parents into *their* confidence the parents feel abused and talk about 'ingratitude.'"

"If you want your children to share their lives with you you've got to begin by sharing your life with them. You can't make them feel like little outsiders peeking at you through a crack in the door. If you have problems share them with the children. If the problem is a servant problem let them help. If it is a financial problem discuss it frankly with them, make them feel that they are a part of your life, a part of the home."

**"O**NE evening not long ago Diana came into the living room here and found me walking up and down, all but wringing my hands. I was in a state. I'd had an unpleasant day at the studio. She asked me what was the matter, and I told her. I told her exactly as I told Gene later on. I didn't attempt to 'talk down' to her. I explained that I had had a conference with a producer and why it had upset me. I told her I'd feel better about it after a night's rest but at the moment I was having a bad attack of the jitters. *And she understood.* She said that the producer was 'a bad man' to worry me. And then she went away, tactfully leaving me to myself—and I knew that we were warmer friends than ever before because I had treated her as a friend and not a little outsider to be pushed away."

3. *Correct bad habits before they "set":* "Most children, being human, develop dozens of bad little habits. One of the most common of these is the little matter of tell-



Gene Markey and Joan Bennett, one of Hollywood's happiest married couples

by Gladys Hall



So that other mothers may profit from her mistakes, Joan Bennett reveals the problems she has met and faced with her children

# For A Mother!



Over the mantle in the Bennett home hangs this beautiful oil painting of Joan and her two lovely daughters — Milinda and Diana

fibs are always found out sooner or later and that no one has any respect for a person who tells fibs. I made it as clear as possible that *there is no advantage in telling fibs*—and every disadvantage. I stressed the fact of its being extremely silly.

"I have an easy time with her because she is very fond of me, especially so, I think, and very close to me. I know that it would really wound her unbear-

ing fibs. Almost all small children tell fibs. That is to be expected. But what is to be avoided is allowing this habit to become a matter of long duration. For instance, there is a drawer in my desk where I always keep a supply of pepper-

mints. I knew very well that Diana was helping herself. I questioned her. She roundly denied having taken them. And then I sat down and talked with her. I didn't scold her. I just put it on the grounds that it was all very silly, that

ably to think that she had lost my respect, had hurt my great pride in her. And I think I made her realize that she would do just that if she persisted in telling fibs. I think I made her realize, first, that it is a very silly habit and also a very shabby one. And Diana is too sensitive to be able to bear a thought like that."

[Continued on page 70]



# The Five Million Over



Gary Cooper, the lovable, lanky riding cowboy from the Montana wilds who proved a gold mine in disguise

The stage is set for the greatest legal battle in the history of moviemaking and all because a Montana cowpuncher rose from a twenty-five to a five-million-dollar box office threat!



Gary and a young cheetah he captured alive during a wild game expedition



The popular film star as he appeared in Paramount's *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*

**T**HE most unusual damage suit ever recorded has been filed in the Superior Court in Los Angeles.

Paramount Studios are suing Sam Goldwyn, independent producer, for \$5,000,000 because he has appropriated their Best Box Office Bet. That lanky, lovable, ridin' fool from the Montana wilds who proved a gold mine in disguise. Gary Cooper.

It's a turn of the tables, so to speak. *Because just ten years ago Paramount took Gary away from Goldwyn by offering him twenty-five dollars a week more salary!*

There was no suit then. You could pick up tall cowpunchers for a dime a dozen. Only—this cowpuncher clicked. To the tune of five million dollars! That is five times the estimated insurance value of the President of the United States. But Paramount considers the premium for Gary Cooper's services worth every cent of it. They've employed the finest outside legal talent in New York and California to plead the case for them along with their own staff of lawyers. Never has Hollywood been so interested in such a case. And here are the points

they're building it on (tenuous points that, if they hold, will change many a star's future!): The studio contends:

That they "made" the Cooper name.

That they were obliged to spend vast sums on him in the beginning when he was merely a gamble, another Producer's Worry. Why shouldn't they continue to reap the huge profits on that long-shot gamble?

Certainly they expected to the day those executives brought him a brand new contract to sign. In they walked—William Le Baron, who looks more like an English archbishop than a movie mogul, and Ernst Lubitsch, dark and with the inevitable cigar.

"Sorry, gentlemen," said Coop in that soft drawl of his. "I've already signed a contract that begins January first—when my present one expires. As a matter of fact, I signed it *last* January."

They were stunned. Questions poured out after a moment. Why was he leaving? Was it a matter of money? Coop shuffled uncomfortably. He liked the old lot and these men. They were personal friends of his. "It's just that I feel I've been around too long in one spot," he tried to explain. "Every-



# Dollar *Battle* GARY COOPER!

By VIRGINIA T. LANE



Cooper as Wild Bill Hickock in his latest and greatest picture success, *The Plainsman*

The Paramount star and his wife, the former Sandra Shaw, are pictured at their home in San Fernando valley

body needs a change once in a while." He might have added that he was bone-tired. In the last year he has done six Class A pictures, two of them, *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town* and *The Plainsman*, of a road show scale, and all of them with exceptionally long production schedules. Most of the top ranking stars make three pictures a year. And that is what his new contract calls for.

A SALARY increase did not enter into the arrangement. After all, Gary has been making close to \$10,000 a week on a forty weeks basis which is not exactly an amount to be shrugged aside. He is going to Goldwyn on a picture deal similar to the one Ronald Colman had at \$110,000 a picture. Gary believes the whole thing (since it allows him more time for those hunting trips!) a great set-up.

From their point of view Paramount believes it a great setback—their point of view! Losing the man who, during these last ten years, has netted them around \$45,000,000. Small wonder they're clearing the decks for action.

And back of all the brimstone and fire of battle is that strange, significant fact—the rise of a single [Continued on page 88]







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## GLORIA STUART

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Individual, beautiful, and happy!—a three-word description of the girl who firmly believes her career in pictures is just beginning



The gossips in Hollywood say that her screen triumphs have turned Jean Arthur's head to a point where she's the highest of the high-hatters—but this may change their views

WITH Garbo talking right out loud in interviews, receiving the press and even welcoming an occasional chance to say her say in the public prints, the palm for elusiveness among screen stars now goes to Jean Arthur.

It is Miss Arthur, even more than the divine Greta, who wants to be alone.

Though she is still without aloofness, her fondness for solitude has become proverbial since her triumph as Calamity Jane in Cecil B. DeMille's *The Plainsman*.

She swims alone in the ocean at six a. m.—and, what we mean, these icy mornings she is alone! She eats a solitary luncheon. She is never home to the press, politely straight-arming most would-be interviewers. And, even on

# "Calamity" Jean

the set, she stirs from her canvas dressing room only when called for a scene.

So imagine this writer's surprise when her voice came rattling across the wires from Malibu not long ago, saying: "Why don't you ever stick your head in at our house?"

Quicker than you could say Jack Robinson, Jr., we were swinging out a curving beach road. On one side were tawny cliffs and, on the other, the tumbling green waves of the Pacific. Here, close by the ill-fated citadel where Thelma Todd lost her life, is a colony of houses built almost wall-to-wall, right on the ocean front.

At first, you're puzzled how to enter the Arthur domicile. Do you go through the garage whose doors yawn ahead of you, or do you try the tall wooden gate at one side? The gleaming brass lock on the door at the rear of the garage warns you that it won't give, so you try the gate.

Inside are steep wooden stairs, painted cream and green like the house. You descend these to a front door with a fan light, reminiscent of Cape Cod. There

As Calamity Jane in DeMille's *The Plainsman*, Jean Arthur establishes herself as an actress of exceptional ability



is no bell, but a cast iron hand serves as a knocker.

Knock, knock.

"Who's there?" comes a voice from above. There is only one voice like that—a little-girl voice with a mature, seductive inflection. It wins you with every crackle. Who could it be but Jean Arthur? You look up and see her with a red bandana around her head and a sunburned nose pressed against the window. "I'll come down and let you in," she says.

And she does.

No stopping to powder her nose. No looking to see if her lips are on straight. A thud of descending heels on the stairs, the door opens and she stands before you, the winsomest figure in Hollywood.

I can't forget how she looked that day. [Continued on page 84]

By  
Ted Towne





Exquisite Jewel Compact by Primrose House

A

# Zest

by ALISON ALDEN

AS CHRISTMAS rounds the corner, human spirits quicken to the festive promise in the air and human hearts expand into the age-old gesture of giving. Unfortunately, this zest for giving must be accompanied by a talent for buying or one is likely to greet the eventful day with frazzled nerves and a whole new crop of worry wrinkles.

Nan Grey, Universal starlet, has made a discovery guaranteed to bring you up smiling Christmas morning—no matter how long your gift list or how varied its demands.

"Remember," Nan said laughingly, "how horrified we were, as children, when we read about old Scrooge who said, 'Merry Christmas, bah!'" In creating that character I believe Dickens must have envisioned a 20th Century Christmas shopper.

"I know I was becoming a bit Scrooge-like myself and, although I didn't say 'Merry Christmas, bah!' right out loud, I was something of a wreck by the time I had only about half my gifts purchased.

"Then, because I wanted a new lipstick, I stopped at the cosmetic counter—and that detour proved to be the finale to my Christmas shopping. Right there, in the smartest of holiday boxes, were gifts for friends of every age and taste. Furthermore I was confident they would be welcomed with honest delight because I gave each gift the test of personal approval. Would I like this perfume, that compact? The answer was invariably yes!"

No better test than Nan's could be evolved for Christmas buying. Beauty aids appeal to every girl and woman alert to the demands of perfect grooming and gracious living.

Right out in front among the choice holiday offerings this season is Kathleen Mary Quinlan's Rythm Perfume, just as new, gay and alluring as its name implies. This is a perfume for those competitive hours when a girl needs the confidence inspired by an aura of enchanting fragrance. Manufacturer's pride in this perfume creation is [Continued on page 83]



Kathleen Mary Quinlan's new Rythm Perfume



Lucretia Vanderbilt Powder and Perfume set



Scent of pine in Wisley's bath ensemble



# FOR GIVING



Colonial Dames' genuine leather manicure kit



"My Make-Up Secret" gift box by Max Factor



Campana's Italian Balm in Imperial Package



Drene, shampoo formula for hair beauty

Nan Grey, in *Three Smart Girls* starts on her Christmas preparations





# She Tried to Dodge

*Believe it or not, seven years ago beautiful Jean Harlow was ready to run away from fame and fortune—only she was so terribly frightened she couldn't!*

by Harry Hammond Beall

**I**T'S been almost seven years since Jean Harlow tried to run out on the night that was destined to be the foundation of her highway to stardom, but the tiara of success she has achieved as the result of those seven long years, and not altogether too happy years, has failed to make her forget the quaking knees and the shivers up and down her spine as the motor car inched its way through the heaviest traffic jam Hollywood has ever known to the world première of *Hell's Angels*. With only her parents sitting beside her in the limousine, Jean

experienced a stage fright almost unconquerable. If she could only grab a coat, pull it over her head and shoulders, leap from the auto and disappear into darkness of the night. Mentally she prayed for such a chance, but kept her prayers and fears to herself.

"It was the most horrible nightmare any girl could experience," Jean confessed. "It was stupid, foolish, inane and idiotic. I know, but I just couldn't help it. I should have been the happiest girl alive.





# Stardom!

## SEX



"The Most Sensuous  
Figure To Get In  
Front of a Camera!"

That's what "Variety" says about

JEAN HARLOW

in

HELL'S  
ANGELS

HOWARD HUGHES'

Ultra modern masterpiece with

SID GRAUMAN'S

PROLOGUE

Twice Daily — 2:15 and 8:15 p.m.

Downtown box office Owl Drug 6th & Bdwy  
—for reservations phone GLadstone 5184

GRAUMAN'S  
CHINESE



It was "Hamm" Beall who gave Jean Harlow her first big publicity build-up when he handled the world's premiere of *Hell's Angels* for Grauman's Chinese theatre on Hollywood Boulevard

A reproduction of one of the many newspaper ads that literally propelled the blond Jean into stardom

"Sid Grauman, the world's master showman, had arranged for a premiere of *Hell's Angels* in Grauman's Chinese that has never been equalled. Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall had persuaded Howard Hughes, the producer, that I, a comparatively unknown fresh from the 'extra' ranks, was the girl for the feminine lead. You, Hamm, as Sid's publicity chief, had given me the greatest billing any screen actress had ever received to date. I couldn't read a paper, pass a billboard, sit down in a restaurant, but what my own face would be staring at me. And it wasn't done with mirrors.

"Then like a big baby, I sat there silent and glum—like I was on my way to the dentist to have every tooth extracted with hedge shears, but only after each and every one had been drilled with a trip hammer.

"How I got through that night: faced the crowds, the cameras, the news photographers, talked over the microphone, I'll never know. Your guess is as good as mine.

"But from what my friends told me, and the reports I read in the press, I must have gotten by. I don't remember seeing the picture at all. In fact I never saw all of *Hell's Angels*, despite the fact that I made personal appearances with it in more than a score of cities.

"What's more, I never intend to. If I had to look at myself as I appeared in it, I'd lose all confidence in my acting ability. I'd feel there was no hope.

"When I was making personal appearances I'd always sneak in the back of the house to watch the Zeppelin airplane attack. I never failed to get a tremendous thrill out of it. I probably saw that scene hundreds of times."

*Wings*, Paramount's epic of the air had preceded *Hell's Angels* and taken the edge off sky-battles; Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall, who had the masculine leads in the Hughes, while swell fellows and popular

[Continued on page 80]



# Simone Simon *Explains Herself*

"I am not temperamental! I don't want to be a star! I don't like Hollywood men!" says Simone Simon, the screen's latest "find"

**C**HARMING! Just a dash of the gamin: Why not? Loosed at that raffish crossroads of the world, Marseilles, flung into the barbaric bypaths of Madagascar, swept along the challenging boulevards of Paris, it is only natural she should be nicknamed *La Sauvage Tendre*. Puzzling only is the real name of this tender savage of twenty summers and countless climes till she gaily explains:

"The family name it is Simon. Then my father he think it very smart if he name me Simone, so that the two they sound alike—Seemoan Seemoan—yet they are differ-rent."

Knowing this is to know that Simone Simon is smart as her name. Likewise as lively. In blue sweater and

bluer slacks, her ruddy-brown hair sportive beneath a peaked soft hat Peter Pan might have flicked down from his eerie treetop, you see in her five-feet-three of French quicksilver.

Perhaps you saw her in the French picture, *Lac aux Dames*. If so, you glimpsed unblushing charms freed from cruelly imprisoning shoulderstraps. Since that first startling revelation of her in this country something, indeed much, has been left to the ever-moral American imagination. Yet in *Girls' Dormitory*, her first Hollywood picture, it is possible to guess at those hidden charms without guessing wrong. What she didn't hide, according to all accounts, in the making of this sheltered film, was her temperament. But, no matter, it made her a star.

Pretty good. Like her tennis game, from which she now has breezed into the room. She stretches contentedly on a couch. You see, "The skin on the heel it rub." But that temperament of which she has been accused—there's the real rub! You are sorry you mentioned it, for the effect is violently upsetting. She stares up. She sits up. She springs up.

"No!" she blazes, her lightning-blue eyes aflash. "I do not have the temper-ament. I am not *difficile*. It is only that they do not understand me. That is why they have the cold face. But I come with the warm smile on my face, and my arms are open."

Fair enough. A smile to melt ice, and arms inviting as a soft breath from the South.

"Never would I be temper-amental," and she looks so innocent you can almost believe her. "I be natural. But nobody gives me advices. People never try to help me at all because they think I am—oops! Then I become pretty mad when I think about that. What is this they tell me when I do something? Is it I have to be told what I do? Poof! When I come here I am not a beginner. For three years I am on the stage in Paris. Also I go in pictures. Now I go in them?"

She sits down beside you calmly, the storm over.

"A funny thing it happen. One day I am sitting a-lone on the terrace of the Cafe de la Paix—nice there, yes?—when a man I never see before he sit down at my

[Continued on page 82]

by  
Charles Darnton



# GOING SOUTH?



Marguerite Churchill, who appears in the forth-coming Columbia production *Legion of Terror*, poses in a delightful chiffon evening gown from the advanced spring collection

1  
A. L. SHAFER





## DRESSES ★ HATS ★ TEXTURES ★

THE gowns pictured are the advanced cruise collection created by Ernst Dryden, Irene Bury, Violet Tatum, in conjunction with Columbia designer of the California market. The idea of so combining a designer-manufacturer and a studio designer has lent his glamour and the manufacturer has given her practicality. All hats were designed by Rilla. (1) *Lady of Athens*: This gown created in conjunction with Violet Tatum for Marguerite Churchill, was inspired by the simplicity of early Athens. Its flowing skirt of misty rose chiffon, which falls softly over a matching slip of taffeta, and draped bodice and sleeves of pale grey typifies

true Grecian beauty. (2) *Lido*: Well studied detail gives this simple sports frock of deep turquoise Ceda Londa with accent of dark brown a new style interest. This unusual costume worn by Rosalind Russell, appearing in the Columbia film, *Craig's Wife*, was in collaboration with Irene Bury. The costume is completed with brown hat, bag, gloves and shoes. The spectator shoes are of calf with novel trim of suede. (3) *Casino*: Stitched matelasse crêpe in a shade of golden yellow with center front panel of rose rust fashions this afternoon or cocktail frock worn by Joan Perry appearing in the Columbia picture *Shakedown*. The dress is contrasted with a black felt hat and accessories. Violet

2



3



4








## SALLY MARTIN

*Fashion Editor of Movie Classic*

Tatum collaborated with Dryden. (4) *Capri*: Tiny bows hold the front and back fullness of this charming costume of light blue sheer wool for informal occasions at sunset time worn by Madge Evans who will be seen in *Pennies From Heaven*, Columbia film. Flower buttons close the front of this frock to the waistline and large puffed sleeves add a touch of piquancy. Navy blue again vies for early spring honors in accessories. This costume designed in conjunction with Violet Tatum is smartly contrasted by bag and shoes of navy suede with highlight of matching kidskin. (5) *La Cucaracha*: Picturesque as old Spain is this provincial spectator sports frock created for Jane Wyatt appearing in *Lost Horizon*, a forthcoming Columbia production directed by Frank Capra. Its circular skirt of brown has a jacket blouse an astonishing little peplum. The brown and boasts an march gaily up the front are of Mexican mahogany costume designed in conjunction with Irene Bury. (6) Wine red and turquoise pom-poms top the very high crown of this brown felt hat created for Rosalind Russell. (7) A close-up of Joan Perry's high crown black felt hat which is draped with the same rose dust crêpe used to trim her frock. (8) Madge Evans' smart hat of greyed steel blue has a perky bow which emanates from the crown of chignon in shades of pink, beige, blue, peach, grey, turquoise and yellow fashion this rainbow-hued gown created in conjunction with Viola S.

[Continued on page 40]





Dimmitt for Dolores Del Rio soon to appear in the Columbia production *The Depths Below*. The soft panels are tucked at the shoulders and waistline to give form and feeling to this diaphanous creation. (11) Marguerite Churchill wears a coat of black Celanese taffeta over an arresting beach costume of gayly printed taffeta. The voluminous box-pleated shorts which reach to just above

10

12

the knee are topped by a bias cut draped brassiere of matching taffeta which closes down the back with a row of tiny buttons and has no shoulder straps at all. Designed in conjunction with Irene Bury. (12) A huge cart-wheel hat of black Celanese taffeta is worn by Marguerite Churchill. It is ingeniously fashioned so that the flat cartwheel effect is fastened to a gypsy bandeau which ties under the chin. *Style Flash of the Month*: Kidskin in shoes and accessories is going high fashion especially the new dull finishes that harmonize so well with smart cruise outfits as pictured.



A heart-breaker since she was four--that's Anne Shirley's record in love. And the boys must approve of it for she is one of Hollywood's most popular youngstars

# Romance for ANNE

**E**VEN at the age of four Anne Shirley, the petite RKO star, thought life was real and earnest--so far as love and romance were concerned. You see, she became engaged to seven-year-old Byron Sage who somehow managed to slip a ring over her engagement finger! All of which should be proof enough that Anne always has been a heart-breaker, though if the truth were known, she didn't break Byron's heart and they are still very good friends. However, the pattern of Byron's life has been closely interwoven with Anne for fourteen years and while now she continues the merry, heart-breaking way of all eighteen-year-old girls, who can tell what the future will bring?

The engagement, with the full consent and delighted approval of the childrens' parents, took place when Byron and Anne were working in *The Spanish Dancer* with Pola Negri. One of those friendships all too rare in Hollywood was developing between Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Lena Sage, Byron's mother. When picture engagements were few and far between and the Shirley larder ran low, Mrs. Sage could always be relied on to help out. And when fortune forgot to smile on Mrs. Sage, Anne's mother did her part.

They shared the joys and sorrows of trying to crash the movies and what Mrs. Shirley thinks of Mrs. Sage is no secret. Recently she had this tried and proven friend legally appointed as Anne's alternate mother. Desirous of protecting Anne's future welfare, Mrs. Shirley had legal papers drawn appointing, in the event of her death, Mrs. Sage as her daughter's guardian.

When Anne Shirley sky-rocketed to fame in *Anne of Green Gables* she was dubbed the "Cinderella girl," much to her dismay. And in considering the various constructions that can be placed on this overworked title, one can hardly blame her.

"To me," Anne said, "a Cinderella is a poor girl who has been deprived of normal happiness and pleasures. While I have been in pictures since I was three, my childhood was as happy as that of the average non-professional child. We were never wealthy and at times we were very poor but, thanks to my mother, I never realized just how poor we were. I always had plenty of food

by  
Arthur Janisch



Anne Shirley in a scene from RKO-Radio's *Daddy and I* in which she stars with Herbert Marshall

and there was never a noticeable absence of candy, ice cream cones and similar things dear to a child's heart. The only part of the Cinderella legend I'll agree to is that referring to the good fortune that brought me success in *Anne of Green Gables*. And that was the lucky break all actors pray for."

Mrs. Shirley was faced with the problem of earning her own living a few months after Anne was born in New York City. Getting a job was one thing and providing proper care for the tiny Anne was another. The outlook appeared desperate indeed to the worried mother.

[Continued on page 68]



# Homes of the Stars



Comfortable, homelike, spacious, and hospitable—a four word description of the Santa Monica home owned by Pat O'Brien, Warner Bros. star now appearing in *San Quentin*



The library of the O'Brien home is Pat's chief pride and joy and for good reason! It's a man's room from the beamed ceiling to the hardwood floor



Dignity and charm go hand in hand in the simplified furnishing of the living room in the Pat O'Brien residence

This shamrock-adorned and famous-initialed old tavern bar features the trophy room. Ye host is evidently awaiting customers





# Signing Off!

*If you're interested in autograph hunting, it will more than repay you to read this surprising story about Viola Seed, the Queen of the Autograph Hounds*

by Lewis Allen

**T**HREE things that annoy movie stars the most are: bad press notices, the income tax and Viola Seed.

The first two items are not so serious. For instance, a good performance in the next picture usually soothes the critics' wrath and the income tax man only comes around once a year. But the Viola Seed menace is not so easily dismissed. She is an ever present thorn on the rosy paths film idols tread, a daily shadow upon their lives, liberties and pursuit of happiness.

Viola Seed is the champion autograph hound of Hollywood. She has probably met more movie stars than any other girl in the world. She has several volumes of autograph books containing more than 1000 signatures of the great and near great of Hollywood to prove her claim to the title of Queen of the Autograph Hounds.

Viola is a pretty brown-haired St. Louis girl who came to Hollywood two years ago. Since her arrival in the film colony she has devoted at least eight hours daily, and often twelve and fifteen hours, to waylaying movie stars in a systematic quest for their autographs.

It's a strange life. Strenuous, too. She bears the scars of many battles—stubborn battles waged with Garbo, and Dietrich, and Hepburn, and Chaplin, and lesser gods, on the sidewalks of Hollywood.

**V**IOLA takes tremendous professional pride in her work, like any true craftsman. She simply adores movie stars. The fact that amazingly few of them reciprocate her admiration bothers her not at all. If all the film favorites who have publicly insulted Viola were laid end to end they'd extend from Hollywood Boulevard to Little America. But she glories in it. A snub to Viola is like a turkey dinner to a refugee. She just eats it up. Bejeweled hands have vainly tried to trust her 110 pounds aside. Masculine smiles that have fluttered a million hearts have become ominous scowls in Viola's presence. But she has remained undaunted, unscathed. She knows all the soft answers for hard words. And she's as sharp-witted as she is persistent.

For example, one night she popped from the shadows outside a Hollywood radio station where she had been awaiting her prey and thrust an autograph book into Constance Bennett's dainty hands. Connie was hurrying to keep a broadcasting date. "I can't be detained now. My public is waiting," said Connie, attempting to brush past. "I'm your public," snapped Viola. "Sign here." Connie laughed, and signed.

On another memorable occasion Viola accosted Eddie Cantor outside the Hollywood American Legion stadium on a fight night. Cantor, accompanied by several of his daughters, was in a hurry. He wouldn't sign an autograph, and he was pretty decisive about it. Viola knew where his car was parked. After the fights Cantor and his daughters found Viola comfortably seated in the car.

"What's the idea?" Eddie asked.

"I want your autograph," Viola replied.

Cantor said: "Nothing doing." Whereupon Viola announced that unless he signed she'd remain in the car, make him take her home. And then he'd have another daughter.

"Stop!" screamed Cantor. "I'll sign."

**T**HERE are about a dozen professional autograph hunters trailing the movie stars in Hollywood. Her gang, Viola calls them. Of course, there are hundreds [Continued on page 64]



Viola Seed with her autograph book at the gate of Paramount Studios



# Hollywood's

Music! Laughter! and a gold ring for a prize keeps these romancers traveling at a dizzy pace.



Fawcett Photos by Rhodes

With Buddy Rogers as her escort, Mary goes round in a whirl of romance these days



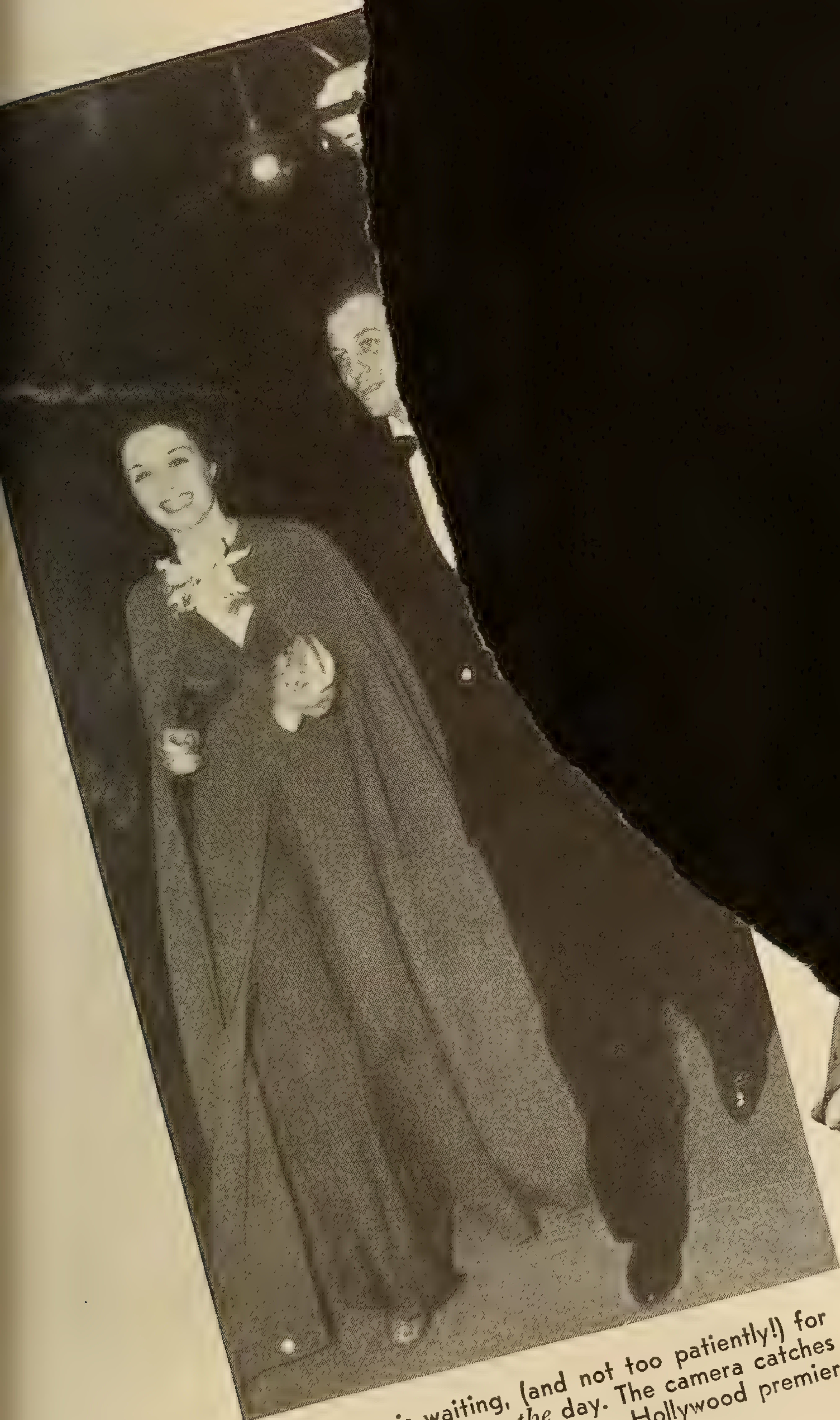
Marie Wilson, Hollywood's longest-lashed lady, is shown here entering the famous Clover Club on the arm of Nick Grinde, ace director



It's in the air that Kay Francis will wed Delmar Daves, well-known writer. Here, however, they are concentrating their interest on polo



# Unm



John King is waiting, (and not too patiently!) for Gail Patrick to name *the* day. The camera catches them while attending a famous Hollywood premier



A gay twosome headed for the game.— Tom Brown and Paula Stone stride merrily towards the entrance of the stadium to join the band in the "pom-pom" parade





## *Herbert Marshall*

Herbert Marshall pictured in the grounds of the Beverly Hills Hotel where his spacious bungalow is situated. He is currently co-starring in the Radio Pictures Production, *Make Way For a Lady*, with Anne Shirley





*She's*

# A STAGGERING *Success!*

By Forbes Smith

*Believe it or not, a 'drunk' routine in a New York night club, put Martha Raye, the new comedy sensation, in movies*

"I STAGGERED into stardom," confesses Martha Raye, new screen comedy sensation. "Hiccoughs, wobbly legs, and a flair for publicly insulting strange gentlemen put me where I am today. And I don't mean in a police station."

Strange as it may seem, Martha has skyrocketed to the Hollywood heights along a rowdy route ordinarily taboo for girls aspiring to break into pictures. She's a staggering success, and the hangover is a long term contract with Paramount.

Of course, it was all part of an act. Martha's legs are not really wobbly, she doesn't make a practice of insulting persons, and her cheerful disposition belies her screen insolence. But for two years previous to her Hollywood arrival Martha supplemented her New York night club singing and dancing with a funny drunk routine. She weaved an uncertain path among diners, jerked unsuspecting gentlemen by their coat lapels, thrust her body menacingly close and sputtered insults and intimidations in their embarrassed faces. The patrons roared. It was a swell gag.

Martha jumped at the opportunity to play a four weeks engagement at the Club Casanova in Hollywood. Here was her chance to get a picture bid. She could sing hot numbers. She could dance. So she sang and danced. The engagement was extended to twenty-three weeks. The movie crowd dropped in and applauded. But no screen offers.

"They told me hot singers were a dime a dozen in Hollywood," says Martha. "And Eleanor Powell wasn't a bit jealous of my dancing."

Then the Club Casanova closed for the season. Martha wasn't any nearer to a movie camera. She decided to return east.

Martha's trunk was packed when the management of another famous night playground of the film celebrities, induced her to appear as a guest star in their floor show. Martha mischievously tried her old drunk routine on the distinguished cinema gathering. It proved a riot.

Among those who enjoyed Martha's plastered pranks was Norman Taurog, a Paramount director. He told Martha to go home and unpack her trunk and he'd use her in *Rhythm On the Range* which he was preparing to shoot.

"It was the nicest hangover a girl ever experienced," cracks Martha. "Drunk and disorderly the night before and waking up the next morning with a chance to play opposite Bing Crosby in a picture."

MARTHA was rushed into the picture without the formality of a screen test. Taurog knew she was good. And that same drunk routine proved a comedy high spot of the production.

Taurog has long been recognized as a keen observer of talent. That night at the night club he saw far more in Martha than ability to impersonate a bawdy inebriate. He saw the possibilities for remarkable facial expressions, particularly comedy expressions, in her prominent features and large, mobile mouth. He recognized Martha's extraordinary sense of pantomime. Her skill in accurately timing comedy lines and [Continued on page 59]



# How Henry Fonda

*One of the sweetest and loveliest romances Hollywood ever smiled upon is the love story of Henry Fonda and his new bride*

by Denis Morrison

**S**TARS, directors, executives—grips, juicers, wardrobe women—everybody on the United Artists lot will long remember the homecoming of Henry Fonda.

He burst into the cafe at the studio one noontime recently—and burst is the right word—radiant, smiling, burbling with the joy of living, so happy that he wanted all the world to be happy with him.

Could this be the moody young man who had departed only a few months previously with a dour look on his face? Standoffish, impatient sometimes, temperamental and “touchy” even with his best friends?

“What’s come over you, Henry?” a studio executive asked him. “Never saw you feeling so happy in your life.”

Henry Fonda grinned his boyish, engaging grin.

“There’s only one answer to that,” Fonda said. “Only one possible answer. Love. I’m in love. She’s the most marvelous girl in the world! She’s my miracle girl—and the next time anyone tells me that love isn’t a miracle—well, maybe I won’t punch him in the nose, but I’ll look very superior and smile condescendingly. Because I *know*!”

Henry Fonda’s new bride, as all of you know by this time, was Mrs. George T. Brokaw, of the very hoity-toity New York Brokaws. She was born Frances Seymour, of the no less hoity-toity Seymours, of Morristown, N. J., New York City, and Fairhaven, Mass.

And what very few indeed know is how they happened to meet and how Henry won her for his wife.

It is one of the sweetest and loveliest romances that Hollywood and the *haute monde* of New York and London ever smiled over, this love story of a handsome lad who had been scorched and embittered in his quest for happiness and the patrician beauty whose brief wedded years had been crowned with sorrow.

They met in London, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kane. It happens that Mrs. Kane, herself a famous beauty, is the sister-in-law of Sidney Kent, and that Mr. Kent is the president of Twentieth Century-Fox which had had Fonda under contract.

**H**ENRY was a very emotionally distraught and torn youth when he received his marching orders to go to London and star in *On the Wings of Morning* with Kane producing.



Henry Fonda trains his socialite bride to be camera conscious on the grounds of their suburban estate near Hollywood

He had just finished making *The Moon's Our Home* for Walter Wanger in Hollywood and his co-star in that picture, you'll recall, was tempestuous Margaret Sullavan, who had been the first Mrs. Fonda.

Many there were who predicted, when these two ardent souls were cast together, that the old love would flare anew. Henry certainly was wildly in love with the blonde wisp of flame that is Miss Sullavan. He admitted as much to his intimates.

“She keeps me guessing every minute,” he told a friend once. “Maybe that’s why I love her.”

Keeping ‘em guessing is a way Margaret Sullavan has.

She kept Henry on tenterhooks the year they were married. At the end of the year she went from New York to Chicago to fulfill a stage engagement and sent him this terse message:

“This is to let you know that I am getting a divorce.”

No wonder Henry was terrifically shocked. Who wouldn’t have been? And Margaret went on to quarrel with her director, William Wyler, all through the making of her hit picture, *The Good Fairy*, and to marry him almost the minute the picture was made. She divorced him—and then almost immediately came her co-starring film with Fonda.

Small wonder that tongues wagged. But nothing came of it. And Henry went away to London a moody and morose young man. All set for the rebound, some will say. Well—

At the Kanes’ house in London Henry found himself presented unexpectedly to a very lovely young matron, quiet of voice, evidencing high breeding, gowned in the most impeccable taste.

“Mrs. Brokaw—Mr. Fonda—I’m sure you two will get along splendidly—Mr. Fonda, you know, is in London making a picture for Mr. Kane—”

Something clicked. Henry told his pals about it afterward. Frances Brokaw was so *different* from Margaret Sullavan. Her voice was quiet, vibrant, her beauty of the serene, patrician type. Up to that moment love had meant nothing to Henry except hurt, pain, tornadoes, bewilderment—torment. He who had dreamed of love as a safe and sunny haven had found it only a raging tempest.

Frances Brokaw was blonde like Margaret but right there the physical resemblance ceased. Even on that very first evening in the Kane residence she and Henry hit it off. By the time they said good night they were on a comradely basis.

The very next Sunday the Kanes were host and hostess at a boating party on the historic Thames. That’s quite the thing to do in London on summer holidays and Henry fell in with the plan with enthusiasm, looking forward to meeting the very fascinating Mrs. Brokaw again.

He knew by this time that she had been widowed more than a year, that she had a daughter, Frances de Villers Brokaw, who was nearly five years old, that she had been married as a lovely young debutante to the wealthy George T. Brokaw, considerably her senior and member of one of the oldest Knickerbocker families as she herself was. Brokaw had previously been the husband of the brilliant and vivacious Claire Boothe Brokaw, and after their divorce she became the wife of the brilliant young editor, Henry Luce.

**O**N THAT eventful Sunday picnic on the lordly Thames, he learned a great deal more about Mrs. Brokaw and she about him.

Before the day was over both knew that they were in love!





# Won His Bride!



It was a day redolent of romance. The broad river that empties into the ocean just a few miles from the sprawling capital of the British Empire was dotted with gaily festooned barges and power craft. History has been made for countless generations on that river. From its gently rolling bosom one sees the vaulted towers of the Houses of Parliament; the dome of St. Paul's; the tall spires of Westminster Abbey; and there is in the very atmosphere the "feel" that here history has marched and men and women have marched with it to glorious or fateful destiny.

All this had more than a mere impersonal meaning to Frances Brokaw. She must have been thinking of her own ancestors and the parts they played in the rolling drama of events that unfolded in sight of the spot where she reclined on the deck of the boat. She must have been warmed by those memories as well as by the adoring devotion of the handsome youth at her side.

For nearly four hundred years ago her ancestor in the direct line, Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, perished under the headsman's axe for his temerity in plotting to elevate the lovely Lady Jane Grey—history's most pathetic heroine—to the throne of England.

And here was a young man from Omaha, Neb., in a country that hadn't been dreamed of in that distant day, making ardent phrases to a descendant of that Duke—hard by the famous Tower of London where he met his tragic end.

Much water has passed under London Bridge since that fateful day. Dynasties have fallen, wars have raged over the British throne, a new continent has pushed the frontiers of civilization back—but love is the same today as it was then, human hearts entwine, and sweethearts seek to read destiny in each other's eyes.

Dusk fell on the historic Thames. Bob Kane's boat nosed to its mooring again and the gay folk aboard left her decks. But one unseen passenger stole down the gangway caroling a song in the hearts of Henry Fonda and Frances Brokaw—and that passenger was Love. Love had wrought its miracle again.

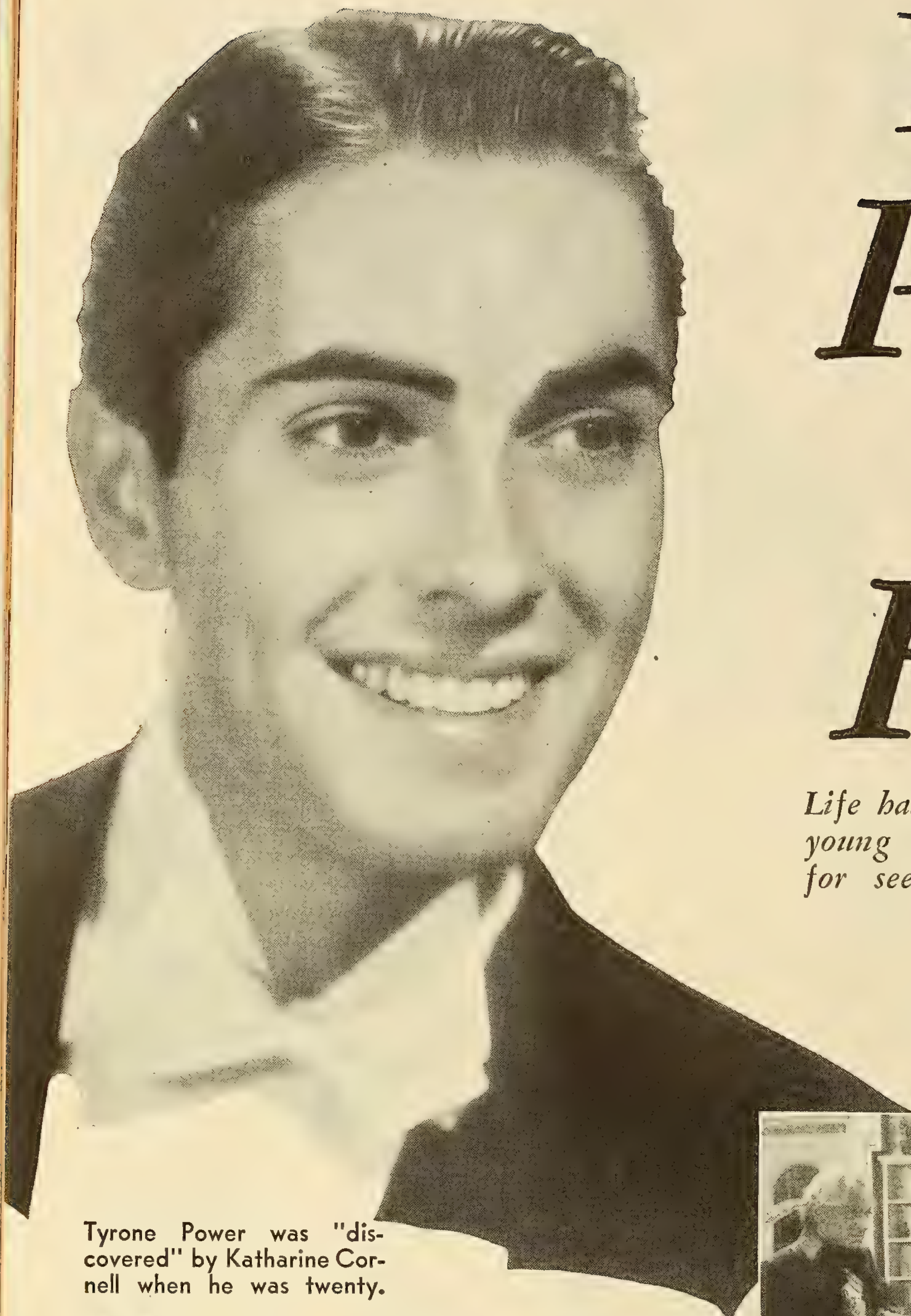
A merry summer season followed. Henry finished his picture work. A party was made up to go to Berlin for the Olympic Games. Henry and Frances were members of it. They were constantly thrown together. Their devotion became more and more marked. By the time the party came back to London, Henry and Frances knew they were going to be married.

The grand dames and dowagers of the clan Seymour may have been austere shocked when they heard that Frances was going to marry an actor but if they were they didn't betray it.

**H**ENRY wanted a very quiet marriage. Frances vetoed that idea. She wanted to be married in a New York church with all the fuss and furbelows of a society wedding. Who could blame her? She was proud of her handsome young man and wanted the whole world—and especially her world—to know it. [Continued on page 65]

The Walter Wanger star introduces archery, one of his favorite sports, to his New York socialite bride





# More Power to Him!

*Life has been no bed of roses for this young Irishman who has a penchant for seeking trouble—and finding it.*

by

William C. Walsh

Tyrone Power was "discovered" by Katharine Cornell when he was twenty.

**M**OST people would imagine the son of noted theatrical parents—dark, straight and handsome, brilliant in studies, outstanding in athletics, and talented in his own right—found life a bed of roses from the very beginning.

But it didn't work out that way for Tyrone Power, Jr. Indeed, it seemed to be those very assets that got him into difficult and ticklish situations all the time. Or he may just have had the knack for getting into trouble.

But it was a life very conducive to "situations." He played Shylock in Shakespearean repertoire at thirteen . . . all prep school halfback at sixteen . . . soldier of fortune at eighteen . . . discovered by Katharine Cornell at twenty. Now, at twenty-two he is under personal contract to Darryl Zanuck . . . and with a romantic lead in *Lloyd's Of London*.

At the age of three months, Tyrone crawled off a sleeping porch and fell into a barrel of rain water. That was a typical beginning.

Born quietly in Cincinnati on May fifth, nineteen fourteen, Tyrone is the son of Patia and Tyrone Power, Sr., both players of note in the American Shakespeare theatre.

With the advent of their baby, these two established a home in the Ohio town. The father continued his career on the stage and Patia abandoned her own to provide a life for the child.

Tyrone, Jr., was a strong, wiry youth, and as his mother wisely made no effort to impel his interests toward the theatre, his boyish mind turned to athletics for diversion.

In the lower grades he was proficient in all the major sports



As the romantic lead in *Lloyds of London*, Tyrone Power has made himself recognized as one of the rising young stars in films.

and his name became something of a byword among the sand lots of Cincinnati.

At Purcell High School he was outstanding in football and basketball, achieving state-wide recognition in his senior year.

**D**URING the summer vacations he went with his father on touring companies and began to know and love the theatre this way.

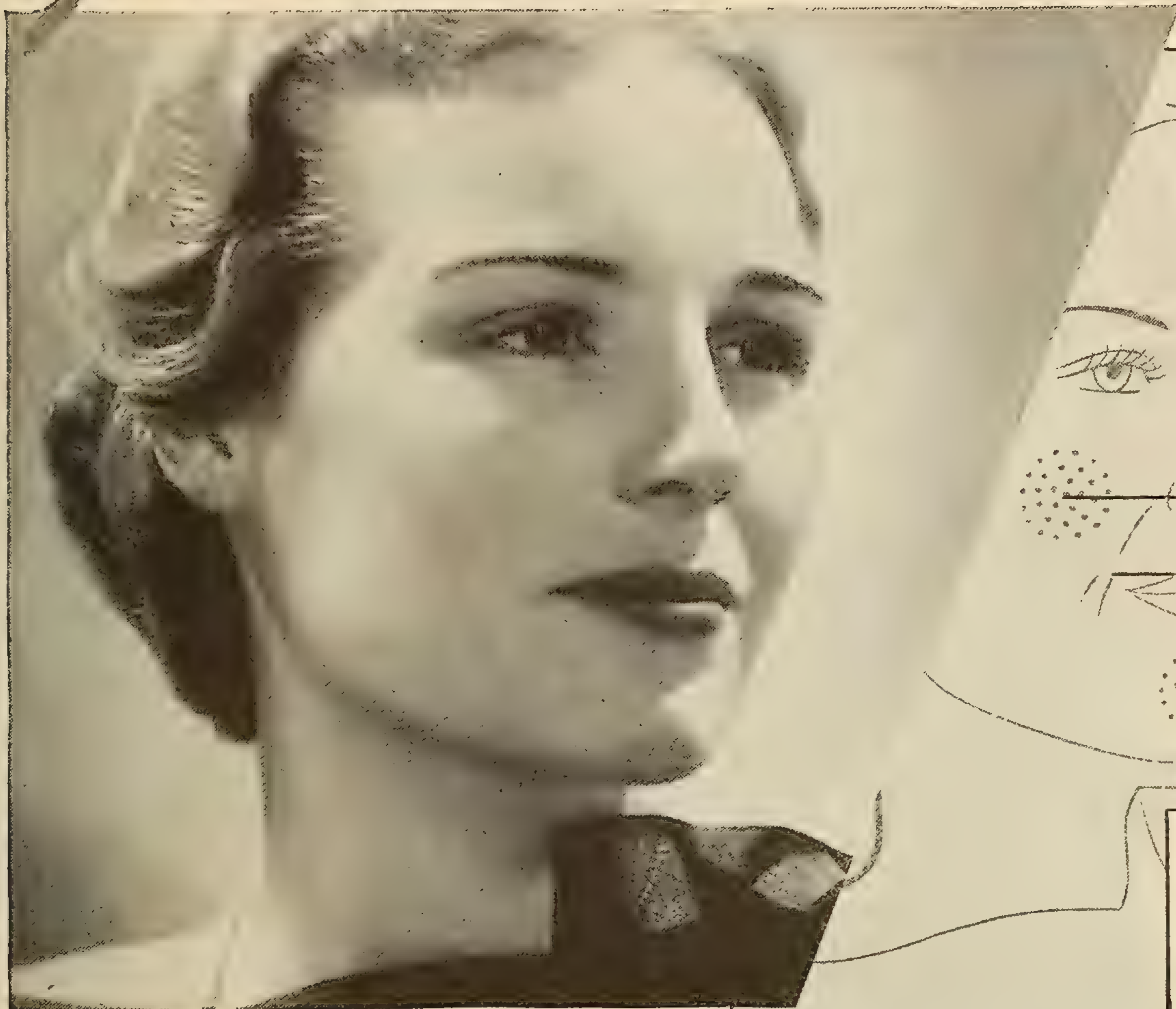
At home learned self reliance and worked in a drug store at night.

The store bought a motorcycle for him to do delivery work and that gave him a great many bad moments.

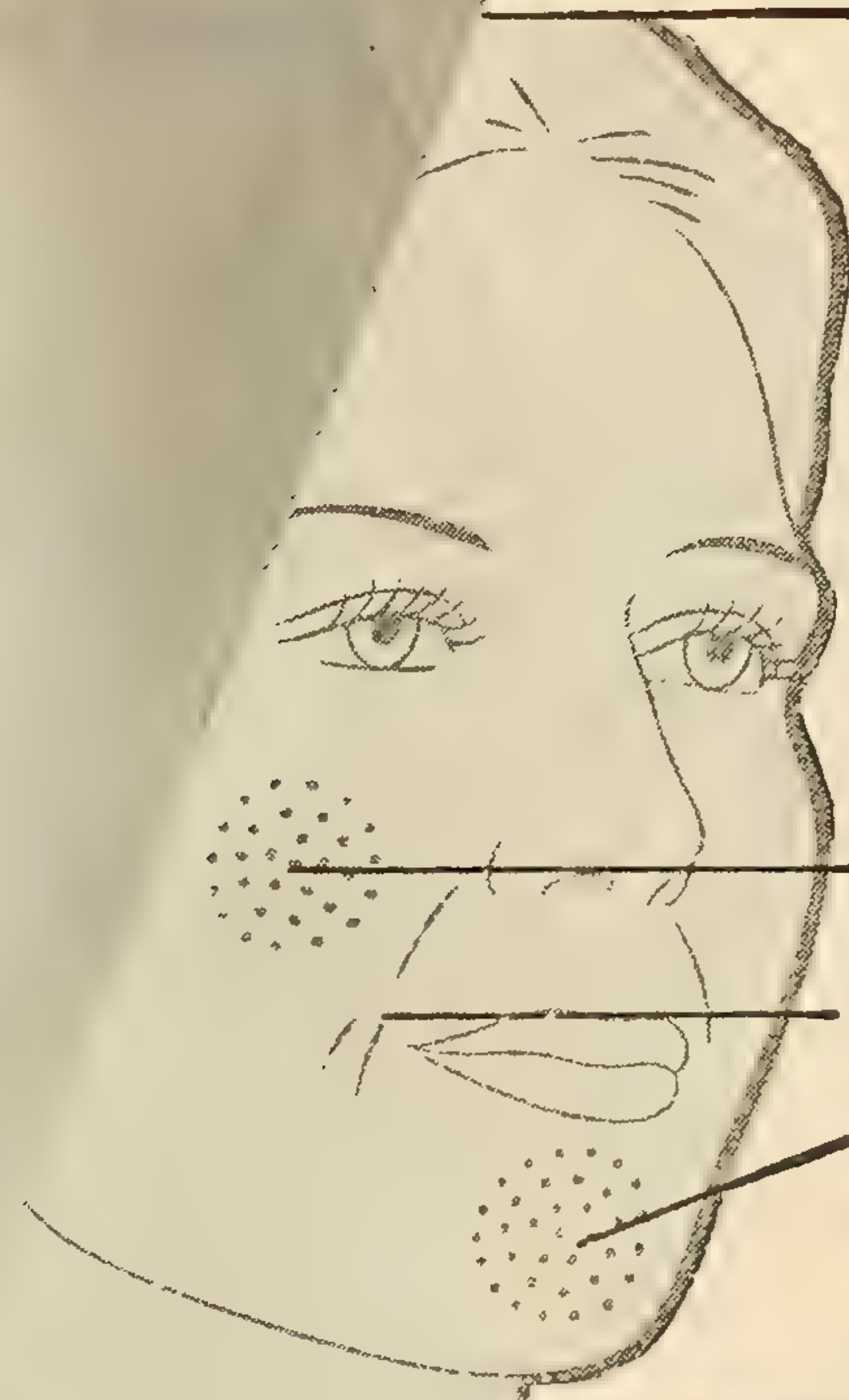
"It was all right when you turned to the left," mused the young actor thoughtfully, "because the side car balanced it. But when your turned right, there was nothing to [Continued on page 67]



# Get at that Faulty Under Skin

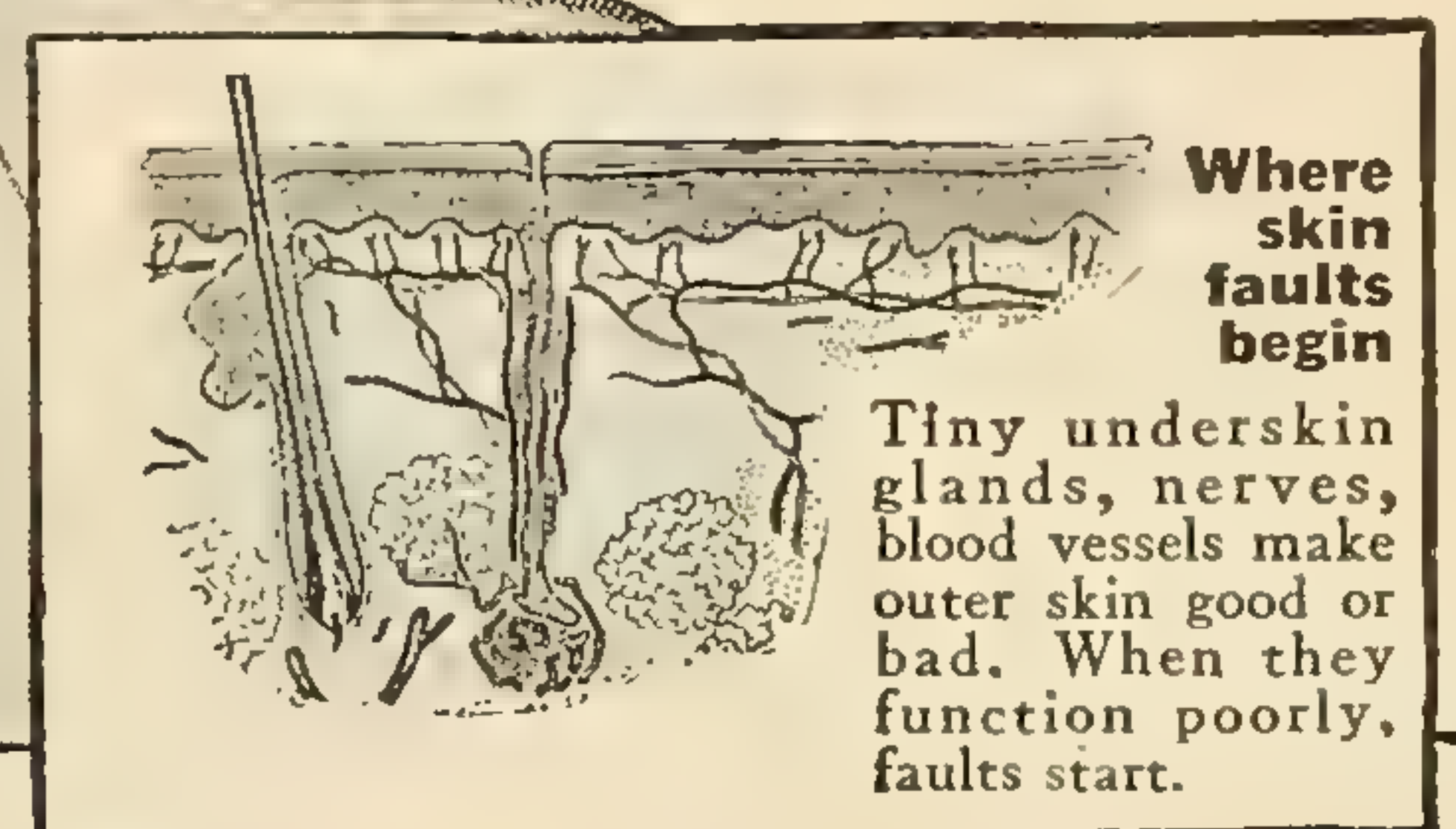


Miss Isabel Parker: "Pond's Cold Cream ends dryness."



the  
Starting  
Place of

LARGE PORES  
LINES  
BLACKHEADS



**And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous . . .**

**H**ORRID skin faults are usually *under-skin* faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands *underneath* are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin *crinkling*, because your *underskin* is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin *feels* fresher—*looks* brighter.

**Now waken glands . . . cells**

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way



Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

of the distinguished Philadelphia family: "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream, I know my skin is going to look lovelier. Since using it, I haven't had a single blackhead, my pores seem smaller."

little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing

lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

**Remember this treatment**

*Every night*, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly*. Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

*Every morning*, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

**SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE**  
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 6-CA, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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# On Location with the Maid of Salem

By Ted Magee

**I**F FATE could be reduced down to human conceptions, Director Frank Lloyd would be quite glad to take a poke at the fellow who handles the master switchboard of life. Two pokes, as a matter of fact. One of them would be to the snoot of old man Destiny in atonement for the grief that befell lovely Claudette Colbert. And he would like to slap the old coot's ears down for Fred MacMurray's misfortunes.

Chronologically, in telling you this story about Paramount's class picture, *Maid of Salem*, we should start with Fred's woes, up near Santa Cruz.

You see, when Director Lloyd was handed the script of this gripping witchcraft story, he cast about for a suitable location. Lloyd had to travel 500 miles north of Hollywood to find a New England background. He finally selected a spot in back of Santa Cruz, which is just south of San Francisco along the coastline.

We reached Santa Cruz at six in the morning, with the fog rolling down the cold, empty streets.

At nine o'clock the Paramount troupe, occupying two of the city's nicest hotels, was ready to go to work. For the world we couldn't see why. The

fog still sat like a dozen of Carl Sandburg's cats yowling at the city.

But still, here was the troupe chatting gaily, gulping down last cups of coffee before rushing out before the camera. My good friend, Billy Edwards, who was to be my guide as well as savior-



Claudette Colbert and Director Frank Lloyd are caught by the cameraman as they look at a location scene

in-chief from the witches, said we would have a five mile drive into the hills to the actual location scene.

I shall never be able to describe the first three miles of the trip. Surrounded on four sides by a concrete wall of fog, we blasted our way through it, and then quite miraculously emerged into brilliant sunshine and blue skies. Around me, to my surprise, were giant pine trees, towering hills.

A few more twists to the mountain road and we were there, warm and comfortable in a shaded nook. Director Lloyd, Miss Colbert, and Mr. MacMurray had preceded us and already were at work, dancing the gavotte.

**I**F YOU saw Fred in *Texas Rangers*, it is not easy to conceive him doing this antiquated dance, but there he was, being as dainty as a pair of dusty boots and tight trousers would allow. They were rehearsing with the aid of a dance director, gliding across a floor of pine needles and oak leaves. Director Lloyd was asleep at the switch. He has an uncanny knack of grabbing off forty winks during a lull, then snapping his eyes open at the word "All ready now!" and pouncing into action.

A phonograph, with the gavotte previously recorded in the studio, was beating off measures with the precision of a cow switching her tail at flies. Billy Edwards informed me that the music, which sounded practically perfect to this uncertain ear, had been dashed off in a mere hour by Genius Ralph Ranger, the tunesmith, immediately after he snapped off a song or two for Paramount's *Big Broadcast of 1937*.

[Continued on page 74]

Illustration by Charles Winfield Meggs

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray are teamed again in Frank Lloyd's historical drama, *Maid of Salem*



# JUST A FUNNY OLD SONG EVERYBODY KNOWS

"WE sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham," so go the words of an old song known on every college campus.

Old grads sing it at their class reunions.

The young people sing it when they gather around the piano at home on their college vacations.

And mother, listening, puts her book aside and joins in the chorus.

"How she saved, she saved, she saved the human race—" remember the words of the parody?

From laughing young lips that have never known the twist of pain it comes with gay abandon. Just a funny old school song everybody knows.

But to silver haired mothers who have run life's gauntlet, to women who have lain on the rack in childbirth, known the fiery ordeal of the "change"—these words bring grateful memories. To them it is much more than just a funny song.

## *Lydia E. Pinkham was a real woman*

The song is a parody. But Lydia E. Pinkham was a very real person. In fact hers is one of the best known names in the history of American women.

She began her work in the light of little knowledge. Her laboratory was a kitchen. Her compounding vat an iron kettle on a New England kitchen stove.

But today her work is being carried on under the banner of modern science.

And now her product is made in a great plant occupying six modern factory buildings.



## *Not a Patent Medicine*

You may be surprised to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is not a patent medicine.

On the contrary it is a standard pro-

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts\* which must be endured, especially during

### *The Three Ordeals of Woman*

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

\*functional disorders

prietary compounded to aid women in facing the three major ordeals of their sex. It is to be found in every reputable drug store.

We who carry on the work of Lydia Pinkham do not offer this Vegetable Compound as a panacea or a cure-all.

We do know it has been tested and approved by women of three generations. We do know that a million women have written to tell us it has been helpful during the three most difficult ordeals of their sex: adolescence, motherhood and "middle age."

## *More than a Million Letters of Grateful Testimony*

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been advertised these many years. But no advertisement we have ever printed could compare with the word-of-mouth advertising from one grateful woman to another.

In our files are more than one million letters from women in every walk of life—letters on scented notepaper or on torn wrapping paper—letters from women who have known pain and have written to us without solicitation to tell us how helpful Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to them.

If you are in need of help we can honestly advise you to give it a fair trial.

We know what it has done for others.

We have every reason to believe it will do the same for you. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*

When answering advertisements, please mention January MOVIE CLASSIC



# THE SHOW WINDOW

[Continued from page 12]

stories going smoothly, and with proper suspense, was a difficult one—made easy, however, by Director Griffith's expert handling. Our advice—see this picture by all means!—20th Century-Fox.

**THREE MEN ON A HORSE**—Mervyn LeRoy, Warner Brothers' ace director, has taken the highly successful Broadway stage farce about racetrack gambling and has given it a screen version which is just about the last word in movie entertainment so far as laughs are concerned.

*Three Men on a Horse* abounds in snappy, slangy dialogue and utterly absurd comedy situations all aided and abetted by Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, Sam Levine, Teddy Hart and Joan Blondell. McHugh, as the giftcard writer whose secret hobby is picking winning horses, easily takes top honors in a rôle which fits him to the proverbial and well-known "T". Sam Levine and Teddy Hart as the unlucky gamblers run McHugh a pretty close race for second honors. Joan Blondell, as the dumb chorus girl sweetheart of Teddy Hart, does exceptional work. Her dance routine in McHugh's bedroom wins a gold star from this observer. Whether or not you like horses or horse-racing, you will thoroughly enjoy *Three Men on a Horse*.—Warner Bros.

**COME AND GET IT**—Transferred to the screen by Samuel Goldwyn, Edna Ferber's brilliant story of a lumber baron hungry for power and love, becomes one of the

outstanding pictures of the season. Perfectly cast, and as perfectly directed by William Wyler and Howard Hawks, *Come and Get It*, from the opening scene to the last is worthy of the highest praise. Edward Arnold, as the ruthless lumber king who gets everything he wants but love, gives a performance that seldom has been matched on the screen by any actor. Frances Farmer as the dance hall woman definitely establishes herself in the top rank



Joan Blondell, Sam Levine, Teddy Hart and Frank McHugh in *Three Men on a Horse*.

list of those who have distinguished themselves by notable contributions to the screen. Walter Brennan, Andrea Leeds, Mady Christians, Mary Nash, and Cecil Cunningham all deserve a world of credit for the

roles they portray. *Come and Get It* is a picture that should be marked MUST on your movie calendar.—United Artists.

**WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE**—Producer Edward Small and Director Christy Cabanne have taken the story David Lamson wrote in the death row at San Quentin Prison and turned out a product that should be one of the standout pictures of the year. The screen version, which is obviously fiction, is nevertheless a very convincing and authentic expose of the unscrupulous methods used by climbing politicians in their efforts to reach the top, and contains all the horror of Lamson's many months in the death cell, and the terror that goes through the mind of an innocent man condemned to die on the gallows. John, played by John Beal, is an innocent victim of circumstance who is used as a pawn by an ambitious district attorney, who has his eye on the governor's chair. The heartaches and pathos, the morbidity and humor of those men in condemned row who soon will die is very graphically put over by a combination of splendid direction and acting. Although the three leads, played by Preston Foster, Ann Dvorak, and John Beal, are very aptly portrayed, and lack nothing to make the characters realistic, special credit should go to Paul Hurst, who plays the part of Tip Fuller. His characterization of a "tough guy" who is really very human at heart, does much to lighten the picture. —RKO-Radio.

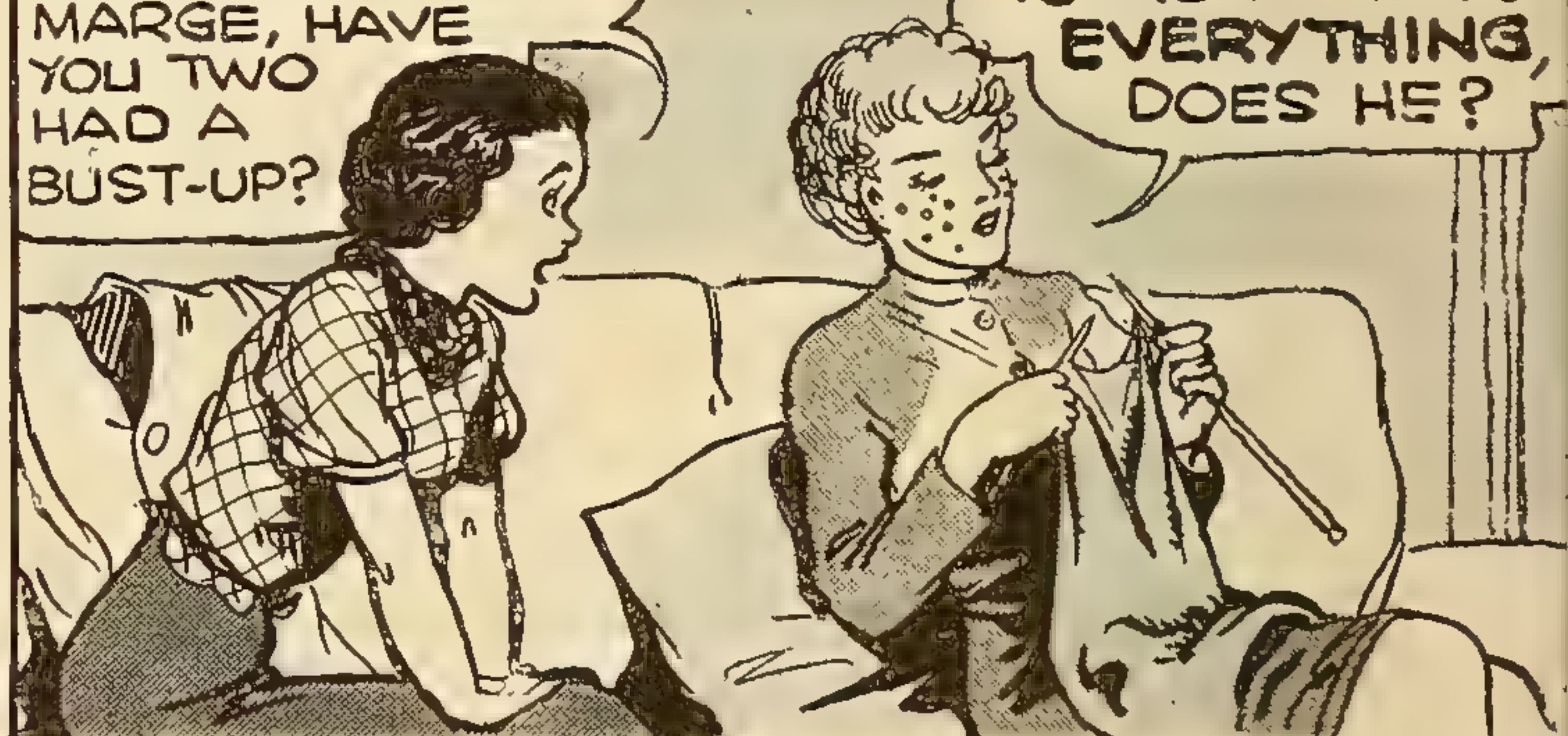


## SAY MARGE—WHAT'S

— A  
PIMPLY  
SKIN  
ALMOST  
PUT A  
STOP TO  
MARGE'S  
"DATES"

I ALMOST FELL OVER  
WHEN DICK TURNED UP  
AT THE DANCE WITH LOUISE  
INSTEAD OF YOU.  
MARGE, HAVE  
YOU TWO  
HAD A  
BUST-UP?

OF COURSE NOT,  
SILLY! DICK  
DOESN'T HAVE  
TO ASK ME TO  
EVERYTHING,  
DOES HE?



REMEMBER NOW—YOU'VE  
GOT TO EAT THESE  
YEAST CAKES EVERY  
DAY. THEY'RE GRAND  
PIMPLE CHASERS—  
I KNOW—I'VE TRIED  
THEM

OH TRUDY—DO YOU  
REALLY MEAN IT—  
I'VE BEEN SO MISERABLE  
GOING AROUND LOOKING  
LIKE THIS...



LATER

TRUDY—IT'S MARGE  
LISTEN DARLING—  
DICK'S ASKED ME TO  
THE DANCE NEXT WEEK—  
UH—HUH—JUST LIKE YOU  
SAID HE WOULD—ISN'T  
IT WONDERFUL?



I TOLD  
YOU THOSE  
YEAST CAKES  
WOULD FIX  
THINGS  
UP



# LATEST REVIEWS

**THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937**—A musical with a plot! A musical with sense and nonsense! A musical with symphonic and swing-time rhythm! You learn about radio from this, as a big broadcasting company is its background. Jack Benny, as the station manager, pouts and puns his way to another success. Gracie Allen is at her looniest and best. But then so is the rest of the cast who clown through this production scattering laughs, music and a bit of romance where they'll do the most good. Think of Benny, Gracie, George Burns, Martha Raye, Bob Burns, Ray Milland, Shirley Ross, Sam Hearn, Benny Fields, Frank Forest and a scintillating flock of dancers and entertainers, all let loose without their inhibitions. Benny Goodman's hot swing band is *GOOD!* The addition of a Bach number by Leopold Stokowski is wonderfully effective. The whole piece pokes fun at behind-the-mike activities. Bob Burns blunders through the studio speaking his piece on various programs without realizing he is on the air. Martha Raye scores again in a *big* way. Altogether it's a swell show of which Paramount should be proud.—*Paramount.*

**IN HIS STEPS**—This powerful drama, again co-stars the beautiful, blonde Cecelia Parker and wistful, idealistic Eric Linden. They are shown as the innocent victims of their wealthy parents' greed, narrow prejudices and animosities. As an aftermath of their elopement, made necessary by their respective parents' obvious desire to completely dominate and crush the lives of the

romantic couple, criminal charges are placed against young Linden in accordance with a strict anti-abduction law.

While hiding from their parents and the police, the runaways learn the meaning of extracting a living from the soil. It is the man of simple faith and serenity of soul, their devoted friend, Harry Beresford



*The Big Broadcast of 1937* offers Martha Raye and Bob Burns a chance for some grand comedy

(Davidson), who comes to the rescue of these two in their darkest hour of despair. His courage, kindness and high standard of living regenerates those about him and saves the whole situation.

These players are supported by an exceptionally capable cast. Henry Kolker, Charles Richman, Olive Tell, Clara Blandick, Robert Warwick and Roger

Imhof deserve great credit for their splendid characterizations.—*Zeidman-Grand National.*

**PIGSKIN PARADE**—20th Century-Fox deserves a well-earned pat on the back for this football musical for it's just about the funniest, most mirth-provoking film of the year and we're not overlooking *My Man Godfrey* either. They say it took six writers to turn out the story. If so, let's hope it becomes a habit with other studios for these six writers turned out a scenario that really has a laugh in every line.

*Pigskin Parade* has much to recommend it besides the football angle. There's the Yacht Club Boys, for instance, who sing as only they can sing, four sparkling numbers that are worth the price of your theatre ticket. "Woo! Woo!" is undoubtedly the best of their musical numbers, but the other three are as pleasing to the ear as the most critical customer would want.

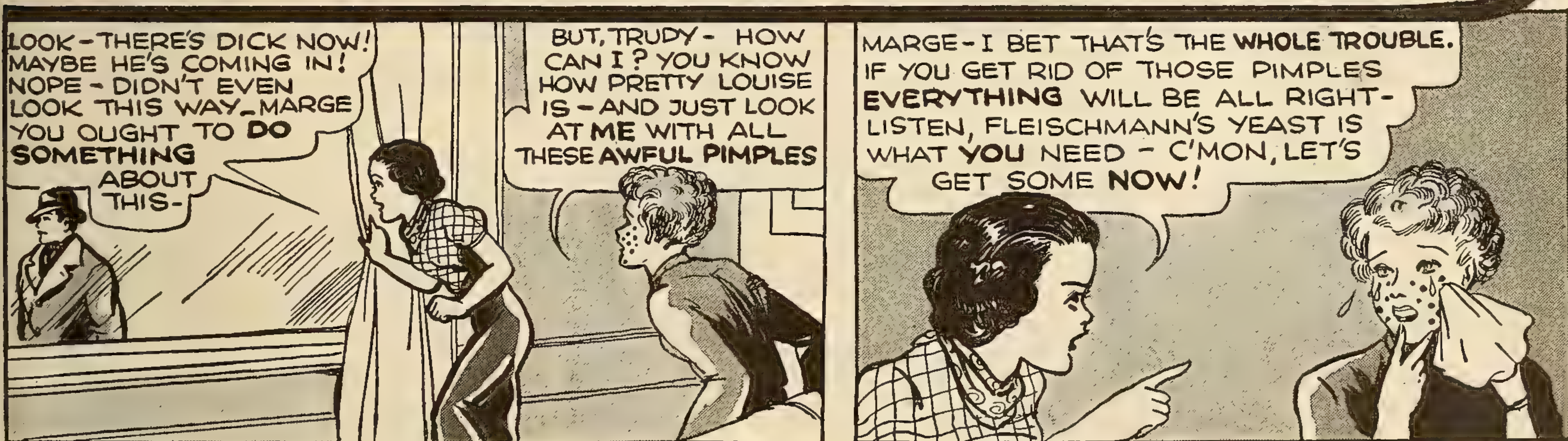
The film also marks the picture debut of Judy Garland, a sweet little miss who sings two numbers so remarkably well that you can safely mark her down as belonging in the select group of topflight songbirds from now on.

Stuart Erwin, always good, climbs to new altitudes in fun-making as the bare-footed hillbilly, who is drafted into a jerk-water college because of his accuracy in tossing the pigskin.

Johnny Downs, Dixie Dunbar, Jack Haley, Patsy Kelly, Betty Grable, Arline Judge have rôles in which all score heavily.

See this picture even if you have to rob the baby's bank!—*20th Century-Fox.*

## HAPPENED TO THE BOY FRIEND LATELY



### DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOUR BOY FRIENDS FROM MAKING DATES

**P**IMPLES often call a halt to good times for many girls and boys after the start of adolescence.

At this time, between 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin gets

oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out.

If you are bothered by adolescent pimples, do as thousands of others—eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. And then—pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes *daily*—one before each meal—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear again. Start today!

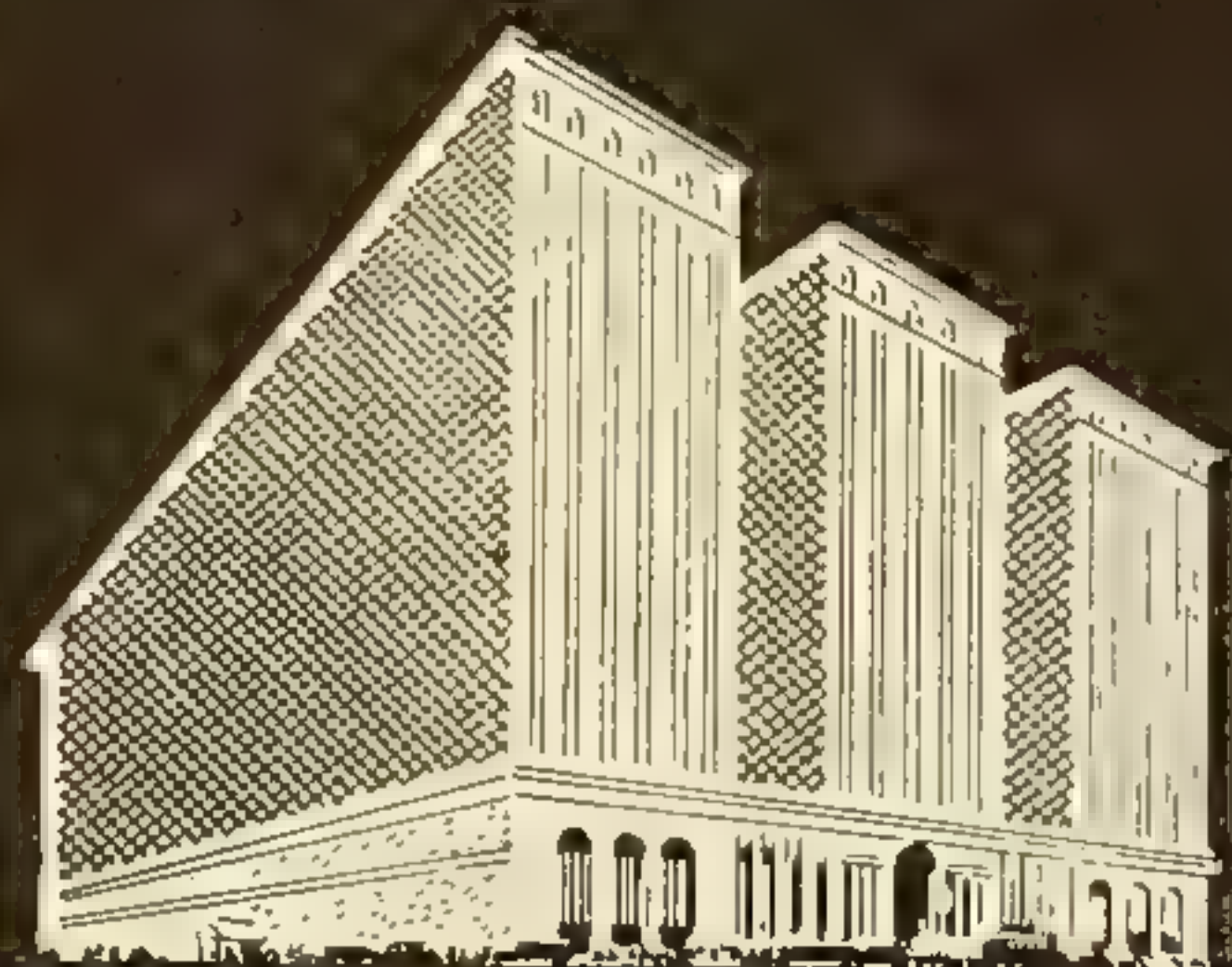


*—clears the skin*  
by clearing skin irritants  
out of the blood

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# BILTMORE Hotel



MINGLE WITH THE  
MOVIE STARS

in the

BILTMORE  
BOWL

"The Host of Hollywood"  
and America's Most  
Colorful Nite Club

Seen dancing in the Bowl  
recently:

JEAN HARLOW  
DICK POWELL  
NORMA SHEARER  
JOHNNIE WEISSMULLER  
JOAN BLONDELL  
ad infinitum

\$3<sup>50</sup> UP    \$5<sup>00</sup> UP

SINGLE • DOUBLE

ROOM RATES THAT ARE RIGHT



FACING TWO GREEN PARKS

◆ DOWNTOWN ◆

LOS ANGELES



# Going Gay with the Youngstars!

*Hollywood's younger set work hard on their studio careers, but in their off-screen hours it's here today, gone tomorrow with games, party ideas—and even love*

LIKE the jovial, fun-seeking younger set of any American community is the youthful element in the Hollywood film colony. Just a bunch of kids—crazy as the rest of them—dodging around, pranking, uproaring, and out to have the best of times.

What is known in the cinema capital as "the younger set" includes such youngsters as Pat Ellis, Mary Carlisle, Betty Furness, Anne Shirley, Paula Stone, Toby Wing and their handsome boy friends (order accidental) Jimmy Blakeley, Earl Blackwell, Tom Brown, Dick Cromwell, Owen Davis, Jr., and others.

The recently marrieds have such contributions as the Henry Fondas, the Warren Hulls, the Donald Woods', and the Frank Albertsons.

"Let's see how much fun we can have on how little money" is their aim, the same as it's the objective of most such groups. The fresh ingenuity of their "screwy" ways of entertaining themselves and each other is the talk of Hollywood.

California finds beach parties a favorite summer night sport. But this outfit likes 'em in winter, too—maybe a little better because then they have the beach to themselves. A little rough ex-

ercise is in order on the West's spruicy winter nights, with zestful recreation needed to keep the blood warm. After rendezvous in some pre-designated Hollywood home, the pleasure-seeking troupe drives to some Santa Monica beach spot where the hostess for the evening already has the fire roaring and the wieners sputtering.

Warren Hull started the beach business. He's a brawny lad who wears one of those mahogany tans all year round. "In winter," he tells you seriously, "the water's only a few degrees colder, and if you run around, play ball, or build a fire, you hardly notice the temperature anyway."

New romances are always developing to keep the others musing. A little hand-holding in the shadows of the fire makes everyone feel the touch of young love.

Roller skating on a rink at Culver City is another favorite way of passing the time. Afterward, they'll pass by the Trocadero with perfect savoir faire and "take over" some corner beer parlor that boasts a three-piece orchestra whose music may not be mellow but is good and loud.

One game which is often played when "the gang" convenes at Paula Stone's house is "Spoons." Try it sometimes, and see if it

[Continued on page 61]

By

Allan Carews



On the left, reading from left to right: Paula Stone, Tom Brown, Toby Wing, Johnny Downs, Suzanne Kaasen, Don Woods and Dorothy Stone acquiring a tan on the beach of the Del Mar Club



The little red wagon is pretty crowded, but Nydia Westman, Paula Stone and Karen Morley don't seem to mind—and neither does Warren Hull who supplies the power



Alma Lloyd, Johnny Downs, and Tom Brown at the Rollerdom where they gave a benefit skating party for the Assistance League

# CHARMING



Miss Ernestine Lollie — with her latest Permanent Wave by Bernord az Guro, New York City.

"I found my whole appearance improved after using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says Miss Ernestine Lollie of Vineland, N. J.

**WINNER** of MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH CONTEST for DECEMBER, lovely Miss Lollie admitted many of her friends commend her attractive appearance. "They all admire my golden hair," says Miss Lollie. Blonde or Brunette, you too can gain added popularity. Glorious, sparkling hair will bring you, as it did Miss Lollie, the admiring compliments of your friends.

**BLONDES** — If your hair is dull, faded or streaked, rinse with Marchand's to bring back bright, sunny lustre of natural blonde hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash keeps your hair always the popular golden shade.

**BRUNETTES** — You will delight in a lovelier appearance once you rinse sparkling highlights into your hair with Marchand's. Or if you prefer, using Marchand's full strength you can completely lighten your hair to a golden blonde shade.

**BLONDES AND BRUNETTES** — Worried over unsightly hair on arms — and legs? Women everywhere now use Marchand's to make "superfluous" hair *unnoticeable*. Invisible through even sheerest stockings!

Start to benefit from this effective home beauty treatment today. Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore. Use it on your hair—your arms and legs—tonight, at home.

**Would You, Too, Like to Visit New York—FREE**

Full details of Marchand's Blonde-Of-The-Month Contest in your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. At your druggist. Or mail coupon below.

## MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

**ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON**

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY  
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... M. G. 137





Hold Open House on Christmas Day and follow Madeleine Carroll's recipes. The occasion will be momentous!

# Food for Holiday Festivities

*Follow the stars' advice—entice your friends with sugar and spice and everything nice!*

by Dorothy Dwan

CAREFREE confusion is symbolic of Christmas Day. It's traditional that bright ribbons and gay wrappings litter the room, while amusing presents tumble out of boxes scattered under the lighted tree. Our feet trip over mechanical toys and red wagons while rushing to throw wide the door to welcome another happy group of friends who pop in at all hours to call out "Merry Christmas!"

We wouldn't have the day otherwise and I'm sure that you will agree it's the memory of impromptu "Happy New Years" ringing through the house—shouted by drop-in well wishers that we cherish most.

There is a way to be sure your friends will find your street while driving from one house to another—choose one irresistible dish or drink, chock full of the holiday spirit, and serve it year after year!

Chester Morris accidentally proved this suggestion to be true. I had heard of how friends from far and near gathered before Chester's hearth to drink his health with his famous "Holiday Special" and the actor was actually giving me his secret formula. He laughingly mentioned that last year he and Suzanne, his wife, received the following wire a few days before Christmas, from friends who had moved to New York.

WILL SLEEP UNDER YOUR HOSPITABLE ROOF CHRISTMAS EVE. HELD OUT AGAINST YOUR PLEAS TO MAKE A FLYING TRIP WEST FOR TWELVE MONTHS, BUT THOUGHTS OF YOUR INIMITABLE EGGNOG WERE OUR DOWNFALL. ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU, SUZANNE, AND THE YOUNGSTERS, BUT IF YOU ARE NOT PLANNING TO BREW UP A BATCH OF YOUR CHRISTMAS CHEER, WIRE IMMEDIATELY AND WE WILL POSTPONE TRIP UNTIL NEXT DECEMBER.

That is truly a testimonial for Chester's eggnog and as he has served it for years, small wonder that it is known from one end of Hollywood to the other and that the Morris home resembles the Grand Central Station on Christmas. Here is the cherished recipe for you!

## HOLIDAY SPECIAL

- 1 dozen fresh eggs
- 3 quarts milk
- 1 quart cream
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 quart mellowed brandy

[Continued on page 78]

Imagine Christmas without eggnog! Chester Morris obligingly offers his own Holiday Special to you



Beverly Roberts contributes a Yuletide tree made of an appetizing cheese mixture. Most appropriate and very tasty





## She's A Staggering Success!

[Continued from page 47]

business. The value of her husky, startling voice. Doing a drunk routine was but a crude stepping stone in the career of this potentially great comedy artist. Of this Taurog felt certain. Judging by her second screen triumph in Paramount's *Big Broadcast of 1937*, Martha is rapidly justifying the director's initial confidence.

Martha has no permanent home. Having spent sixteen of her nineteen years gadding about the country as a performer, Martha is completely free of home town prejudices. "I'm probably the only girl to enter the movies without a write-up in a local paper somewhere," Martha observes. This may seem unfair to her birthplace, Butte, Montana, where her mother quit the act for three days while Martha was ushered into the world. But it hardly qualifies Butte as a home town.

MARTHA remained in the vaudeville act with her parents until she was sixteen. Then she got a job in Chicago singing with Paul Ash's orchestra. She made good on her own immediately. She sang syncopated numbers and gradually injected comedy into her routine. A year later she jumped at a better offer doing an act with Benny Davis, the song writer.

Martha soon quit Davis to join an act which included Jackie Heller, Sonny O'Day, Hal LeRoy and Buddy and Velma Ebsen. Evidently Martha wasn't so good. Everybody in the act beat her to Hollywood. But those who know believe Martha will last longer in pictures.

Before heading west Martha appeared in Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book" and a revue "Calling All Stars," also several New York night clubs.

Dances amazingly well, but never took a lesson in her life. Picked up the steps watching hoofers from vaudeville stage wings.

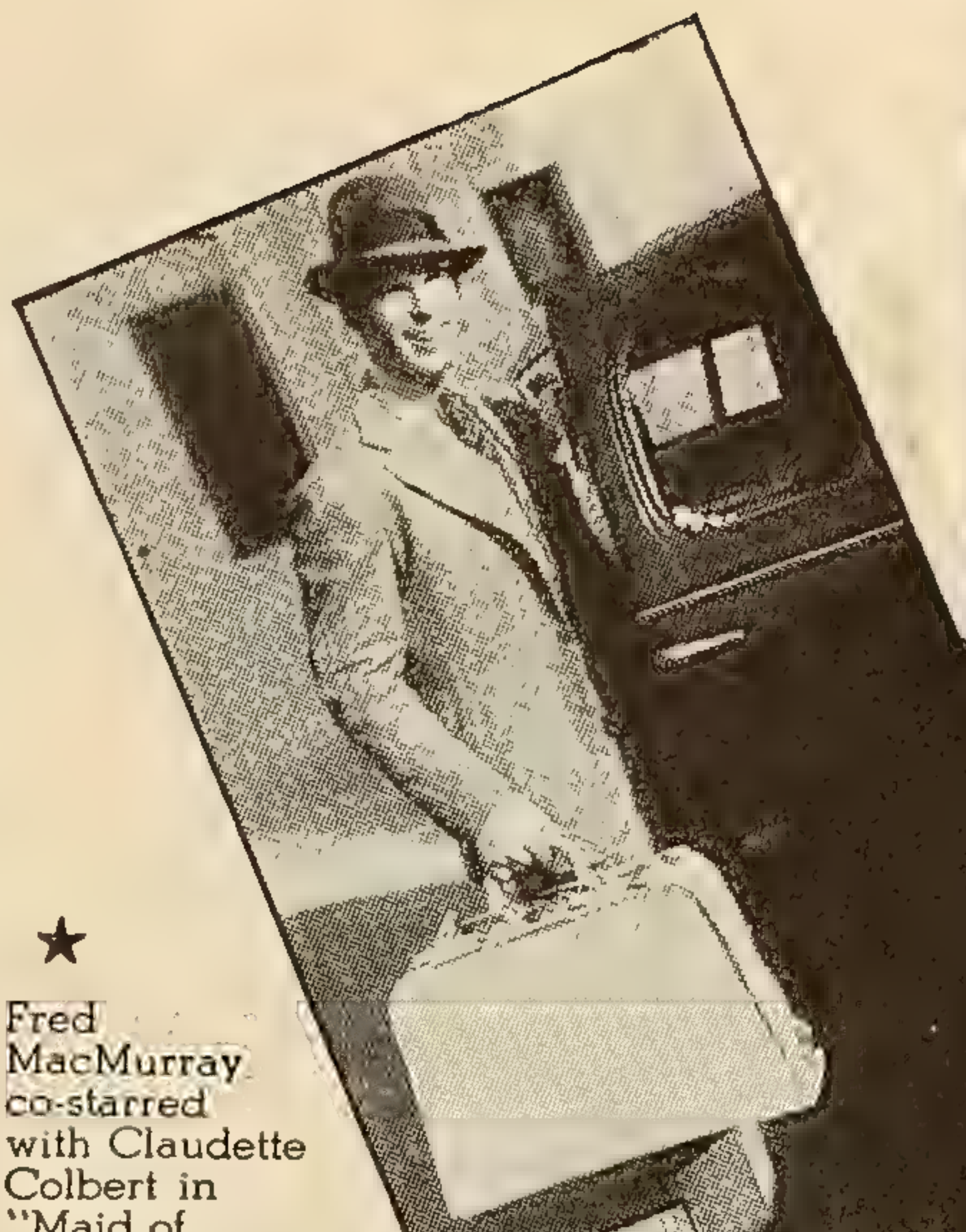
In the night clubs she worked from 11 p.m. to 4 a.m. Now she puts in from 12 to 18 hours a day working at Paramount, being fitted for gowns, recording songs, practicing new dance numbers and rehearsing for radio programs. Martha isn't complaining. When she becomes tired or discouraged she looks at her salary checks.

FANNY BRICE is her idea of a real comedienne. She believes that Bob Burns has a great future in pictures—providing he remains teamed with her. Bing Crosby told her that she's one of the three real comedienues in pictures, but he didn't mention the other two.

Simply can't help being noisy off the screen, too. That's why she can be heard all over the Paramount lot when the company isn't working. She says hello to everybody she encounters, even though she doesn't know half of them.

Martha has a very large mouth. She worried about it when she was a kid, figured she could never be romantic. Now, like Joe Brown's, the mouth is earning her a fortune. Romantically, she isn't doing so badly. A select delegation of Hollywood swains, headed by Cesar Romero, are competing for the few leisure hours her picture and radio work permits.

As for the drunk routine, which won her movie recognition, Martha picked it up watching a certain Park Avenue debutante in a night club. Proving that a dash of culture often helps a working girl get along.



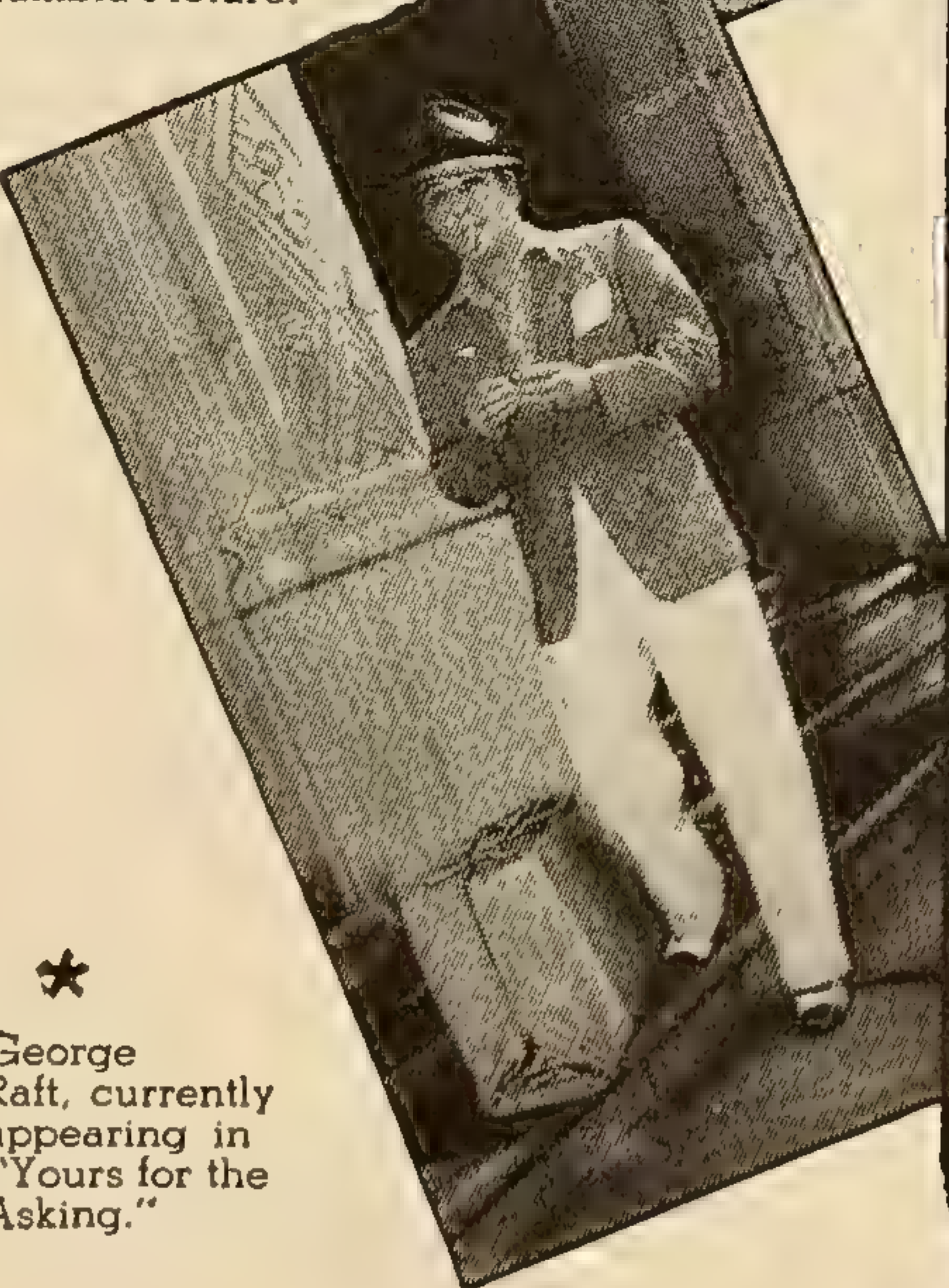
★  
Fred MacMurray co-starred with Claudette Colbert in "Maid of Salem," Paramount Picture.



★  
Pat O'Brien, Warner Bros. star, appearing in "San Quentin."



★  
Ralph Bellamy, appearing in "Lady of New York," a Columbia Picture.



★  
George Raft, currently appearing in "Yours for the Asking."

# A NEW TRAVEL PICTURE

*Starring*

★ FRED MacMURRAY

★ PAT O'BRIEN

★ RALPH BELLAMY

★ GEORGE RAFT

*with VAL-A-PAK*

Significant, isn't it, that when these men of the films travel, whether it's for a week-end at Palm Springs or a transcontinental hop, they keep their wardrobes wrinkle-free with their personal Val-A-Paks?

Alert to everything that's new and practical, Hollywood has naturally taken to Val-A-Pak—the only piece of hand luggage that actually air-cushions clothes against wrinkling and mussing.

In the illustration of the open Val-A-Pak below, you'll get an idea of its roominess and carrying capacity. There are separate compartments for each article of apparel and regulation hangers for your suits—everything easily accessible without fumbling through the whole bag.

Val-A-Pak comes in a wide range of prices, leather and fabric models. On sale at leading department stores, luggage and men's wear shops. Atlantic Products Corporation, Trenton, New Jersey.

Full size  
suit hangers  
(room for two  
suits), bags for  
underclothes,  
pajamas,  
handker-  
chiefs, socks,  
shirts, ties,  
toilet kit,  
sundries,  
shoes,  
soiled  
clothing.

THE *Styled*  
**Val-A-Pak**  
WARDROBE

Patented.



Prices West of  
Mississippi  
10% Higher.



# Are you confused about FEMININE HYGIENE

don't be-it is so easy, dainty  
the modern way

There should be no confusion about that intimate and important subject—feminine hygiene.

Yet how can women avoid worrying about methods they realize are old-fashioned—open to serious question? Do you ask yourself: *Must I stick to my messy and clumsy method? Is it efficient? Do you exclaim: My method is embarrassing, hateful! How—where—can I find the ideal method for feminine hygiene?*

Why just hope for the answers? Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, safe, effective, and, equally important—*dainty!*

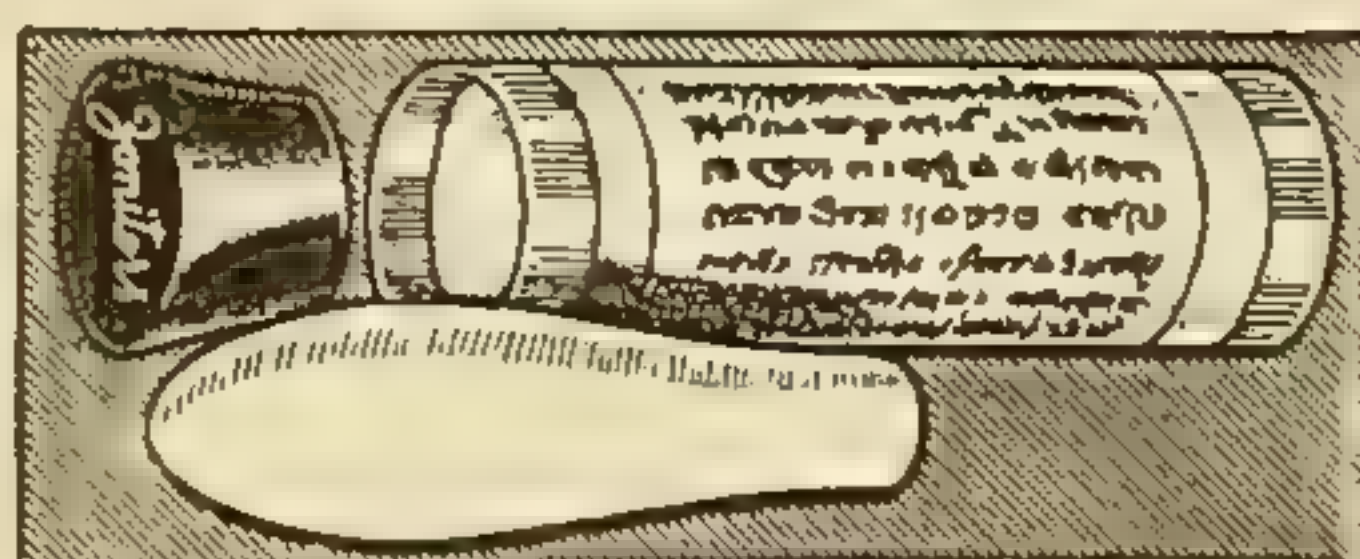
Zonitors, one of the latest developments of modern science for feminine hygiene, offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snowy-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and completely removable with water, Zonitors maintain the long effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power yet freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

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FOR  
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Zonitors, 3458 Chrysler Bldg., N.Y. C. Send, in plain envelope, free booklet, A New Technique in Feminine Hygiene.

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Address.....

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Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks; enclosed find 10¢ (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost

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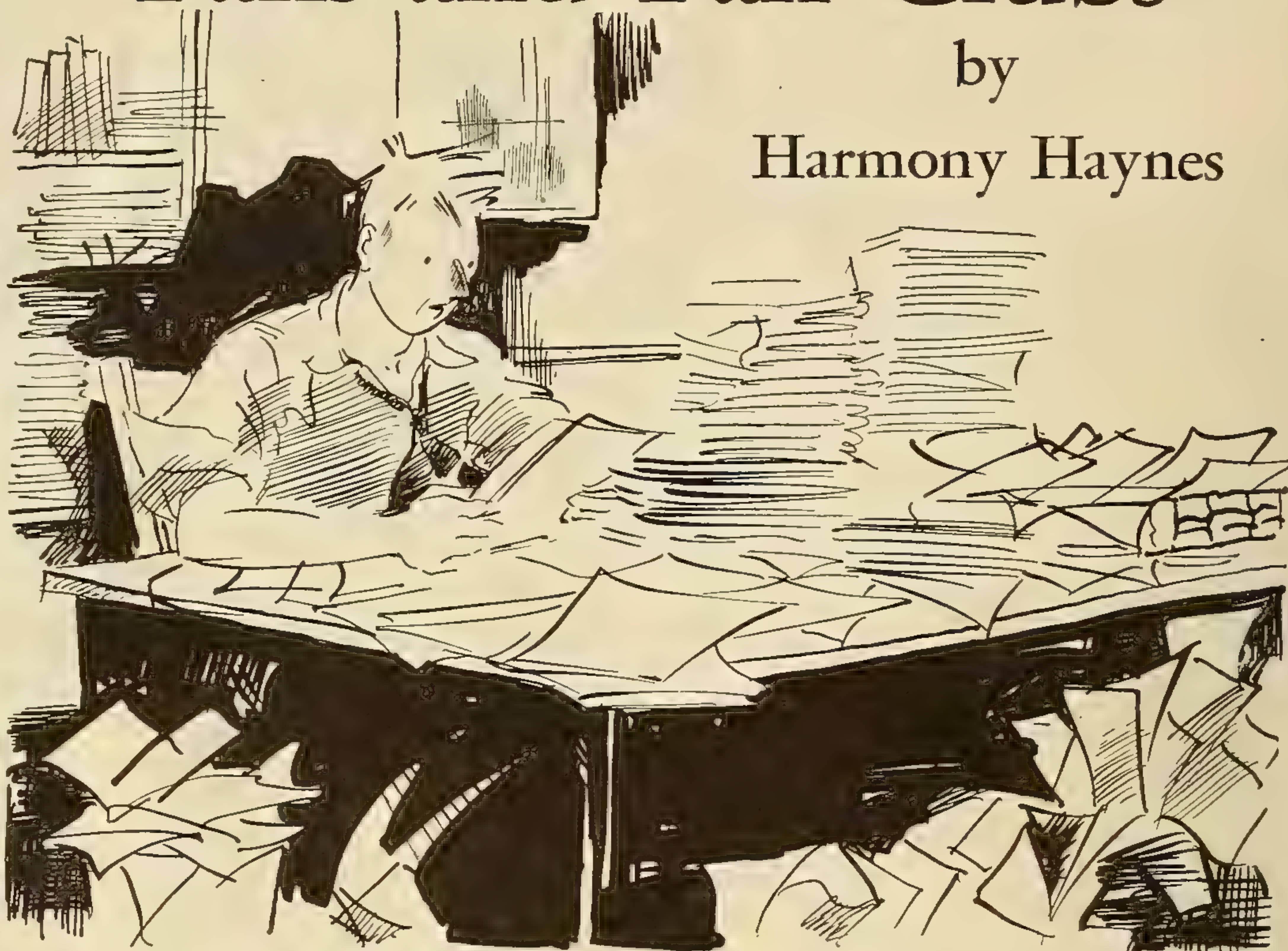
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10¢ AND 20¢  
AT LEADING  
5 & 10¢ STORES

## Fans and Fan Clubs

by

Harmony Haynes



WE TOLD you last month that this department was created in an effort to bring the stars and the fans closer together. Distance always means hazards and some of them are not so pleasant. However, they are there right in the pathway leading to your favorite star and if you will reach that star you will have to recognize and overcome them.

I'll point them out to you and expect you to accept them for what they are worth to you. There is nothing personal intended, you must all understand that.

Naturally it has to do with your letters, your personal letters to a star. Be careful of the advice you give a star. Let your criticisms dwell on screen work, stories in magazines, publicity in general. Keep away from the personal angle as much as possible.

Would you be surprised if I told you that many stars receive letters from fans telling them NOT to write to, or see, other fans? I was surprised and so were the stars. They had hoped that if a fan were fortunate enough to reach Hollywood and visit a star, that the rest of the fans would be happy about it.

Naturally, such a letter does not stop a star from seeing her visiting fan and when she finds that fan a charming young person, she, quite naturally, has a very doubtful opinion about the writer of the warning letter. As one star said to me, "I'm afraid of such fans for if they can write such vicious letters against one of their own number, what else are they capable of doing?"

You must remember that, although you have received letters from a star, until you meet, personally, and became friends, you are, honestly speaking, a stranger to her, and she is not the least bit interested in your personal grievance against another fan, and will not be a party to that grievance.

That's the first hazard. It's a bad one but I know you can overcome it and be healthier, happier fans.

THE second has to do with "official" clubs. We find a lot of grief on that score. One fan will have a club for a certain star and in time the same star

will permit another fan to also have a club. The first fan, or the second, will be hurt because he or she hasn't the "official" club, feeling that there cannot be two such clubs.

Isn't that a bit foolish and a bit selfish? One star may have several million fans. Is it possible for one club president to handle that many members? Oh, I know you work hard and you don't want someone else to have "all the credit." Don't worry, you'll have the credit due you no matter how many "official" clubs a star may have.

And you can have more fun in a small club made up of local members than you can if your members are scattered all over the world. A perfect example of such a club is the one Lucile Carlson conducts for Alice White. Lucile placed her membership at 150, mostly local. They have parties every month and make what few who do not live near enough to attend, blue with envy.

All clubs for the same star should be friendly—you are working in a common cause and your interests should be mutual. Competition and rivalry only adds a zest of flavor and should make you happier than if you had no other club to compete with.

Chaw Mank, Junior, and John Garrison both have clubs for Craig Reynolds. They are rivals and have the most fun seeing who can get the most members, who can put out the best club paper, who can get the most publicity for their star. John has the edge on Chaw a bit because John lives in Hollywood and whenever a fan comes to town, he can assure that fan of a personal meeting with Craig. In order to make up for that little edge, Craig is inviting Chaw to be his guest next summer.

### Club News

Loretto Schultz, who heads all Nelson Eddy Clubs in Canada, is to be congratulated and envied. Since she took over the membership of the Eddy Club, formerly sponsored by Ruth Sperling of Brooklyn, her club now boasts of over 500 members. Not bad, Loretto!

And while we are envying Loretto, she is envying Ethel Hennig, who heads the

[Continued on page 76]



## Going Gay with the Youngstars!

[Continued from page 56]

isn't as delightful as it is simple. For a dozen guests, ditch eleven spoons in various hidden spots throughout the house. The sloth who fails to grab a spoon the first round is "out." The next time one spoon is eliminated, and so on to the winner. They say it's quite a game, with the advantage of not requiring mental concentration.

**K**AREN MORLEY gave a bicycling party at her Palos Verdes place, and this turned out to be even more athletic than planned, for the bicycles were a bit rusty (tsk! tsk!) and several broke down completely. Whereupon these lads and lassies proceeded to use their thumbs in the "It Happened One Night" manner—nothing if not self-reliant.

Tom Brown introduced the feather game because he likes to turn in early. Each guest holds on to the edges of a sheet in the center of which is a feather. All blow and the first to be touched by the feather loses. Tom reports that fifteen minutes of this makes everyone ready for the hay.

Treasure hunts, of course, are a favorite evening's play—unless you'd call it work!—and Lilian Emerson's in honor of Earl Blackwell still holds the four-star record for originality. She turned on the radio at 8 P.M. and the first clue was announced by one of our popular stations. Half a minute later and "Maggie" Sullavan, Rosalind Russell, Eleanor Whitney, Michael Bartlett, Henry Fonda, Dick Cromwell and half a hundred others were racing all over the landscape in search of a "castle tower on a high flown ledge." Four other clues kept the searchers busy until almost midnight, ending up at the Emerson home for dancing.

Maxine Jones, daughter of Buck Jones, the western star, gave another unusual party aboard her father's 85-foot yacht. Guests were solemnly handed paint buckets and brushes—and the yacht was entered in the trans-Pacific races with every foot hand-painted by a movie star!

**N**ICKNAMES go over big here, too. Mrs. Warren Hull is "Pretty Puss." The gang knows Pat Ellis as "Toots." In other respects this gay and limited throng of partiers is quite small-town, and they have initiated many of the silly stunts which have agogged members of the same strata through all America. For instance, Knock-Knock, Handies, Did-you-evers, and other passing gags of the fun world were adopted and discarded by them before spreading through the land.

Sometimes the boys and girls really pour it on. Simone Simon, whose build-up wowed the nation, was almost forced to move when a scavenger hunt required personal trophies from her. The door bell was buzzing half the night. But she took it with a smile.

They can do serious things, too. Now a musical comedy is in the air, with proceeds to go to their favorite charity. Organization of the little show at least affords swell excuses for their chatty get-togethers.

The kids may show powers of concentration on their careers at the studios—and that's necessary to get anywhere in film work!—but in their off-screen hours it's here today and gone tomorrow with games, party ideas, and even love.

## We're Saving a Chance

# ...FOR YOU!

JEANE MEGERLE,  
Fort Thomas, Ky.,  
August "Search for  
Talent" winner.

*There's still time to enter HOLD-BOB'S "Search for Talent"  
—Still a chance to win a FREE Screen test . . . \$50.00 in  
cash and an opportunity for a motion picture contract.*

**T**HE popular "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines, closes December 31, 1936. Don't overlook this chance—you may be one of the lucky girls for whom Hollywood is searching.

It's easy to enter. Just fill out the entry blank printed right on the back of the HOLD-BOB card, attach your photograph and mail to "Search for Talent" Headquarters. Your nearest HOLD-BOB dealer has full particulars...and HOLD-BOBS are sold everywhere. And remember, when you are buying your card of HOLD-BOBS you are getting the finest bob pins made—the favorites of Hollywood—with so many exclusive features such as: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match every shade of hair.

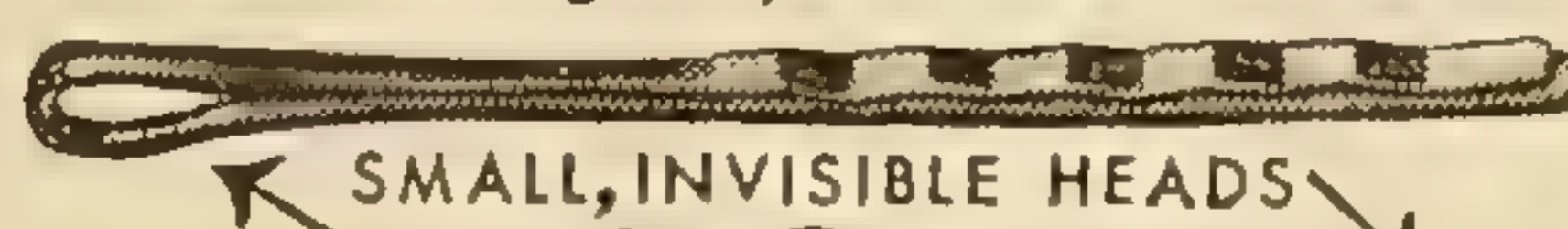
Don't delay—get a card of HOLD-BOBS today.

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Clip coupon to HOLD-BOB card  
(or facsimile)—attach your photo  
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## WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!



● When old-style laxatives fail to bring relief from the headaches constipation causes—it's time to turn to FEEN-A-MINT. Because FEEN-A-MINT is *different*; it's the delicious *chewing gum* laxative, and what a difference that *chewing* makes! FEEN-A-MINT acts gently, yet thoroughly, in the lower bowel—not in the stomach.



● Your life can be so different when you're free from the chains of constipation! FEEN-A-MINT, the *modern* laxative brings relief so easily and pleasantly. No griping or upset stomach. No weakening after-effects. No disturbance of sleep when taken at night. Forget old-fashioned methods and join the 16 million people who have changed to FEEN-A-MINT, the *modern* laxative. Write for a free sample to Dept. M-1, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

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THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE  
THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

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Wash Sunlight Into Your Hair with New Shampoo and Rinse!

Bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair with New Blondex, the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex keeps hair and scalp healthy and is absolutely safe, for it contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Try it today. The new combination package—SHAMPOO WITH FREE RINSE—now also in 10c size at all stores.



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STANDARD ART STUDIOS

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# Brushing Up COIFFURE



Karen Morley was the first to originate "The Juliet Bob". Taken from the page boy styles of Juliet time, this latest hair style emanating from Max Factor's famous beauty salon, is establishing popularity throughout the world.



"The Pocahontas Bob"—A charming and youthful evening coiffure, is worn by Dianne Cook. Miss Cook selected this style after viewing the Indian hairdresses displayed in "The Plainsman" and "Last of the Mohicans".



Evelyn Venable, wearing a new style hairdress, "The Chinese Coil" designed especially for her by Fred Fredricks, head man of Factor's hair department. It was suggested by scenes from "The Good Earth."



"Queen's Coiffure" is the official title of this regal hairdress worn by Patricia Ellis. Having always adored Mary Queen of Scots, she chose this modernized version of the styles of Mary's day.



It would take more than an earthquake to disturb the well-groomed appearance of Marion Schilling while wearing this sleek hairdress inspired by the pompadour style seen in "San Francisco."



# On Your



The above handsome young man is Fred Fredricks, the man who designs most of the wigs and hairdresses for the stars.

**DO YOU** wish to be up to the minute in selecting your coiffure for your next party?

Then study the hair styles worn by motion picture stars in their latest pictures—I mean *made* latest, for the real styles now popular among smartly dressed women, are suggested by the current costume films, or those depicting life long ago.

The Max Factor Studio prepares the wigs and hair pieces for most of the good motion pictures going out of Hollywood. Also, they design hairdresses for celebrities, working with the individuals to make them as attractive as possible. Where does Fred Fredricks, head of this huge hair department, get his ideas? Factor has volumes of colored prints from all ages, from which portraits of famous ladies of the past he designs wigs for such films as "Romeo and Juliet," "San Francisco," "Good Earth," and other period productions. "The day after the preview of such motion pictures, some famous star usually calls us to request a new coiffure, suggested to her by the picture seen the night before," says Fredricks.

For instance, Evelyn Venable saw some scenes from "The Good Earth." She knew that Factor's designed all the wigs and hair pieces and hairdresses for this film, so Evelyn went to Fred and asked for a Chinese type coiffure for her personal use. The result—! The "Chinese Coil," for Evelyn. Braid the hair over the ears, and twist the strands into flat coils—tuck your favorite flowers in the coils, and you will look as cute and charming as the actress does in her new style hair.

Karen Morley wears a long bob, and she became desperately tired of it—always the same, she complains. The night she saw "Romeo and Juliet" she thought, "Ah—that is the way to do my hair—I'll steal the page boy's bob. So the following day, Karen strolled in to see Fred Fredricks, and told him she had a new idea for her coiffure, taken from "Romeo and Juliet."

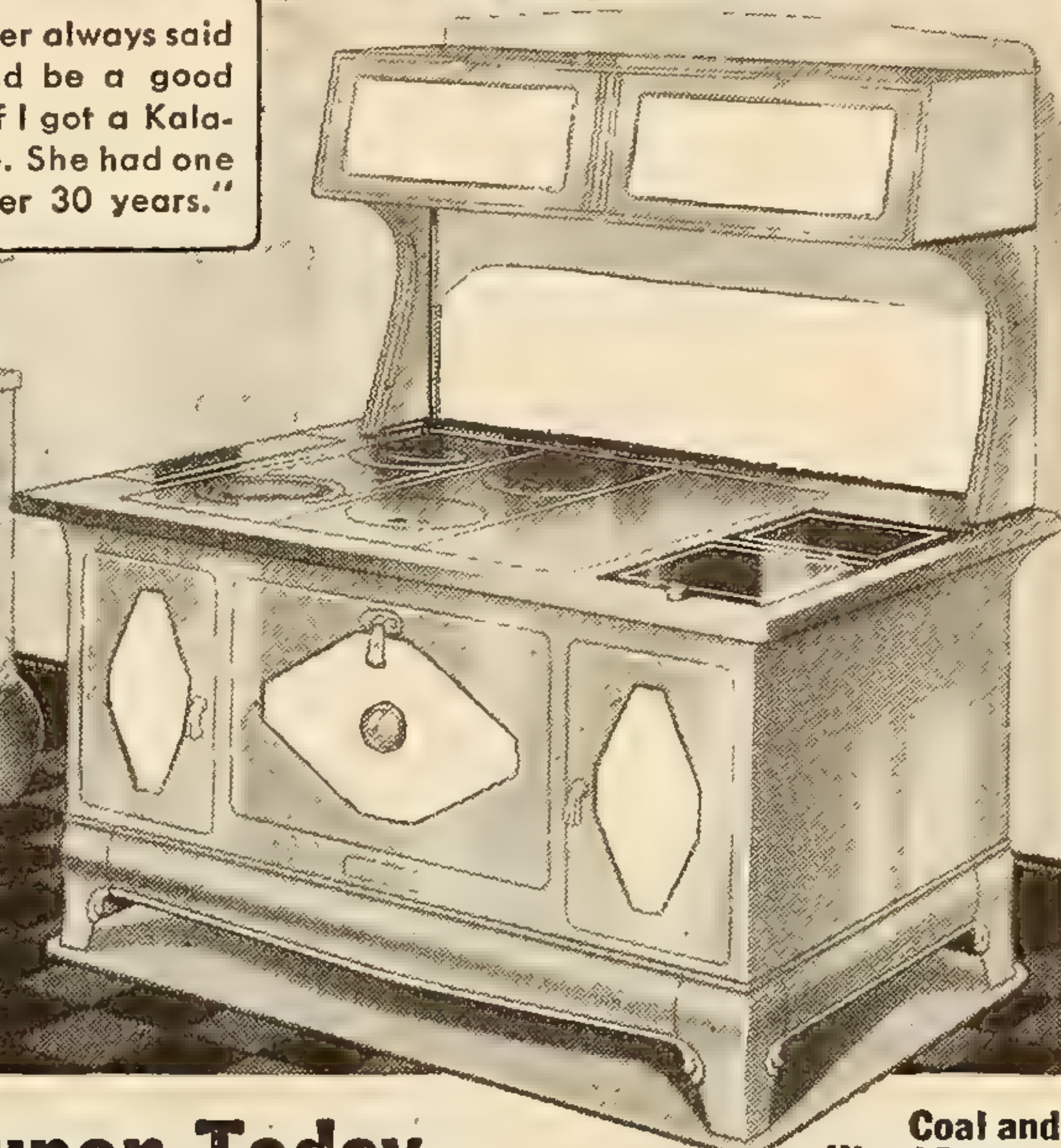
"But your hair is not long enough to wear it like Juliet," said Fred. And then Karen explained—she wanted to copy the bob of the little page. So together they waved her hair in loose waves, allowing the ends to touch the shoulders softly. They cut her bangs and brushed them flat, and Karen went out of the shop a changed

[Continued on page 81]

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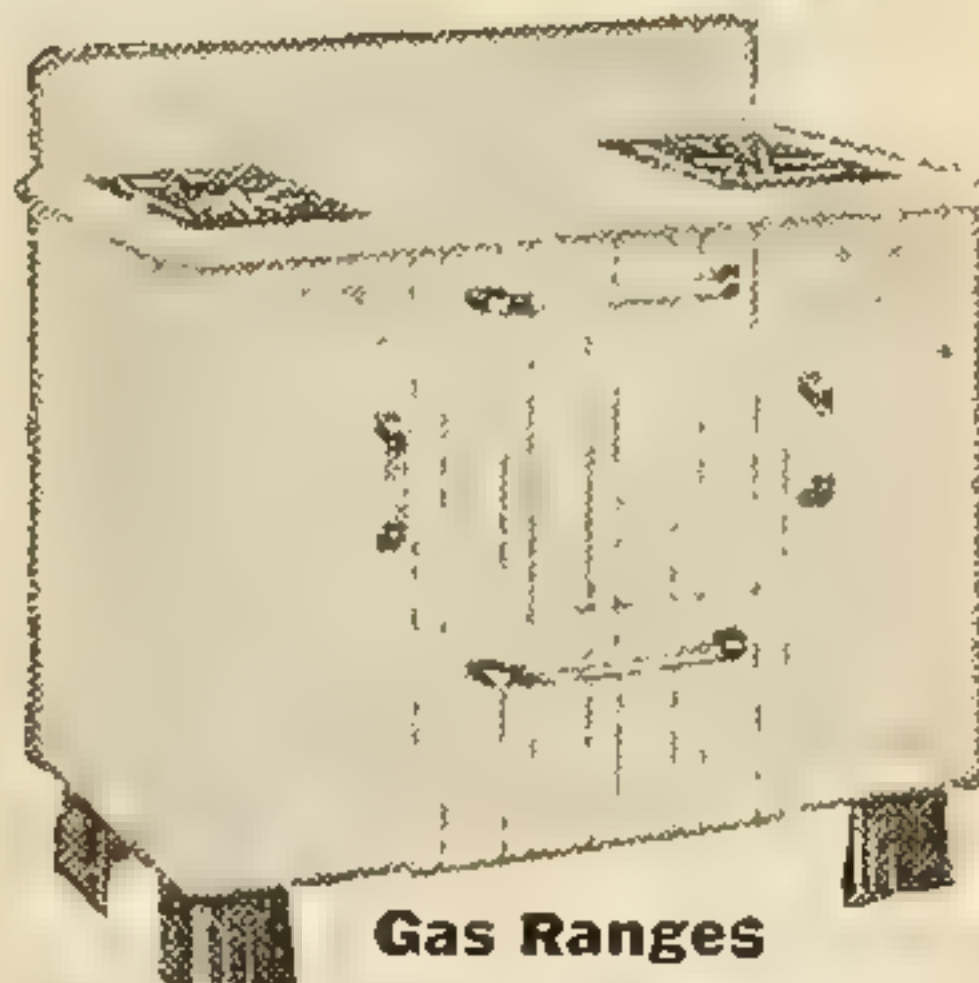
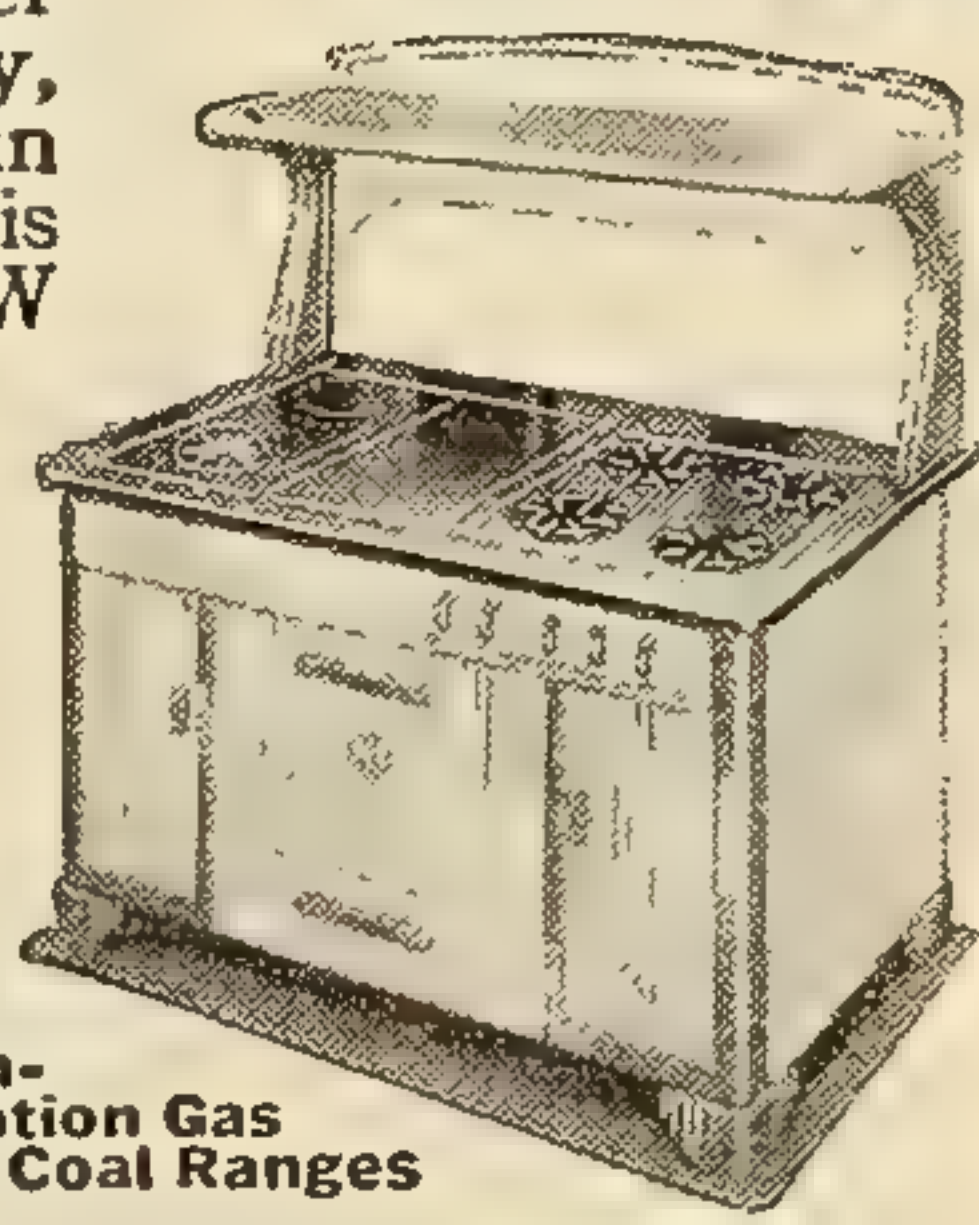
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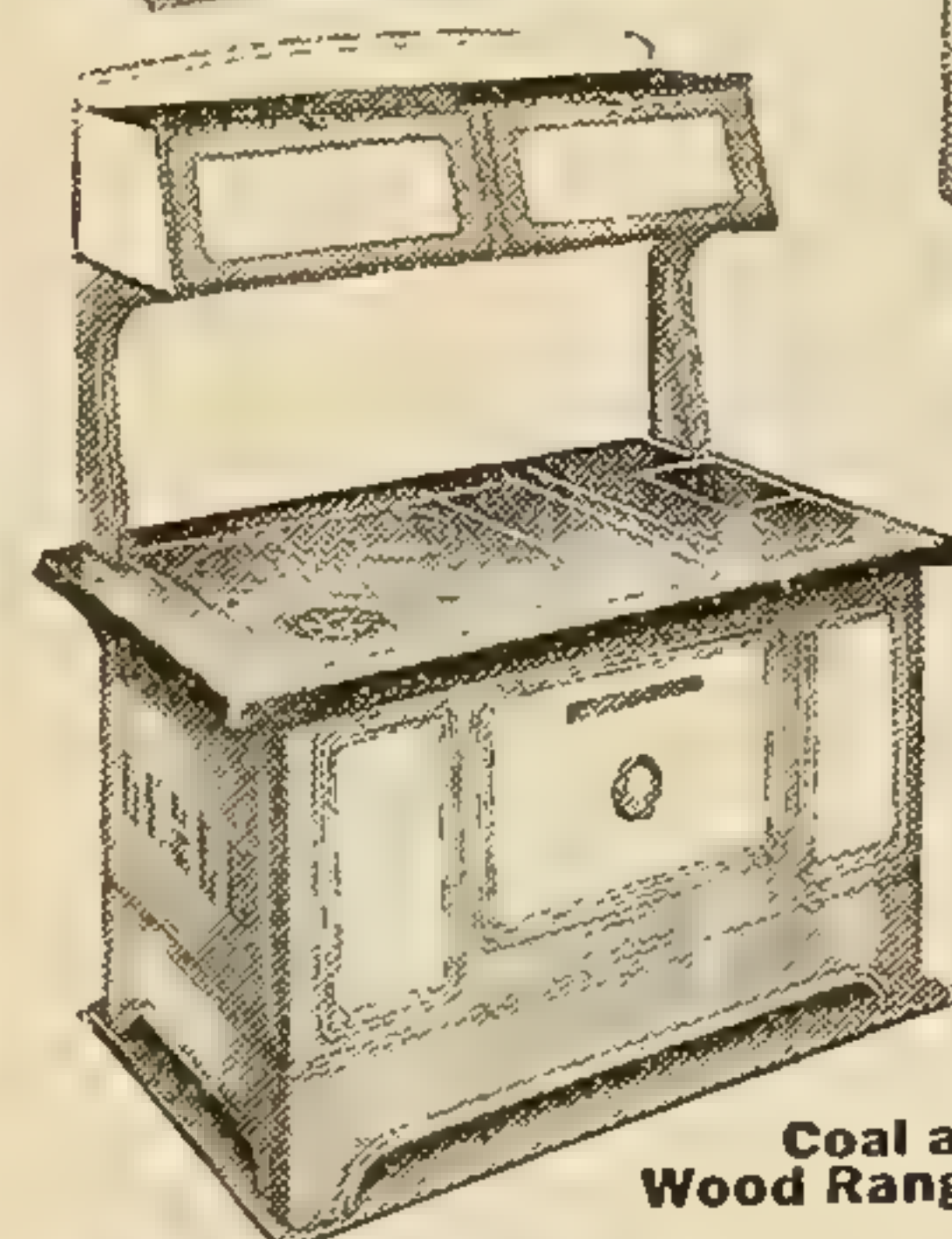
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Combination Gas and Coal Ranges



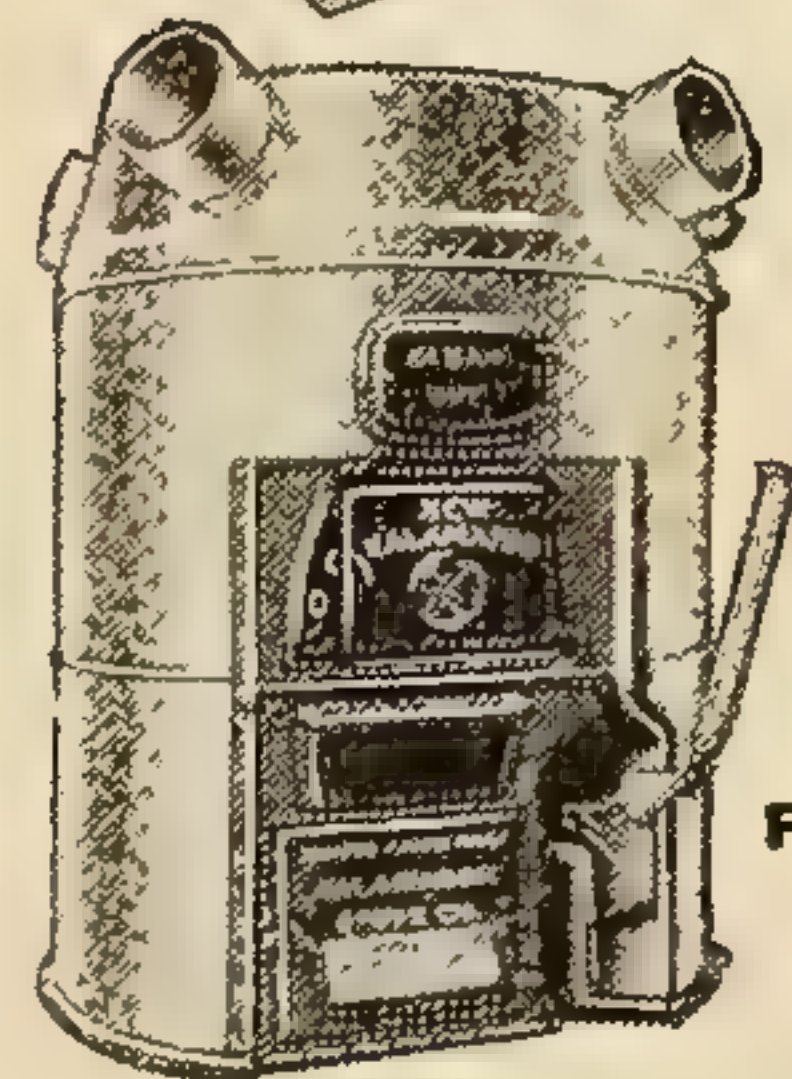
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20-in. door

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Circulating heaters

**"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"**  
Trade Mark Registered



# Signing Off!

[Continued from page 43]

of amateur signature chasers who prowl the restaurants, night clubs, studio gates, radio stations, and other haunts of the film famous, but they are interlopers who gather a few autographs and then retire from the field to rest upon their flimsy honors. They are not versed in the niceties of approach or deftness in retort that distinguishes Viola and her clique.

Viola begins her working day at 11:30 a.m. The noon hour is usually spent patrolling the entrances to restaurants where the stars eat their noon day meal. Afternoons are devoted to picketing the studio gates. Evenings find the signature collectors clustered about theatres where stars appear to witness previews of their pictures, boxing and wrestling stadiums, night clubs, radio stations and even private homes where social functions are held. These veteran star chasers finally close their books about 2 a.m. Sure, it's a crazy occupation. But Viola claims the thrill of landing a star's signature makes it all worth while.

Viola says the three hardest autographs to capture are Greta Garbo, Charles Chaplin and Katharine Hepburn. She hasn't secured them, but she's still trying. Only six persons in Hollywood have Garbo's autograph. They are personal friends of the elusive star, and not autograph hounds.

Late one recent afternoon Viola spied Garbo alighting from a car. With pounding heart, Viola begged the celebrity to spare an autograph. For a moment la Garbo seemed about to accede. Then she pushed the book aside. "I tank I don't sign," she spoke with a coldness that froze Viola's spine.

Hepburn is temperamental and fiery in her denunciation of autograph hounds. Once she flung Viola's book into the gutter and stamped on her pencil. And it was a very nice pencil, says Viola.

Chaplin is poison to the signature snatchers. Viola once followed him for several blocks on Hollywood Boulevard using all her prize tricks to win him over, but it was a futile task. Chaplin was good natured and had to admire Viola's resourcefulness. He just wouldn't sign. An amused crowd watched the encounter.

Joe E. Brown is a cinch for the autograph mob. Viola has landed his signature six times. She says he's a dear. On the other hand, the jovial Bing Crosby is hard to get. It took Viola four months to add his handwriting to her collection. She had to cling to his overcoat and be dragged down a muddy alley to a parking lot where his car was waiting before he melted and signed the book.

Mae West was corralled by a bit of strategy. Several attempts to approach the "come-up-an'-see-me-sometime" lady at the fights and studio had failed. Then Viola learned that Mae visited a certain hair dressing establishment at a regular hour each week. She had Mae all to herself, and got the signature. Mae even complimented her on the neat arrangement of the autograph book.

**T**ACTFULNESS often wins where audacity fails. For example, last spring Viola approached Norma Shearer entering a theatre where a Hollywood premiere was programmed.

"Please sign my autograph book, Miss Shearer."

Norma paid no attention.

"You look beautiful tonight, Miss Shearer."

"Thank you."

"Now will you sign, Miss Shearer?"

And Miss Shearer signed, graciously.

Max Baer once pulled a fast one. When Viola got his autograph the prizefighter also promised to mail her a personal photograph. A few days later she received the photograph and a razor blade. There was a note from Max reading: "Here's the photograph. Use the razor blade to cut your throat."

Viola used to hop the running boards of movie stars' cars to get signatures. She doesn't anymore. Most of the stars have their cars specially wired so that anyone hopping on while the car is in motion receives an electric shock. It is a precaution against stick-up men—and perhaps Viola.

Joan Crawford is Viola's favorite star. All of the autograph hounds adore her. Joan signs willingly at all times. Carole Lombard is just the opposite. She has no patience with them.



—Eugene Robert Richee

**Helen Burgess, who makes her screen debut in *The Plainsman*, gets right into the Christmas spirit**

Viola accosted Dolores Costello (Mrs. John Barrymore) coming out of a Hollywood restaurant late one night. She asked for an autograph. Dolores refused.

"I'm retired," she explained, softly.

Viola misunderstood. "I'm tired, too," she snapped at the ex-screen star. "I've been standing here for hours."

**T**HE Coconut Grove, where the stars dine and dance, is an ideal spot to get autographs. Recently a special police officer was assigned to chase the autograph hounds from the entrance. It looked like a complete rout for the gang until Viola got the bright idea of asking the cop for his signature. He was so flattered that he let her slip inside. She got fifty signatures that night—a record coup.

Viola has Gracie Allen's autograph, but says it wasn't worth the trouble. Gracie talked so much that Viola had a time getting rid of her. As for Lupe Velez, none of the autograph hounds want her signature. She's too annoying, they claim.

Stan Laurel signed readily, but Oliver Hardy resisted the usual advances. Viola had to bear down on him to collect.

Harpo Marx is the pet hate of the autograph hounds. He trips them and plays all sorts of pranks, but will not sign. Once they cornered him in a garage and beat him with their books. Groucho will sign most anything but a dinner check.

Jean Harlow always makes excuses, but will sign if caught in the proper mood. Incidentally, most of the stars scribble their signature so that they are not quite genuine. This is to prevent forgeries in case the autograph books get into unscrupulous hands.

Viola finds new stars easy picking. They are anxious to please and consequently more approachable. Those who are established are often indifferent to their followers.

May Robson, the grand old lady of the screen, isn't so grand about giving away her signature. Viola waited outside the studio gates for her one day from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. The venerable star finally took pity upon her nemesis and signed.

Alison Skipworth signed, but told Viola that she ought to be home raising a family.

Marlene Dietrich isn't so hard to get. Viola anticipated a tough struggle, but Marlene was very sweet about it. George Raft is easy. So is Wally Beery.

Clark Gable signs but few autograph books. Viola accosted him outside the fights the first night she arrived in Hollywood. She had to tell a lie to get his signature. She told him that she was leaving for St. Louis. It's a trick Viola has employed profitably many times since. If you tell a star that you are leaving Hollywood they will frequently sign, figuring that you'll bother them no more.

**H**AROLD LLOYD is probably the hardest male star to capture. He doesn't frequent the usual Hollywood places. Oddly enough, jovial Al Jolson is an obstinate signature giver. Viola won him over by telling him about the time she played hookey from school in St. Louis to see one of his stage shows.

Dick Powell is very amiable. Viola has his signature six times. W. C. Fields once rescued her from the path of an auto while she was soliciting his signature. James Cagney didn't shove the autograph book in her face. He signed with a smile. Ned Sparks is grouchy about it, but will sign if properly approached.

Viola worked a smart one on Kay Francis. She accosted Kay at a premiere and told about having a wonderful dream in which the Warner's star signed her autograph book.

"Give me the book," Kay grinned, "and I'll make your dream come true."

Edna May Oliver signed, but kept her nose in the air. Charles Ruggles is suspicious. Viola says he once signed a blank check thinking it was an autograph book.

Many of those who put their signatures in Viola's books ask her what she intends to do with the collection. What's she getting for all the time and energy she is investing? Viola explains that it is purely a hobby and the thrills of meeting the stars compensates for everything.

"I wouldn't sell my collection of movie stars autographs for \$1,000," says Viola. "But—oh—make me an offer."



# How Henry Fonda Won His Bride!

[Continued from page 49]

So that's how it was done. Last September 16 at Christ Episcopal Church in Park avenue, with the Rev. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman pronouncing the words. Joshua Logan, a boyhood chum of Henry's from Omaha, stood up with him. The maid-of-honor was Marjorie Seymour, Frances's sister.

Only one circumstance kept the occasion from being flawlessly perfect for Henry. His mother and father both died within a few months of each other just as he stepped over the threshold of screen success.

Marriage has transformed Henry Fonda as it does few men. The change in him since he found his new love is so remarkable that you believe him when he says: "Love is a miracle—and no mistake about it." He means it.

Courtship—love—marriage—why are these three things the most interesting of life's milestones, the endless themes of novels, plays, stories, gossip? Because they represent the most important steps that human beings take in their search for happiness—and what is life itself but the search for happiness?

Henry Fonda thought, when he married Margaret Sullivan, that he had a right to hope for happiness in love. Instead he reaped a harvest of disillusionment. His sensitive nature was in danger of becoming permanently warped.

Now that danger is definitely past. No flamboyant or cyclonic personality himself, he has found his true mate in the daughter



—Clarence Bull

Clark Gable cleaning his rifle in the captain's cabin on Allan Jones boat, *The Alrene*, during a recent cruise

of a family whose roots are deep in the conservative soil of America. Frances Seymour's maternal ancestors, the Fords, have lived in one house for nine generations—a rambling, colonial mansion at Morristown that once served as headquarters for General George Washington. She is "early American" to the core. Her New York cousins include the Pells, the Stuyvesants, the Costers, the Stoutenburghs, the Anthonys, the Howlands, the Fishers—all sturdily entrenched clans dating from Knickerbocker times.

Both Henry and Frances love children. Fathering a family is a vital part of Henry's dream of wedded bliss—and Frances's.

So—who knows? Perhaps the wise old Thames, Father of Waters to every true Briton—was an accessory-before-the-fact in spinning the web of Hollywood's Perfect Marriage!

**NEXT MONTH**

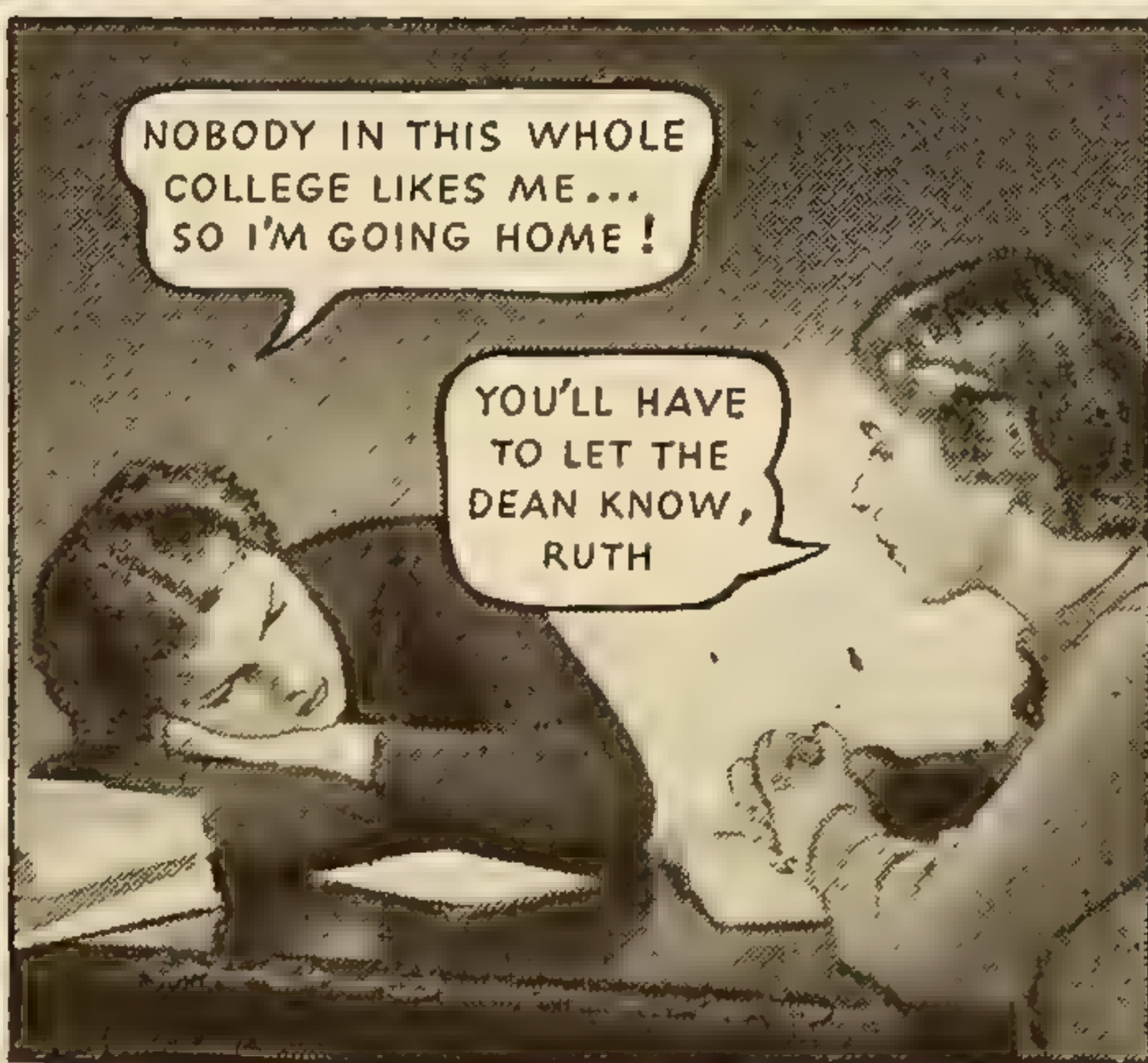
*Be Sure to Read*

**Mae West Gives All the Answers—**

The First Story This Famous Star Has Written for Any Movie Magazine



*and I thought college would be fun!*



THEN...THANKS TO COLGATE'S...



**MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!**

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth*. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating* foam, removes the *cause*—the decay-

ing food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!





# Weep No More, MY LADY!



The minute you feel a weepy, sneezy cold coming on, reach for your Mentholatum jar or tube. It brings such quick and delightful relief from the distressing symptoms of head colds. A little Mentholatum applied in each nostril soothes the irritated mucous membranes, as well as helping to open the stopped-up nostrils and check the sneezing.

As an extra precaution also rub Mentholatum vigorously on the chest and on the back between the shoulders at night to stimulate sluggish circulation, and so you can breathe its soothing vapors while you sleep. You will be delighted with the comfort that Mentholatum gives.

## For HEAD COLDS

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# Bits of News



Jane Wyatt carries a gold mesh compact case designed by Whiting & Davis with a smart blue metallic cocktail dress and a high crown Sally Victor hat of the same shade trimmed in wine marabou



Jane shows the latest in cigaret cases, a gold mesh case from Whiting & Davis. Her frock of gold lame is completed by a mink tail scarf from Willard George and a Sally Victor hat trimmed in mink



To complement a black crepe dinner gown studded with gold stars, Jane Wyatt appearing in the Columbia production *Lost Horizon*, selects a lovely gold mesh evening bag from Whiting & Davis



A black chiffon dinner gown with pearl necklace is completed by Jane's Whiting & Davis evening bag and gold mesh comb case. Gowns J. W. Robinson Co.

by  
sally martin



# More Power to Him!

[Continued from page 50]

hold it upright and invariably you went flying over the side with the machine tumbling after you."

After graduation from high school, talent scouts from various universities came flocking about with various propositions for their colleges.

But for the first time young Power was deaf to the vision of a great athletic career in college. The blood of the theatre in his veins began to make its presence felt.

When Fritz Leiber proffered an opportunity to go with his company, he hesitated no longer. He appeared with that worthy gentleman for the better part of a year, during which time his father also joined the company.

His father telegraphed him one day to come to California to celebrate his birthday and the first starring rôle which the elder had received. It was the title rôle in the talking picture version of *The Miracle Man*.

When the picture was only four days in production, the senior Power died of a heart attack with Tyrone at his side. The film was made with Hobart Bosworth in the starring rôle instead.

Now in Hollywood, Tyrone cast about in a haphazard way for a part, but the minor gods who control the movie gates had no place for him.

Heading back east through Chicago, Tyrone met a stage manager he had known for three years. They were casting the play *Romance* with Eugenie Leontovich as the star, and young Power received a tidy little rôle in the production.

Thus fortified with a bit of money and a new wardrobe, he felt confident to try Broadway. But Broadway was difficult, too.

One day he entered a theatre for an interview with Guthrie McClintoc, distinguished producer and husband of Katharine Cornell, the actress.

Entering through the stage door from the bright sunshine into the darkness, Tyrone failed to notice a huge line of scenery stacked near the door. He lunged into it, stumbled into more, and in a moment, scenes, flats, backgrounds and side walls were tumbling and crashing all over the stage. McClintoc, alarmed, came hurrying up to find young Power alarmed but unwavering standing there amid the carnage like some ancient Greek hero astride the blood soaked field of Thermopylae.

For some unaccountable reason this entrance amused the great McClintoc. He called his wife, Miss Cornell, and she was taken with the young aspirant. They told Tyrone he would hear from them and he departed sadly from the theatre, kicking himself for his clumsiness.

One morning then, as he was brooding by the window, he received a telephone call from McClintoc who urged him to report immediately. Tyrone was assigned the understudy part to Burgess Meredith in *Flowers of the Forest*.

Unfortunately, Mr. Meredith, being a hale and hearty youth, appeared in every performance and Tyrone had completely nothing to do.

But Cornell and McClintoc had not for-

gotten him. In their fine production of *St. Joan* he received an excellent part. After tramping all through the country, *St. Joan* opened in New York and early next morning wires went flying back to Hollywood relating about a vivid young man, who appeared with Miss Cornell in the first scene of the first act.

More wires flew and a week after, Tyrone found himself under personal contract to Darryl Zanuck, dynamic production chief of Twentieth Century-Fox studios.

Mr. Zanuck placed him in *Girl's Dormitory* for a tiny bit opposite the Gallic firebrand, Simone Simon.

Welford Beaton, gruff, far visioned editor of *The Spectator*, conservative trade paper, vouchsafed this remark: "A young man, whom I have never seen or heard of before was on the screen for less than a minute. His name is Tyrone Power, Jr. and this time next year, he will be one of Hollywood's greatest stars."

But the studio had already anticipated Mr. Beaton's remark. Tyrone was cast for the rôle of Jonathan Blake, the acting plum of the year, in the million dollar production of *Lloyd's of London*, and he was off in a cloud of glory.

Power liked charred bacon and his eggs just so. He likes rain and arguments and lots of flowers everywhere.

Having steeled himself for a long drawn out fight to stardom, he is disconcerted by his comparatively hasty rise.

## Play safe...take the doctor's judgment about laxatives

**YOU CHOOSE** your family doctor because you have *confidence* in him. He will never take chances where your welfare is concerned. Even with a little thing like a laxative, doctors have a definite set of standards which guide them in their choice. Before they will give a laxative their approval, it must meet their requirements on these specific points:

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable...Mild...Thorough...Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should *not*: Over-act...Form a habit...Cause stomach pains...Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Now, here's a fact that's significant—Ex-Lax checks on each of these specifications. Not merely on two or three. But on all these points.

No wonder so many physicians use

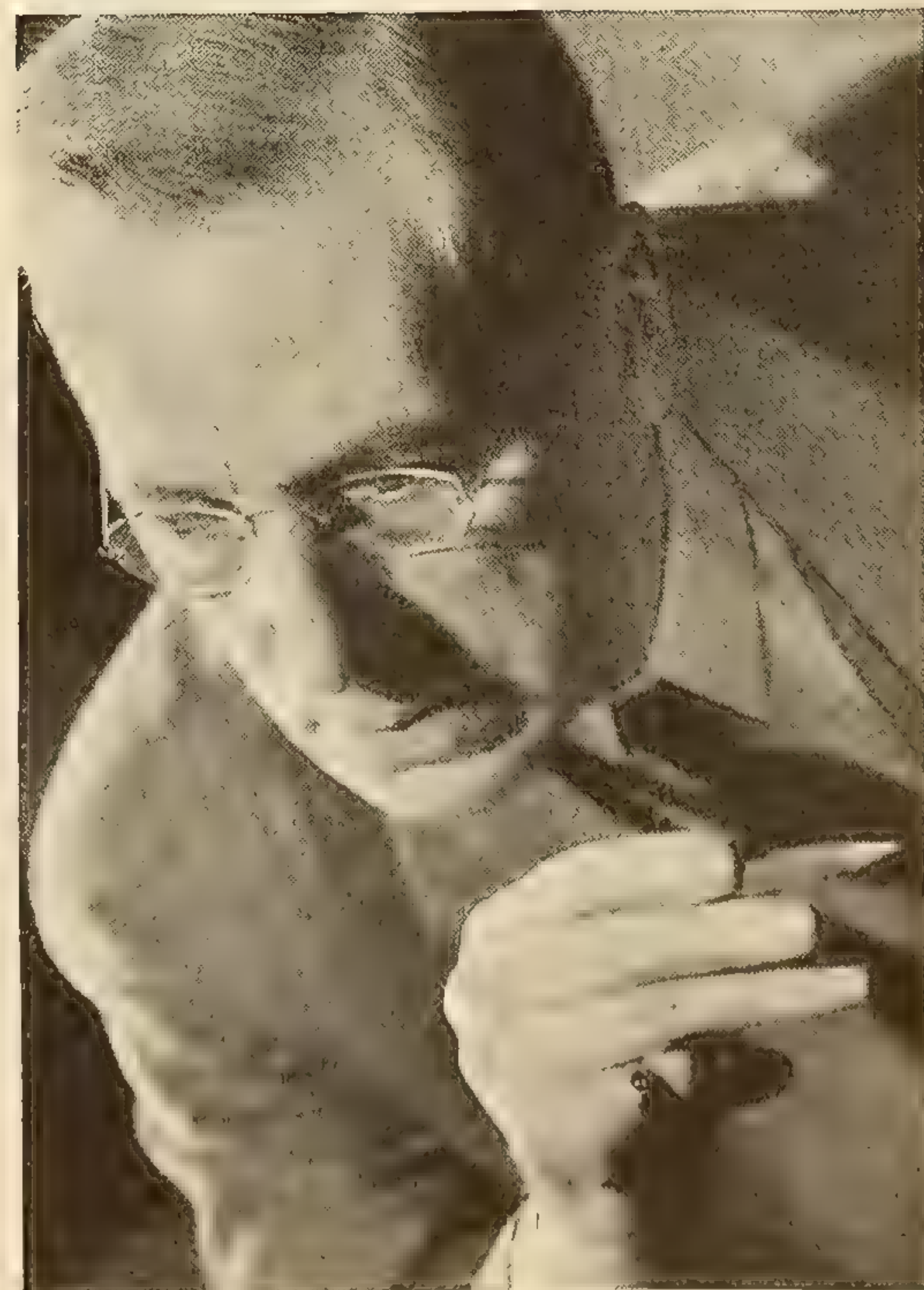
Ex-Lax in their own families. No wonder millions of careful mothers give it to their children with perfect confidence. No wonder that Ex-Lax is used by more people than any other laxative in the world.

Your first trial of Ex-Lax will be a pleasant experience. For Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It is thoroughly effective. It does *not* over-act. It does *not* disturb the digestion.

Everyone likes Ex-Lax—particularly the youngsters. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FG 17, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE





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An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a clear, sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.

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**FREE BOOKLET.**-----  
DRAILE CLINIC, 209 S. State St., Dept. 12-A, Chicago  
Please mail, without obligation, a free booklet about Psoriasis and NINAL—with results of actual cases.

Name.....Town.....  
Address.....State.....

## Romance for Anne

[Continued from page 41]

MRS. SHIRLEY decided that if Anne was to survive those perilous years she must find her a job and put her to work. The problem was solved when a buyer for a New York department store asked Mrs. Shirley to permit Anne to work as a model!

The thought of a professional career for Anne had not occurred to Mrs. Shirley although the beauty of the baby at 14 months had lured a commercial artist to hire her to pose for him. And so Anne became a children's clothing model when she was three years old. It was this work that led to her film debut in a picture directed by the late John Francis Dillon and before long she played her first important role in the William Farnum feature, *The Miracle Child*.

Encouraged by this success, Mrs. Shirley and Anne boldly set out for Hollywood with little Anne laboring under the handicapping name of "Dawn O'Day"—a name one would assume was the creation of a writer of fiction writing with tongue-in-check about Movieland.

The move to Hollywood seemed wise for Herbert Brenon, who had directed Anne in *The Miracle Child*, was directing *The Spanish Dancer* and needed a child of Anne's talent for an important role in the picture. Anne, of course, got the role and her career seemed definitely launched but the following 12 years were anything but a rose strewn path for the Shirleys.

TO digress a moment, Anne's career as a film star might easily have ended at the age of five, following her role in *The Spanish Dancer*. Herbert Brenon and his wife fell madly in love with the beautiful child. They offered Mrs. Shirley \$50,000 in hard, cold cash if she would permit them to adopt Anne.

Not in her most forlorn, panic-stricken moments did Mrs. Shirley ever consider accepting the offer. And now, to recompense her mother for the sacrifices and privations endured for her sake, Anne is buying a \$50,000 annuity for her.

As Anne has said, she knew little of the heartaches and discouragements of those days of battling for screen success. At one time Mrs. Shirley had to live within a budget of \$10 per week but Anne never knew what that meant. She never knew the heartbreak of futile calls at casting offices day after day, or why days, weeks and months would slip by without a call to work in a picture. Life was a glorious game to her with Mother continually devising schemes to keep the reality of their life from her.

But when Anne did work she appeared with many of the most famous stars of the period, including Adolphe Menjou, Betty Compson, Wallace Beery, Lois Wilson, Tom Mix, Edward Everett Horton, Marian Nixon, Bebe Daniels, Anita Stewart, Madge Bellamy, Myrna Loy, Barbara Stanwyck, Fay Wray, Janet Gaynor and Ann Dvorak, to mention but a few. Many of these famous stars gave her dolls to celebrate their work together and until flood waters ruined them, Anne had a collection of 85 dolls to serve as a unique record of her advancement in pictures.

During this time, Anne had to secure her education as best she could, attending classes at the studios when working and augmenting these lessons with attendance at Hollywood schools while between pictures. And during all these trying times, Mrs. Shirley's only true friend was Mrs.

Lena Sage.

Few child players can survive the transition from childhood to adolescence and maturity. They flare for a brief period as a child player and then, when they reach the gangling awkward stage, their career is ended. Few ever come back to win further success after entering their teens but Anne was different. She is one of those rare, fortunate persons who never had to go through the gangling, awkward stage.

Things were pretty bad, though when her chance came. In fact, things were so desperate that Mrs. Shirley tried to get her a job as an extra in *Finishing School*, though she knew there was a role perfectly suited to Anne and had tried to get it for her. She knew, too, that according to Hollywood legend a bit player who accepts extra work is through—except as an extra. But Mrs. Shirley was desperate—so desperate that she had to tempt this relentless dictum.

But somebody else also knew the role in *Finishing School* suited Anne. That somebody else was a young screen director by the name of George Nichols, Jr., who had been a cutter, or film editor, for years and was well acquainted with Anne's talents and work. He tested her for the part, she won it and made good to the extent that she was acclaimed as an exceptionally promising ingenue. The picture, incidentally, was Nichols' first directorial assignment.

WHEN she followed this success with another hit in *Bachelor Bait*, even the skeptics were forced to admit a new star was in the process of creation. Nichols was selected to direct *Anne of Green Gables* and naturally chose Anne for a featured role. So tremendous was her success in this film that studio officials pronounced her a star—a star at the age of 16!

It was then that Dawn O'Day became Anne Shirley, with Anne personally choosing this name because of her admiration for the character she portrayed in the picture.

Since her elevation to stardom, Anne has appeared in *Chasing Yesterday*, *Steamboat Round the Bend*, *Chatterbox*, *M'liss*, and *Make Way for a Lady*. Her next picture will be with Ginger Rogers in *Mother Carey's Chickens*.

And what has become of the little girl who became engaged at the age of four? You would have your answer if you could sit quietly by watching while Anne Shirley lunches with other young players at the studio commissary. Fresh-faced, jolly kids—a dozen or more, perhaps, grouped around a table intended for four or six at the most.

These are the young people you know in your high school and junior college circles with but slight difference. Perhaps you would notice a poise, a straight-forward sureness of an ability to meet life on its own terms not possessed by those who have not had to battle for a career. They make no pretense at sophistication, though they know all the answers. They are unspoiled for life has not had time to baby and humor them. Quick-witted and keen, they lead a merry chase for elders who try to keep up with their quips and repartee.

Anne's social set is that merry group of youngsters that includes, among others, Phyllis Fraser, Tom Brown, Paula and Carol Stone, Alan Curtis, Anita Louise and Owen Davis, Jr., son of the famous playwright. Ah, yes, Owen Davis, Jr.

"What about Owen Davis, Jr.?" I asked





Jack Benny's daughter, Joan, is the Paramount comics' tiniest and most rabid fan

knowingly. "And what about Byron Sage?" "Byron is just a very good friend—a big brother," Anne replied, her eyes twinkling gayly.

A typical Hollywood answer!

"Uh, huh. And Owen—"

"He's awfully nice, don't you think?" said Anne, again in the manner of all stars answering questions pertaining to romance. Anne and Owen were together constantly before he went east to appear in his father's new play. But while he was away did Anne go into seclusion pining for him? Yes, she did—like any fun-loving 18-year-old, filled with the joy of living and besieged for dates by the nicest young fellows in Hollywood.

If you visit Hollywood and look for Anne and her "gang" out for a good time, you won't find them by visiting the popular night spots. Of course, once in a great while they like to dress and go to the Trocadero or Biltmore Bowl but those occasions are few and far between.

Their idea of a good time is a soiree to the beach, spending an evening playing all the concessions and enjoying all the amusement devices from merry-go-round and fun house to roller coaster. A round of hectic gayety to be topped off by a delectable hot dog eaten in a rumble seat on the way home.

They are too smart to spend money on swanky clothes and swanky pleasures; they know the uncertainties of the future and are content to enjoy the simple, wholesome pleasures of the present. Very often Ginger Rogers, who is practically their age, accompanies them on these fun excursions.

Anne Shirley is typical of these youngsters on whom the future of Hollywood rests. Sweet, wholesome and real, she is the sort you'd love to have as a chum or schoolday sweetheart.

When Owen Davis, Jr., Byron Sage or some other young Hollywood lad dashes up to the Shirley front door to breathlessly ask for Anne a scene typical of sweethearts and beaus the world over is being enacted.

And Anne still cherishes the tiny engagement ring as her most treasured keepsake! When, where and how it will grow up to be a big diamond is a secret only Fate knows and Fate won't talk.

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## Joan Bennett's Ten Commandments

[Continued from page 27]

4. *Never scold your children:* "That is certainly one of my commandments—for myself. And I obey it, scrupulously. For if you scold a child you succeed in doing one thing and only one—driving the very fault you are trying to correct, like a nail, into the child's brain and heart. He will always remember the scolding, the harsh ugly words. And in connection with the scolding he will remember the fault you were trying to correct. And because you hurt him he will, being humanly obstinate, try to retaliate by hurting you. And the best way he can hurt you, he'll figure, is to keep on doing that very thing!"

5. *Give your children self-assurance:* "Perhaps I lay more stress on this than is necessary in all cases—because I suffered so badly from the lack of self-assurance, the lack of self-confidence when I was growing up. Even now I haven't any too much. I have to force myself to hold my own in an argument.

"I SUPPOSE," laughed Joan, "I suppose Constance has a great deal to do with it, she was older than I. I admired her extravagantly. I was convinced that she was beautiful and popular and glamorous and that I was—just the opposite. Being the eldest she was, of course, the one to get most of the clothes and attention. I wore whatever happened to be considered 'suitable' whether it became me or not. It usually didn't. I hated to go to parties. I didn't think I looked as nice as the other girls. I was shy in school because I suffered from the conviction that all the other girls were better dressed, prettier, smarter than I.

"I made up my mind, when Diana was born, that she would never suffer as I had suffered—I made up my mind that she would have everything. I determined that she would never step foot out of the house unless she was charmingly and attractively dressed, her hair 'fussed over.' I made up

my mind that she would always be able to hold her own with other children, have as nice dresses, have as many toys.

"I don't mean by this that a child must have ridiculously expensive clothes. I don't mean that a child should be drowned in toys. But I do mean that they should have at least as much of everything as the children they play with, the children they go to school with. They should never be allowed to feel inferior to their playmates in any way whatsoever."

6. *Give your children a sense of responsibility:* "I do believe," Joan said earnestly, "in teaching children to know that they must be responsible for their own affairs, their own life. I can explain what I mean by telling you about a problem I had with Diana. For Diana was the forgetfullest child! She had a habit of forgetting to tell us about the things she needed for school until the very evening before she needed them. This kept up and kept up. She would be told, weeks in advance, that she must have gym clothes for such and such a day, a costume on some certain date. She'd 'forget' to tell us about it. And I would work myself into a lather getting costumes and things ready for her on twelve hours notice.

"AND so, recently, she breathlessly informed me that she *had* to have a costume the very next morning for a very important school play. I phoned her teacher and found out that Diana had known about this for over two weeks. I felt that the time had come to squash the 'I forgot' habit. I made her go to school without a costume. She was the only child in the class who didn't have one. It was a drastic lesson, probably as painful for me as for her. I was in misery all that day! I almost felt that I should go on the set without any make-up on, too! But I went through with it and I have a very good idea that she will not 'forget' again so easily."



Bobby Breen, the little lad with the big voice, rehearsing a song number for *Rainbow on the River*, an RKO-Radio release



7. *Give your children work to do:* "This is, in a way, another form of making your children shoulder their own responsibilities. For I do believe that children, no matter what their present circumstances in life, should be taught to use their hands. It's a very uncertain world we are living in" said Joan "and we certainly *are* liable to be here today and gone tomorrow, in more ways than one."

"I see to it that Diana makes her own bed every Saturday morning. She also has to straighten up her own room, clean her desk, run the carpet sweeper over the rug. And then we have 'Doll House Inspection.' I make this inspection in person, very thoroughly. I inspect every room, every article of furniture and see to it that all is spic and span and in good order."

"Diana and little Melinda know that they must pick up and put away their toys. If either one of them leaves a toy lying about in the garden or on the floor it is picked up all right and—*taken away from them.* They either keep their toys in order or they don't have the toys, that's all."

8. *Know your children's playmates:* "I think this is very important. After all, early associations shape the child for life. You can't, of course, let your child know that you are standing about like a sentinel or a school monitor. You can't eavesdrop. You wouldn't want your child to develop craftiness. But you can manage, adroitly, to join your children and their friends at a tea party or in the garden. You can sit with them while they are playing. Children play so wholeheartedly that they will soon forget you are there and go about their business in the normal way. And you can manage to observe what kind of games they play, what they seem to talk about. You can and you should know the parents of the children your children play with."

9. *Be fair with your children:* "Children," said Joan, "have such a strong sense of fair play. Haven't you heard them, often, calling 'That isn't fair—that isn't fair!' Almost from infancy they seem to detest injustice, anything that isn't fair and square. Why should parents be the exception?"

10. *Expect the decent thing of your child:* "You'll usually get it," smiled Joan, "for I believe that what is expected of us is what we usually give. I know that when I'm working with a director whom I know believes in me, I'm far more apt to come through than when I'm working with a director who doesn't, perhaps, have very high hopes of me! If people expect us to play cricket that's usually just the game we play. And I think that the parent who *expects* her child to be truthful, honest, fastidious, courteous will find that her child *is* truthful, honest, fastidious and courteous."

"The real truth of the matter is" laughed Joan, as we started to go in for luncheon, "that our children bring *us* up! We try so hard to measure up to what we want our children to be. Sometimes we almost succeed!"

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## Hollywood's Cinderella Girl

[Continued from page 23]

and because this story has its ironical twists—Miss Moore's secretary wrote to Betty. She could have tossed the letter in the waste basket, without ever mentioning it to Miss Moore, but she didn't. Rena Askin is not that kind of a person.

Instead, the note was acknowledged—to the effect that at the moment Miss Moore was not contemplating any change in personnel, but the letter would be kept for reference.

But true to her promise, Betty didn't give up trying. She wrote four more letters to Grace Moore that winter, each one courteously but firmly saying some day, some way, she intended to be the diva's secretary.

**T**HEN came the time when, *Love Me Forever* having been completed, it was announced that Grace Moore would leave Hollywood for Europe to make her debut at the great Covent Garden Opera in London. This was in the summer of 1935. Betty Gardner, far away in Winnipeg, decided it was time to do something about that. So she sent a wire. "Won't you please let me see you in New York?" she begged. Promptly came the answer. "I really shall be too busy. Sorry."

But, of course, as you are beginning to see by now, Betty Gardner is a very determined young person. So she called up Miss Moore over the long distance telephone. That is, she tried to and, although she didn't talk to Grace direct, the famous star knew this little Canadian girl had put in the call.

"It must have intrigued her," Betty said the other day, in Hollywood, when she was telling me the whole story, "because after I had sent another wire asking her to reconsider, she did, and wired me that she would see me in New York."

Meanwhile Betty had made plans to go to London that summer and—you've guessed it—those plans included passage on the same boat that was to take Grace overseas.

Betty arrived in New York in due time and called Miss Moore's hotel. "I'm ready to keep my appointment," she told the secretary then on the job. But there was a hitch. Despite Miss Moore's promise—and she always tries her level best to keep her promises—she simply couldn't find the time to see the young girl from Winnipeg before she sailed.

Betty promptly did the next best thing. She bought a ticket to the Academy of Arts dinner, where Grace Moore was to be given the Gold Medal Award of Merit for her contribution to the art of America. And Betty managed to be introduced to the guest of honor.

"I am that girl from Winnipeg who is going to be your next secretary," she told Grace, demurely.

"Good Heavens, you are!"

"Yes, and I am sailing for England on the same boat that you are," Betty hurried on. "Perhaps you'll have more time, then."

Grace smiled that famous, sparkling smile of hers, and completed the sentence—

"Perhaps I'll have time to talk with you. Yes, I shall. And this time, I shall keep my word. You'll hear from me before the voyage is over."

So they sailed for London on the *Ile de France* and once safely on the high seas, Betty Gardner did not pursue her quest. Smart girl that she is, she let Miss Moore take her own time to summon her.

"I'll admit it was difficult just to wait," she reminisced.

However, she didn't have to wait long. About the second day out there came a call. "Miss Moore will be delighted to have you to luncheon."

So Betty went to luncheon, there to find her hostess more charming than she had dreamed. They talked of many things before they got down to the business at hand, because that is the kind of a gracious hostess Grace Moore is. But finally, she said:

"So you want to be my secretary?"

"Yes, I do," Betty answered her, directly.

"Are you qualified?"

"Yes, I think I am."

**T**HE next question was disconcerting, however. "Do you know French? My secretary must speak French fluently."

That was a cropper, but Betty answered honestly. "No," she said, "I don't know a word. But I can learn."

"When?"

"This summer. Immediately."

Miss Moore considered a moment.

"All right," she said. "You win—at least temporarily. You may work with my secretary, Rena Askin, as assistant, this summer, in London. And we'll see about a permanent position after you've learned French and know something of serious music."

So that's the way it was. And Betty's introduction to her duties as Grace Moore's secretary's assistant was far from easy, for the diva's first London appearance that season was her debut at Covent Garden.

Betty reminisced excitedly about that event. "It was the most thrilling experience of my life," she told me, her blue eyes glowing. "All day long the undercurrent of excitement, the terrific amount of work, the responsibility of protecting Miss Moore from the least disturbance. How happy I was to be only an assistant at that moment!"

"The air of expectancy and breathless excitement when we arrived at the Opera, the thousands of people surrounding the doors, and the thrill of being backstage. Then out in front with a capacity audience. The tense moment, like an electric shock through the audience, when the first notes of Miss Moore's glorious voice rang out. Then the curtain at the end of the first act and the moment when the audience rose to their feet as one man and cheered! You know, there is no applause allowed at Covent Garden during the acts—only at the end. For once realization by far exceeded every anticipation!"

Betty worked for the great star all summer and at the same time studied French. How?

"I took lessons, of course," she explained, "and I lived with a French family." In six months, she learned the language. A remarkable feat? Well, Betty is quite modest about it.

"It wasn't so difficult," she told me. "I just kept at it, that's all." Just as she'd "kept at" the business of getting in contact with Grace Moore!

When that summer was over, the job was over, too, for the time being. Miss Moore went back to Hollywood to make *The King Steps Out*. But Betty remained in Paris studying. And the next summer (the summer of 1936) Miss Moore again went abroad and Betty joined her for the Albert Hall concert in London. She remained with the diva for her Holland tour and was then invited to Cannes.

And then, when Grace Moore again





Lily Pons plays a peasant girl role in RKO-Radio's musical, the tiny diva's second starring film

turned her face toward Hollywood, Betty Gardner, the ambitious Winnipeg girl who wouldn't take "no" for an answer, had reached her goal. Because her "tryout" had been fairly sound, she was to be Grace Moore's permanent secretary, assistant to Mrs. Askin, and she, too, was headed for Hollywood.

NOW she's living in that lovely big home on Palm Drive, Beverly Hills, which Miss Moore has leased for the season while she's making *Interlude* for Columbia. Betty gets up every morning (about 8:30, she says) and goes for a plunge into the big pool at the rear of the house. She breakfasts on the most delicious food imaginable. She opens mail, answers the telephone, always using her judgment as to what letters and what calls should go through to the diva herself. She sometimes goes driving with her employer, or to the studio when Grace is working. She greets guests, writes letters, performs the countless duties which any star's secretary must do before that backdrop of glamour with which Hollywood endows all of its great.

And she loves it. What girl wouldn't? Because, although the work is heavy and the situations in which she finds herself often trying, there is never an hour that isn't interesting—as you can well imagine.

Why did Betty Gardner suddenly decide to become a screen star's secretary and, specifically, Grace Moore's?

The answer is matter-of-fact. Not the raving of a too-ardent fan, but the judgment of a person given to straight thinking.

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NEXT MONTH

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## Mae West Gives All the Answers

The First Story This Famous Movie  
Star Has Written For Any Movie  
Magazine

## On Location with the Maid of Salem

[Continued from page 52]

Fred and Claudette talked to each other as they practiced. "I can't get that dip just right. Let's try it once more. I think I am hurrying too much," confessed Claudette.

They completed the dance to the expert's satisfaction. Lloyd was on his feet instantly. "Let's go," he said. "Hills or no hills, the sun's hotter than a firecracker. Fred, don't forget to reprove her when she makes a mistake. It's in the script."

Director Lloyd wastes no time, but neither does he travel 500 miles twice in a week or two to re-take a scene. So Claudette and Fred, sun or no sun, gavotted all over the place until high noon. When they were through Fred yanked off his shirt and tossed it among the bushes, sank down on the sod gratefully. He was to regret it.

Lunch took only an hour. Director Lloyd was by way of washing up the last few scenes and scooting the whole troupe of 150 back to Hollywood. Two weeks of location trip runs into big cash, big enough to make most of us sigh. So Lloyd took a tip from our comical friend, Barney Google, and lived a philosophy of "Time's awastin'. Russle yore bones outa here."

They had just started scenes after lunch when Fred began to get a worried look on his face. Presently he stopped the camera and yanked off his shirt. His left arm was covered with welts. One of the technical crew, who had found out from a personal experience a few days previously, took one look at Fred and shouted, "Poison ivy!"

LLOYD dropped his demeanor with a plunk and ran to Fred's side. With one glance he confirmed the verdict, shoved Fred into a waiting studio car, and ordered it in all haste back to Santa Cruz and the local hospital.

"We'll get the rest of Fred's scenes in the studio," he said without hesitation. "Set the cameras up on Salem Square and shoot those final scenes of Claudette. Then we'll go home."

Casting one eye at his watch and the sun now in the west, he sank down into his chair for another catnap. Presently all was ready. Lloyd took a look around with a snort.

"I give you this whole country to shoot at!" he exclaimed, waving off toward a few thousand evergreens. "And what do I get? One single, lonely fir tree! Only one! Let's improve the background."

The orders were carried out. The scene called for Claudette, on the lookout for her doctor friend (Harvey Stephens), to run down a steep hill and meet him as he returned on horseback from Boston. Running toward Harvey was all right enough, but Claudette did not show any especial enthusiasm for the uphill return after four takes by the cameraman.

"Get a car ready to haul her back up," Lloyd suggested. But Harvey had a better idea. Hoisting her into the saddle, they would ride back up the hill together. Then he would gallop on down and around the bend, presently to return so Claudette once more could run out to meet him.

By three o'clock the scenes were all completed. We walked back with Lloyd to Salem Village, a replica of the original New England town which he had built on that farm near Santa Cruz. Approaching it from the rear you could see that with the exception of the church, the thirteen or so colonial homes were just movie sets, complete across the front but only one room deep. The church itself was "practical," capable of

being used for congregations a month or a year in the future.

Another valuable contribution by the studio was three miles of hard-surfaced highway, laid to state specifications. It was cheaper to build an all-weather road than to take a chance on a destructive rain storm. As I have hinted before—time comes valuable on location.

By nine o'clock that night the whole troupe was on a fast train, moving back toward Hollywood where *Maid of Salem*, had old man Fate been kind enough, would have finished up in another eleven days.

But before I tell about the next mishap, you should know something about the story itself. Back in the tail end of the 17th century, when America was not even yet a gleam in Father Washington's eye, the persecution of witches was the number one colonial pastime.

Enterprising film writers, delving back into the musty records of 1692 or thereabouts, discovered a stormy period of persecution in the old New England town of Salem. During this brief spell some nineteen alleged and asserted witches were put to death. Not by burning at the stake, as we might imagine, but by the much more kindly method of hanging.

Grasping at this, the film writers turned out *Maid of Salem*. They created a rôle especially for Claudette, who becomes the New England girl in love secretly with a Virginia cavalier (hah! of course it's Fred MacMurray!). She is having secret trysts in the forests with her lover when the witch scare really gets under way. Inevitably Claudette is accused of being a witch, and is brought to trial.

The script calls for a sensational last minute rescue of Claudette from the gallows by the gallant Fred. And that's where the rest of Director Lloyd's beef against Fate comes in. Lloyd had hired a thousand and more extras 24 hours ahead of time, and arranged for their transportation to Paramount ranch for this gallows scene. With eleven days shooting to do in ten days, he needed immediate action. He thought he could make it. And then Claudette bumped her head.

She was a passenger in the back seat of the car. Jammed up in traffic, the machine was banged sharply from behind. Claudette went home complaining of a bruised head. When she failed to show improvement the doctors diagnosed it as concussion of the brain with possibly a tiny fracture. So Claudette's husband, Dr. Pressman, rushed by airplane back to Hollywood from New York and the actress herself remained strictly a patient in bed.

Meantime Director Lloyd, casting maledictions on the course of human events, attempted to "shoot around" her while Claudette was recuperating. But he ran out of scenes to take long before the doctors would pronounce the lovely star well enough to resume safely her work again.

Keep an eye on this director-star team. *Maid of Salem* should prove to be a very unusual film. For, after all, both members of the team are Academy winners: Lloyd for his direction of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, Miss Colbert for her acting in *It Happened One Night*. And they both like to work together. They liked the idea of *Maid of Salem*, and had a great time making it. In Hollywood that usually spells success for competent stars and directors—in spite of an adverse Fate!



# Who Discovered Deanna Durbin?

[Continued from page 8]

national sensation at her first appearance on the air. A studio upset and a picture celebrity before her first sequence is entirely filmed. Slated for stardom before her first picture is released.

Already Universal is hailing Deanna Durbin as the motion picture sensation of the year—and not only because of her singing, but on account of her natural talent as an actress and her striking personality.

Given a start in a small part in *Three Smart Girls*—just to “camera break” her, so to speak, her appearance in the rushes was so amazing that production was stopped, and, with the cast on salary, the picture was held up until the story could be entirely rewritten to give this youngster the main part. Special songs were also written for her—so that the public might have a sample of her voice.

And now as to who discovered this amazing little song-bird, and where she came from and who she is.

DEANNA Durbin was born in Los Angeles, December 4, 1922, and, aside from singing in a local choir seemed to exhibit no indication of the amazing things that were to happen to her in the late summer and fall of 1936.

An older sister, who danced professionally, was the first to feel that Deanna, known then as plain Edna May Durbin, the younger daughter of a structural steel worker that the depression had hit rather hard, was possessed of any exceptional talent.

Fortunately, this sister had the courage of her conviction, and offered to furnish the financial aid necessary for Deanna, or Edna, to take lessons from a local vocal teacher.

Soon thereafter, Jack Sherrill, one of Hollywood's legion of theatrical and movie artists' agents, reached the conclusion that pictures needed a youthful singer who was as good in her line as Shirley Temple is in hers, or as Fred Astaire is in his.

A rather difficult order to fill, but Hollywood agents are prospectors at heart, and natural gamblers by instinct. A hundred to one shot is a certainty in the eyes of their enthusiasm.

“With Grace Moore, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Jeannette MacDonald, and the others making great hits in pictures,” explained this agent, “and with youngsters a natural attraction to the movie going public, I figured a child with exceptional voice talent would be a natural. So I started out to find one.”

And now comes one of those peculiar quirks of fate that make life worth living through to the last drop—just to find out what might happen.

Jack Sherrill asked a friend if he knew where he could find a girl with a wonderful voice—a young girl. The friend said no, but why not put the names of a lot of voice teachers in a hat, shake 'em up and draw one. Maybe he would have just what the doctor ordered.

So, picking out a teacher, Sherrill visited him that very afternoon. It happened to be Ralph Thomas, the teacher the Durbin family had decided on for Edna.

“I'm looking for a young girl with a world-beating voice,” confided Sherrill. “Have you anything here like that?”

“Well; it's pretty late in the day,” ex-

plained the teacher, “and there is only one girl left. But she has an amazing voice. Would you like to hear her?”

Jack would—and twenty minutes later the Durbin family was on its way to fame and fortune, though the startled, and somewhat frightened girl couldn't quite follow the campaign he outlined for the conquest of pictures, radio, theatre and the opera.

But a few days later, when her newly acquired agent called to take her and her mother out to the studio for her first picture and voice test, she was ready and waiting.

THOUGH future writers may describe the turmoil and trials this girl went through to crash the movies, the truth is that, after an hour wait in the car with her mother, following this test, she was presented with a studio contract.

Nothing more happened to indicate that Fate had written this youngster's name in her book of surprises, to be pulled out of her bag of tricks to confuse music critics and cause movie moguls to sit up nights coining adjectives to describe her.

That is, not until the New Universal gave its Talent Parade Party. Then Deanna (for Edna was much too simple a name for the movies) sang, and some ten thousand movie folk and boulevard scouts hailed her as their individual discovery.

Eddie Cantor signed her to go on the air with him, and her name echoed in studio reception rooms, trade paper offices and wherever film or opera aspirants gathered.

Newspaper articles on her made their appearance—and writers began to haunt sound stages in search of her. Hollywood was getting ready to crown a new queen.

Deanna sang at important banquets of moviedom—and Hollywood's hardboiled reporters forgot their “Oh Yeahs” and “knock-knocks” and sharpened their pencils.


And what has happened to Deanna Durbin these past two months since she has soared from obscurity to Hollywood limelight, and to national popularity on the air?

Just this: a little more thoughtfulness and a little weariness have taken some of the dancing light from her eyes. Otherwise she is still Edna May Durbin, plain American kid.

School as required by the state, movie rehearsals, the study of lines, hours with make-up artists, hairdressers, and photographers, singing lessons, radio rehearsals, and broadcasts and the daily shooting of picture scenes.

A strenuous program for child or adult—but one which has not changed Deanna an iota. She is the same friendly, quiet, understanding and perfectly natural girl—the kind of a lass you'd unhesitatingly ask to do an errand or tend the baby.

Hollywood ballyhoo and praise have left her untouched—unspoiled. We can only hold our thumbs and hope she will be as impervious to national adulation and commercial exploitation. Fortunately, as a glance at her picture will prove, hers is an equilibrium that is not easily toppled, and her surprisingly mature judgement and keen sense of humor are ballast many a so-called sound business man would be glad to possess.



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## Fans and Fan Clubs

[Continued from page 60]

San Francisco group of Eddy-minded boys and girls. That group is going in for social activities in a big way—they have teas, luncheons, card parties, movie dates. Ethel's address is P. O. Box 1681.

Louise A. Baldwin, president of one of the Brian Donlevy clubs, is an interesting young lady. She writes "Star Gazing" for the *Mount Vernon (Indiana) Democrat* under the by-line of "L. A. B." (Never mind how we found out—we're telling you and we pride ourselves on being right most of the time.)

Do you know Sid Vousden? Well, you should become acquainted because he's the world's most ambitious lad. Besides conducting a very successful Joe Penner Club, he ushers in a theatre up until midnight, then he has what he calls "a little job" from 6 to 8:30 A. M., then goes to school for the rest of the day. And what does he do with his "spare" time? He didn't say, but I'll bet he just frits it away.

Elaine Poliment has an interesting and unusual club for Preston Foster. She writes: "When I first started this club, I intended making it an athletic club because all of my 13 Brooklyn members were athletes. Therefore, for about five months, my club went on outings, competed with other teams in punchball, baseball, volleyball, and many other games. The games we played turned out to be all successful, winning money to supply ourselves with the necessary equipment for all these outdoor sports."

"This went on until one day I began speaking about my club to some of my teachers, mainly my journalist instructor, and he asked me why I didn't make it universally known. I told him my reasons and he thought them very silly and explained to me that if I made it international I would have to put out a club paper and that would help me in my journalism."

"Then I asked a journalist and cartoonist about it, and they assured me it was the thing to do. So how about it, Harmony?"

Well, Elaine, I agree with your friends—such a wonderful club should be international. Good luck to you!

Bunnie Hill, a club girl living in North Charlestown, New Hampshire, has always been a sincere admirer of Clara Bow. Last summer, Bunnie wrote Clara a letter. Time went on and Bunnie was pretty disappointed because Clara did not reply. I asked her to be reasonable because Clara was at the time a patient in a Santa Monica hospital. Then one day an air-mail special came for Bunnie—Clara had written her a nice long letter and now Bunnie will start a war with anyone who hints that Clara doesn't love and appreciate her fans.

Glenna Riley's club was organized in the first place for both Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier, and although the latter has not been making pictures in the United States for some time, the club is still anxious to hear from those who admire him.

A word about the clubs listed for Francis Lederer. Although they are listed as separate clubs, they are really all one big organization with branches in London, Chicago and San Francisco. These clubs work to promote Mr. Lederer's World Peace program rather than his motion picture career, and their members

number more than *half a million!*

Their club paper "Czechago" is something of which to be proud. It is a slick paper magazine, filled with news and pictures.

Elsie Moser tells me that for the time being, her Madge Evans Club is "inactive." This due to the fact, that after three years of activity, Elsie needs a rest. The club will be continued some time later, because "Madge Evans is such a wonderful girl to have a club for." We'll let you know when Elsie is ready to go!

Arthur J. Brodbeck, who has Movie Stars Fan Club, tells us that his club is not for any one star in particular, that it is for all stars and their clubs. They issue two papers, "Starlight" and "Star-Gazer," both are given over to news and contests.

Will Virginia Gilliland and Adelle Yanow, both of Chicago, get in touch with us? Mail sent to their present address is always returned.

Lorraine Mason, former editor of the Irene Dunne club paper, enters the hospital soon for a very serious, series of operations. Letters will be appreciated and the address is: 112 N. 6th St., Vine-land, N. J. A rapid recovery, Lorraine!

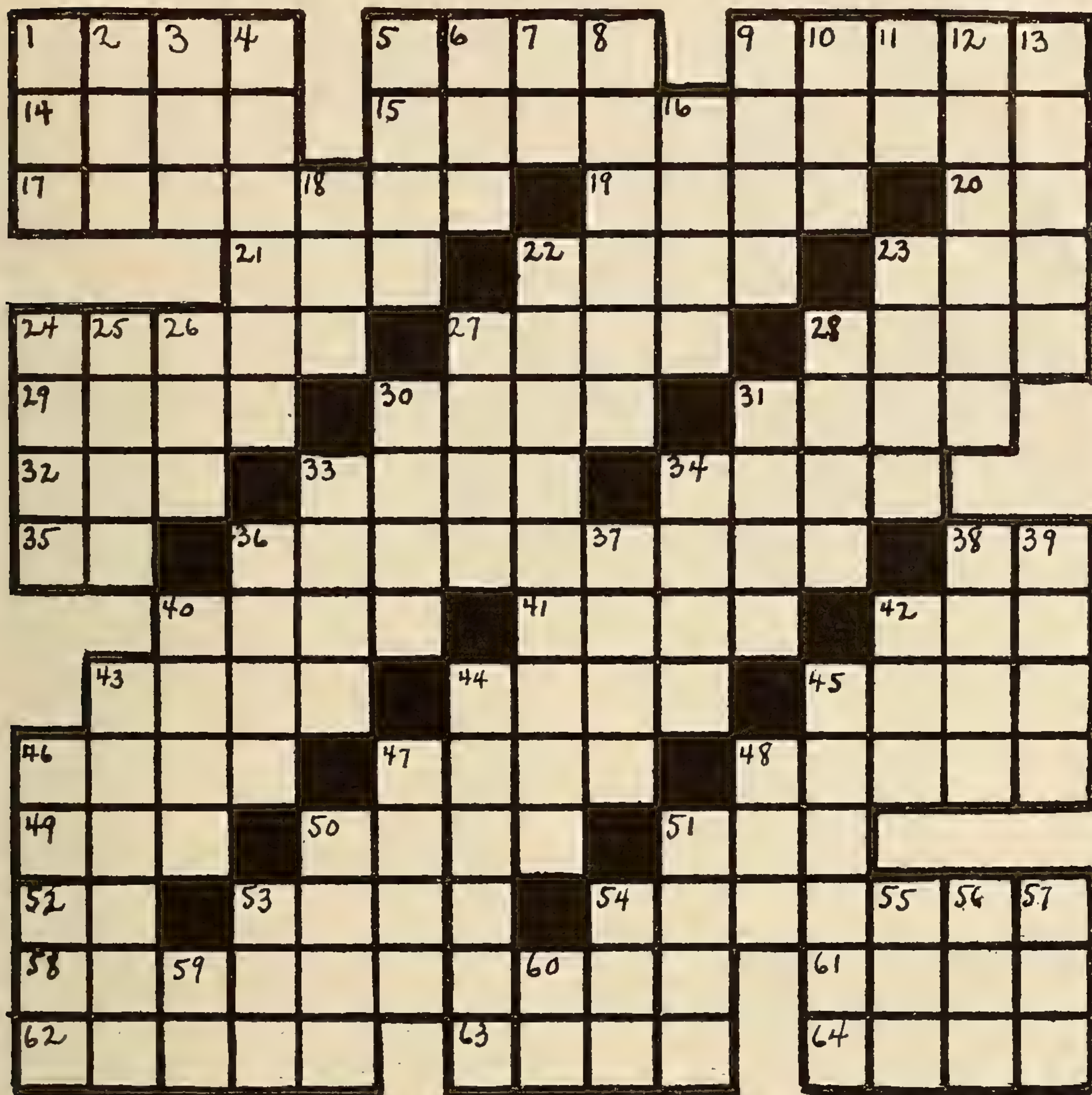
### Fan Clubs Roster

(Continued from last month)

- FRANCES LEDERER**—Joan Drummond, 97 Hodford Road, N. W. 11, London, England.  
**NICK LUCAS**—Charles Affitto, 76 4th Ave., Newark, N. J.  
**BELA LUGOSI**—Julia Jozefa Skrupska, 318 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.  
**MYRNA LOY**—Arlette Johnson, 549 East 5th St., Galesburg, Ill.  
**ELISSA LANDI**—William Eves, 1649 St. Nicholas Ave., New York, N. Y.  
**ERIC LINDEN**—Dorothy Gleason, 41 Matthews Ct., N. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
**BEN LYON**—Violet Platzer, 523 Schiller Ave., Trenton, N. J.  
**JEAN MUIR**—Anita Weber, 9025 Keith Ave., West Hollywood, Calif.  
**JOAN MARSH**—Irving Gross, 189 East 2nd St., New York, N. Y.  
**UNA MERKEL**—Dorothy Barkdall, 350½ West Stocker St., Glendale, Calif.  
**MOVIE FAN FRIENDSHIP CLUB**—Chaw Mank, Jr., 226 East Mill Road, Staunton, Ill.  
**GRACE MOORE**—Josephine W. Lowery, 2200 Harrison St., Wilmington, Del.  
**MODERN MOVIE CLUB**—Margaret Carpenter, 1012 West 5th Ave., Lancaster, Ohio.  
**DOUGLAS MONTGOMERY**—Molly Lewis, 53 Ash Street, Floral Park, Long Island, N. Y.  
**JEANETTE MACDONALD**—Glenna Riley, 149 S. 7th St., New Castle, Ind.  
**JOEL MCCREA**—Helen Moltz, Route 3, Sheboygan, Wis.  
**GERTRUDE NIESEN**—Mildred Krueger, 566 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
**RAMON NOVARRO** 1—Evelyn Cronie, 701 Gorsuch Ave., Baltimore, Md.  
**MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN**—Alice M. Kelly, 813 Greenwood Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
**VICTOR ORSINI**—Marian Rose Thompson, 77 Charlotte St., Fitzroy SQ., London, W. I., England.  
**MERLE OBERON**—Muriel Aldcraft, 8 Downes Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.  
**GALE PAGE**—Vivian Bretz, 417 N. 3rd St., Lehigh, Pa.  
**DICK POWELL** 1—Chaw Mank, Jr., 226 East Mill Road, Staunton, Ill.  
**JOE PENNER**—Sid Vousden, 34 Strathmore Blvd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.  
**GENE RAYMOND**—Eva Highsmith, 213 S. Everett St., Glendale, Calif.  
**RUTH ROLAND**—Lillian Conrad, 4822 N. Meade Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
**BUDDY ROGERS**—Marilyn Bonnell, 3410 West Lisbon Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.  
**GINGER ROGERS**—Marion Hesse, 154 Elm St., Elizabeth, N. J.  
**BODIL ROSING**—Millie Wist, 177 S. Citrus St., Los Angeles, Cal.  
**LANNY ROSS** 1 LEAGUE—Dorothy White, North Bennington, Vt.  
**LANNY ROSS** 2 LEGION—Mildred Buck, 400 East 57th St., New York, N. Y.  
**LANNY ROSS** 3 MELODY—Marjorie Brettman, 25 Home Place, Greenwich, Conn.  
**LANNY ROSS** 4—Mary Munger, 23 Harvard St., Pittsfield, Mass.



# Movie Crossword Puzzle



## VERTICAL

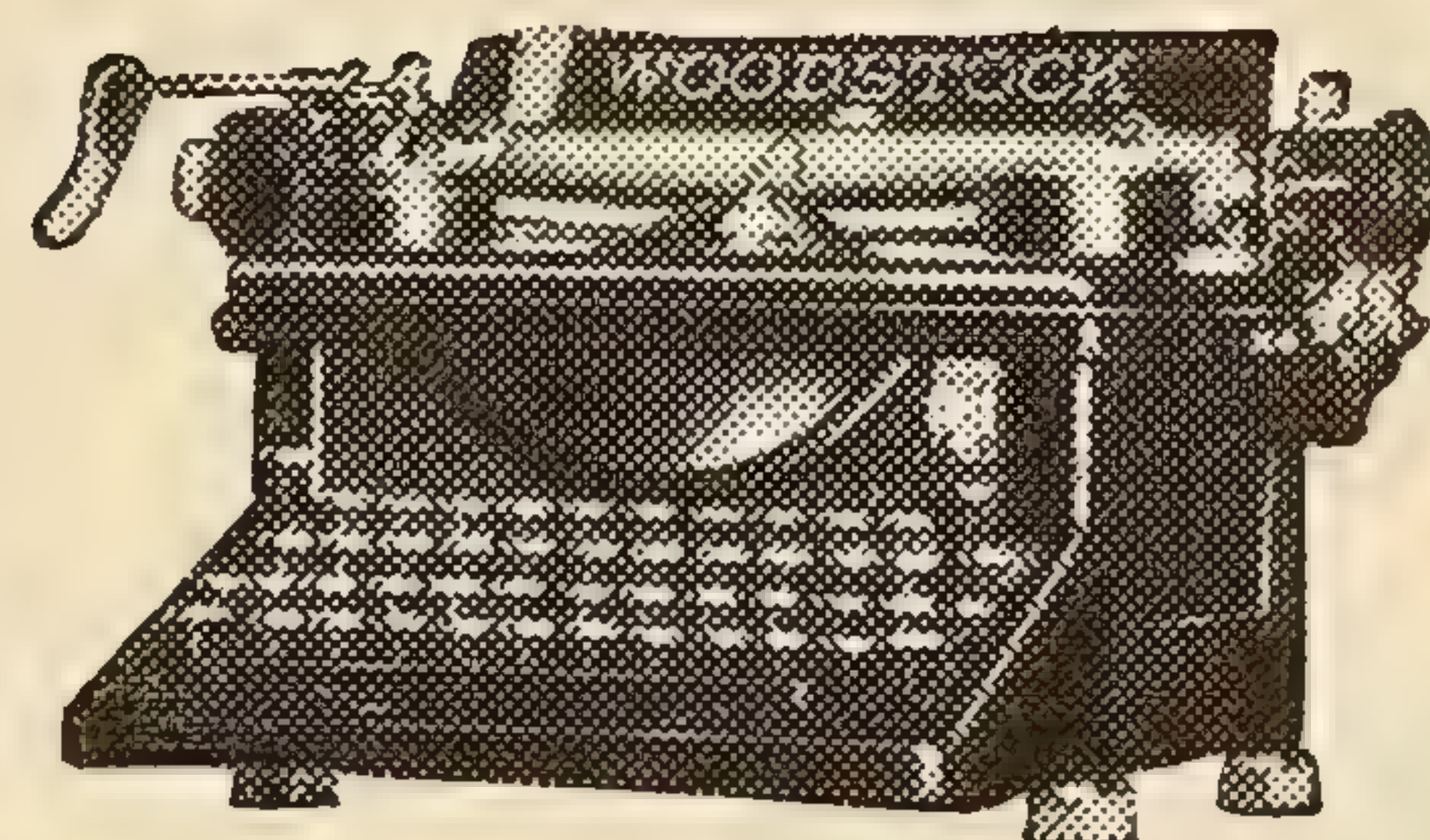
1. Edward Arnold played the title role in *Diamond*
2. Comedienne in *We Went To College*
3. He often plays reporter roles
4. Her first name is Raquel
5. The ex-Mrs. Bruce Cabot
6. Man of 1000 faces
7. *Murder By* ——— *Aristocrat*
8. ——— *Me Pink*
9. Actor's part
10. Joan Bennett's role in *Little Women*
11. Mervyn ——— Roy directed *Anthony Adverse*
12. Father in *Every Saturday Night*
13. Feminine lead in *Yellow Dust*
16. Fiance of Jeannette MacDonald
18. An age
22. The old maid on *Timothy's Quest*
23. *First A* ——— starred Jessie Matthews
24. Chinese war-lord in *The General Died At Dawn*
25. ——— Basquette, widow of Sam Warner
26. A grassy plain
27. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*
28. *Flirtation* ———
30. Young man in *Klondike Annie*
31. *Three Blind* ———
33. Mack, the Killer, George Raft's bodyguard
34. *Three* ——— *Guys*
36. Gangster boy in *Absolute Quiet*
37. *No Place Like* ——— M.G.M. comedy
38. Bubble dancer
39. Russian actress to appear in *The Witch*
40. Spoil
42. Dull brown color
43. Comedienne who sings *My Man*
44. Star of *Enter Madame*
45. Dudley ——— had a role in *Mutiny On the Bounty*
46. Sends by post
47. ——— and *Dance Man*
48. Mary ——— Dix
50. ——— *With the Wind*, best seller to be made into a movie
51. ——— *Turn Em Loose*
53. *The* ——— of *Madeleine Claudet*
54. Allesandro in *Ramona*
55. Strong alkali
56. Given name of Mr. Acord, hero of Westerns
57. *The Captain Hates the* ———
59. Pet name of Miss Kemble-Cooper
60. French personal pronoun

## HORIZONTAL

1. ——— *My Luck* stars Charles Ray
5. Exclamation of sorrow
9. Christian name of Heather Angel's husband
14. *Go* ——— *Your Dance*
15. *Piccadilly Jim*
17. Bride of John Farrow
19. Depend
20. Initials of the Countess Albani
21. Nickname of the actress who has the title role in *Craig's Wife*
22. *Trail of the Lonesome* ———
23. Fleshy part of the jaws
24. Wife of George Burns
27. This was Ann Sothern's name
28. *The Nit* ———
29. Real name of Margaret Lindsay
30. Repetition of words
31. America's sweetheart
32. Given name of the former Mrs. Jack Gilbert
33. Ida Lupino's name in *Yours For the Asking*
34. Lovable star of *Judge Priest* now deceased
35. Lucille Gleason is this to Russell
36. Surname of Senora Moreno in *Ramona*
38. Sun god
40. ——— *To Glory* with Warner Baxter and June Lang
41. *So Red the* ———
42. *The Calling of* ——— *Matthews*
43. Movie based on the novel *Mob Rule*
44. ——— Percy plays a bit in *The Amateur Gentleman*
45. Leading man in *Don't Get Personal*
46. ——— of *Salem* stars Claudette Colbert
47. Fruit of the blackthorn bush
48. ——— Perry, new player in *Two Against the World*
49. First name of the beautiful blonde star of *The Witness Chair*
50. ——— *To Town* with Mae West
51. Rin-Tin-Tin
52. *Two* ——— *A Crowd*
53. ——— *O'Guns*, laugh sensation with Joe E. Brown
54. Male lead in *And So They Were Married*
58. Mrs. Paul Whiteman
61. Virginia Bruce plays the title role in *Jane* ———
62. River in Lili Damita's country
63. *Charlie's* ——— featured Syd Chaplin
64. A coarse rigid hair

(turn to page 81 for solution)

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## Food for Holiday Festivities

[Continued from page 58]

- 1 pint Jamaica rum
- 1 tsp. fresh grated nutmeg

Beat egg whites and yolks separately. To the yolks add sugar and beat until light and creamy, then add brandy, rum and nutmeg. Blend well and add milk and cream. Cover punch bowl with stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Serve cold if preferred, but in cold weather it is delicious if warm.

Madeleine Carroll is another film star who believes in "specializing." True, we all can't have a charming playroom with a huge fireplace at one end, balancing an attractive bar at the other, at which sparkling glasses beckon to those who wish to imbibe of liquors gathered from all over the world by the British actress.

However Madeleine Carroll's recipes for which her friends clamor are quite simple and just the type food to make your abode crowded every holiday season, be it a shack or an estate.

### Hors D'oeuvre

- Stuffed olives
- Spiced anchovies
- Chopped parsley
- Grated lemon rind
- Toothpicks

Wrap one anchovy around each olive and secure with toothpick. Roll in lemon rind, then in finely chopped parsley. (Be sure the anchovies are spiced and not those packed in oil.)

### Whipped Cream Cake

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 4 egg yolks
- 3 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup strained orange juice
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 tbls. grated orange rind
- 1 tsp. orange extract
- 4 egg whites

Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly, adding a little of the water. When beaten light and fluffy, add the beaten egg yolks and as quickly as possible, add the flour, baking powder, and salt, (which have been sifted together several times) with the liquid. Beat egg whites stiff and fold in carefully but thoroughly with the rind and extract. Bake in oiled floured pans at 350 degrees, increasing to 400 degrees by time cake has risen. This will make two very deep layers, or three medium ones. Set together with the following filling.

- 1 1/2 cups stiffly beaten whipping cream
- 3 tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. grated orange rind
- 1/2 tsp. orange extract
- 1/2 cup chopped nut meats

Whip cream, add sugar, extracts and rind. Spread generously between layers and on top of cake after it is thoroughly cooled. Sprinkle generously with chopped nuts.

Vivacious Beverly Roberts, whose work in *God's Country* and *The Woman* has placed her far up the ladder of film fame, can look back on her Paris days where she became known for her individual type of singing and thank the French nation

for her ingenuity at Christmas time.

Her Yuletide Scrape Tree is brimming over with the spirit that comes with Christmas. Folks drope in for a minute and stay for "Just one more scrape." You have heard of the fabulous moon made of green cheese, but Beverly produces a Christmas tree made of just that!

- 1 large grapefruit
- 1 orange
- 1 lemon
- 5 pkgs. Philadelphia Cream Cheese
- 1/2 lb. Roquefort cheese
- Cream
- Green vegetable coloring

Wash and dry fruit well. Cut tiny slice from each piece of fruit so there will be a flat surface and build one on top of the other, pinning into place with toothpicks. Grapefruit makes foundation of tree, orange is placed next, and then, the lemon. Mix cheese, cream, and coloring together well, beating until light and fluffy. Separate into two bowls and add a little more coloring to one bowl in order to have two shades of green in the tree. Spread cheese mixture on fruit, building in here and there to form the shape of a tree. Place on doily, and decorate top of tree with sprig of mistletoe, holly, or lighted candle. Surround base of tree with squares of various cheeses. Everyone helps themselves, scraping the tree with small knives to spread the mixture on crackers.

## Good News! A New Set of Film Stars' Recipes!

**D**UE to the fact that our former leaflets had such nationwide appeal, we have collected another set of delectable recipes—autographed by the stars—which you may have for only fifteen cents! If you have our former recipes—by all means augment your Stars' Cookbook by ordering these listed below. However, the present offer alone will prove invaluable to you in planning tasty menus.

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RUBBISH—that's what Olsen thinks of Johnson, evidently while clowning between scenes of Republic's "Country Gentlemen"

## She Battled Her Way to Stardom

[Continued from page 6]

that isn't all. For three days before the finish I couldn't eat a thing. Once in a while a swallow of water would stay down—but nothing else. That was carrying Carrie a little too far, if you ask me. So from now on, it's going to be comedy rôles, I hope."

And that was precisely what we hoped, too, we told her, having in mind her sensational success in the stage play *Personal Appearance* which ran for 698 performances during 85 weeks, 62 of which were on Broadway.

In her own words Gladys is a "Duke's mixture," being a combination of Irish, French and English.

Her parents were appearing on the road in stock when she was born and three years later she was hoisted on the stage to take the part of "Little Tommy" in *Back Among the Old Folks*. She kept on playing "Little This" and "Little That" until she was ten. At fourteen she was the doll in *The Dream Doll*; at fifteen a part in *The Betrothal*; and then a jump to the coast for silent films that included starring parts in *Home-spun Folks*, with Lloyd Hughes, *Red Hot Dollars* with Charles Ray, *The Easy Road* with Thomas Meighan—just to mention a few.

It was at this time, 1920, that a gas stove exploded in her home and she was hospitalized for more than a year. Recuperating, Gladys started a round of stock engagements that took her into about all of the theatres in the country.

Then, in 1934, the girl got a break! In fact two breaks. The first came when, hurrying to catch a taxi in New York, she slipped and fell heavily on the pavement—result one broken nose. Like the good trouser she was she kept on with her work in stock. Then came the second break—her meeting with Hal Skelly who immediately placed her in *Queer People* then casting for a Broadway opening. Sensational in this play she was even more so in *The Milky Way*.

Gladys was traveling fast now. Her name was one to reckon with along Broad-

way and points North and South, not to overlook points East and West. A motion picture, *Straight Is the Way*, followed and then back to Broadway for her greatest success in *Personal Appearance* which later won her the big rôle in Paramount's *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie*.

Frank, honest and thoroughly human, Gladys George has been married three times. Her first marriage, to Ben Erway, then her leading man in stock, endured eight years; from 1922 to 1930. Temperament tipped over their marital cart.

Her present husband, Leonard Penn, whom she married in 1935, is, she is sure, to be her last. She claims to be ethereally happy. Penn, wealthy heir to a beauty aid manufacturing fortune, is a graduate of Columbia University where he later taught French. He is a concert pianist and amateur actor. His accomplishments as a student and musician are bringing to her much of the beauty her busy life had denied her, she asserts.

Chock-full of humor, the impressive Miss George recounts with chuckles those many days when 25c a day had to feed her parents and herself; of those weeks and months when she would crouch down in day coaches to beat full-fares and, the very same nights, portray ladies of 20 and older, although at the time she was in her early teens.

She'll tell you further of kid days when, before the curtain time in tank towns, she paraded the main streets with sandwich signs reading: "Wouldn't you like to see me tonight in such and such a play at such and such a theater?" Yes, and ring up the curtain, take several parts in the play, count the cash and pack up for the next stop.

Even later, when things were apparently on the up, there were times when she would nonchalantly offer cigarettes to her producer and actor guests, only to gather up what remained of the unsmoked portions for morning use when the guests had departed. She early learned the show-world "must" of keeping up a front.

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## She Tried to Dodge Stardom

[Continued from page 35]

actors, were not tremendous box office magnets, and so Sid and I had to find an angle. We found the angle in Harlow's curves, and the billing we gave her made Sheba's Queen comparable to Edna May Oliver, and the Venus de Milo just a prototype of Polly Moran.

I don't believe Jean was any too pleased when we came out with her photo in the rather low cut gown she wore in the picture in a daring newspaper ad with the letters SEX at its top and gave the impression that here was the girl to whom Havelock Ellis should dedicate his life and literature, and that should Freud ever write a novel, here was the ideal heroine.

Whether Jean liked it or not she was the same good sport then that she is now, and figured that probably the main object of the game was to start immediately to help recoup some of Mr. Hughes' bankroll for him.

At any rate these ads brought to the engagement a record breaking run at top prices, and into every hamlet and crossroads of the nation spread rumors of this brand new screen sensation, Jean Harlow, platinum blonde.

The MOVIE CLASSIC office in Hollywood, where this is being written, is in the same structure, the Hollywood Professional Building a block west of the far-famed Roosevelt hotel on Hollywood Boulevard, where Sid Grauman had his executive, advertising and publicity offices.

Never having been featured before, Jean used to get a real kick visiting the Grauman-Hell's Angels offices, particularly the art department, where she was thrilled by watching "grandpa" George Holl, the Teutonic art director, weave her photos into ad layouts or marvel at the dear old soul paint torrid love scenes of the production in oil for the famous Grauman forecourt. That same forecourt that boasts of footprints of every notable Hollywood star.

Because Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall had spied Jean by chance one day at the old Christie studio on Sunset boulevard, and taken her to Howard Hughes suggesting she play the feminine lead that Greta Nissen essayed in the silent unreleased version, Jean in gratitude was always battling for these two lads to be given top billing.

"Listen! Ben and Jimmy have been in pictures for years. They've got a big following. Play up their names in your advertising, use their pictures oftener in the papers. I'm nobody much, forget about me."

That's what Jean would say, and mean it.

But where editors would give Ben or Jimmy (who is leading an orchestra now, I believe) a half column cut, they'd play Jean's photo for four.

Her popularity overnight caused Hughes to send Noah Dietrich, his general manager, and Jack Marshall, his business manager, to Jean's door with a long term contract.

Loaning Jean to other companies helped pay some of the production costs on *Hell's Angels*, but it was rather tough for her. She was always "sold down the river" for siren rôles, more hardboiled than the depot lunch counter egg.

Outwardly she took it like a major. Inwardly she sighed for a chance to show what she could really do playing either a bad little girl with a few redeeming traits, or a good little miss with a few minor vices. But there was no light and shadow for her. It had to be all shadows until Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer saw the light and hired her.

Signed for *The Secret Six* with Wallace Beery and that rising young actor of the day, Clark Gable, she clicked.

Came *The Red-Headed Woman*, in which her platinum locks took on the titian hue.

Then *Hold Your Man* and *Dinner At Eight*.

Once again she packed her bags for a transcontinental personal appearance tour, and found even a greater welcome than on that journey when she lent her flesh and blood personality to key city showings of *Hell's Angels*.

Jean for many recent months has been seen about a lot in the night spots with Bill Powell, and she admits they are marvelous friends. Of late visiting firemen and mid-western tourists making the rounds in Hollywood haven't had a chance to be thrilled by hearing the waiter in anticipation of an extra big tip, say:

"Don't look now, but there's Jean Harlow and Bill Powell over there in the corner."

It may be that both Miss Harlow and Mr. Powell, like scores of other cinema celebrities, are fed up on the night clubs and cafes and prefer their fun "far from the maddening crowd." To check up on this theory, I visited the Trocadero one Sunday night not long ago, and found the scattering of stars and near-stars outnumbered by actors' agents, song writers, scenario writers, assistant directors, insurance solicitors, and others who had something to sell to the stars.

And if they are dodging the "Troc", long the ace playground of the elite of the silver sheet, there can't be such a lot of stepping out going on.

But to return to our heroine. Jean's latest released picture at this writing, *Libeled Lady*, a four-star constellation in which she shares honors with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Spencer Tracy, is a laugh hit guaranteed to transform any "sour-puss" into a grinning Cheshire cat. It abounds in abdominal risibilities, if you know what I mean, and bonny Jean is at her very best as a comedienne.

Let the dialogue writers put satirical, ironical, caustic, and semi-caustic wisecracks in the Harlow larynx, and she'll have any audience in more stitches than can be turned out in 24 hours by a battery of sewing machines in an east side garment shop.

Best of all, Jean's millinery bill may have increased as each salary raise in each new contract took effect, but whether it's turbans or toques; berets or bonnets; tams or Tyroleans, the crown has the same old diameter as that night seven years ago when Jean wanted to run out on that memorable premiere of *Hell's Angels* in Grauman's Chinese theatre.





Chic Sale literally "goes to town" with Doris Nolan in the comedy scenes of the New Universal picture, *The Man I Marry*

## Brushing Up On Your Coiffure

[Continued from page 63]

personality, for nothing gives a woman a new outlook on life like a freshly designed coiffure. Hence "The Page Boy Bob," is sweeping the country.

Patricia Ellis devours history books, particularly those dealing with the lives of fascinating women like Mary, Queen of Scots, so when Pat saw her favorite character on the screen, she decided she could copy the hair styles of that time with her own medium length bob. Again Fredricks, who did the hair styles for the film, was called into conference and they designed "The Queen's Coiffure"—worn by Pat Ellis. It is simple—just cover your head with tight curls, such as the actress wears in this picture.

Marion Schilling thought the pompadours of mother's day much more intriguing than the less exotic coiffures of today, and after "San Francisco" opened, Marion asked Fredericks to do her hair in pompadour style. It is modified of course for today. Just part it on one side, and roll your hair softly all around the head, brushing it well off the forehead, and you will have Marion's "San Francisco Pompadour," as she calls it.

Nydia Westman decided she wished to appear taller in her latest Paramount film, "Rose Bowl," so she divided her hair as tho' a saucer were laid flat on top of her head. She did the curls on her neck just as of yore—such as you probably wear every day if you have a medium length bob. The center top part, Nydia brushed forward, and then from the forehead back again. Then she rolled the ends in curls and let them fall toward the face, softening

the effect by dividing the curls a bit.

Indian pictures a plenty we have now, such as "Last of the Mohicans," "Daniel Boone," "Plainsmen" and others. Pretty Dianne Cook, of MGM studio, sat through these films and decided her own dark hair would be pretty dressed to suggest the Indian. She went in to see Fredricks and told him her idea. He divided the hair in two pieces off her forehead, and braided these sections, blending them into the curls on her neck. Then he struck bright colored feathers in Dianne's dark hair for evening wear, and she was the belle of the ball.

## Crossword Solution

J	U	S	T		A	L	A	S		R	A	L	P	H
I	N	T	O		M	O	N	T	G	O	M	E	R	Y
M	A	U	R	E	E	N		R	E	L	Y		O	A
					R	O	S		P	I	N	E		G
A	L	L	E	N		L	A	K	E		W	I	T	S
K	I	E	S		R	O	T	E		M	A	R	Y	
I	N	A		G	E	R	T		W	I	L	L		
M	A			F	R	E	D	E	R	I	C	K		R
				R	O	A	D		R	O	S	E		D
				F	U	R	Y		E	S	M	E		D
M	A	I	D		S	L	O	E		L	I	N	D	A
A	N	N		G	O	I	N		D	O	G			
I	N		S	O	N	S		D	O	U	G	L	A	S
L	I	V	I	N	G	S	T	O	N		E	Y	R	E
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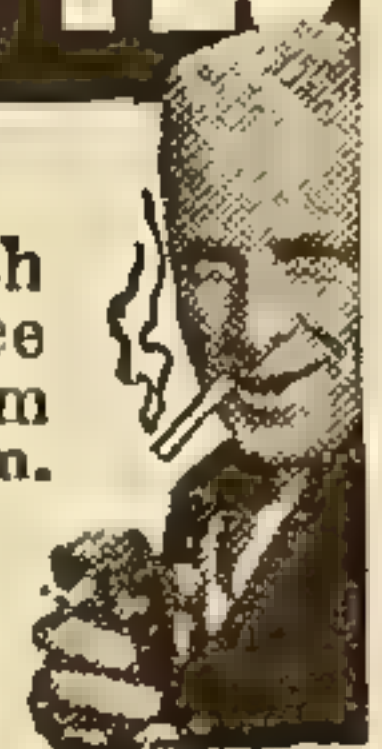
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## Simone Simon Explains Herself

[Continued from page 36]

table and say, 'Mademoiselle, you are beautiful.' 'Thank you,' I say, 'goo'bye.' But he say he is a film director and that I look like the girl she should look in his next picture. *Voila!* I am a film actress. But I am not beautiful."

You protest like a gentleman who has truth on his side, but:

"N-no, n-no!" As she again flings herself on her back, her small feet shoot out and inadvertently kick you in the stomach. "When first I go on the stage they laugh and say, 'You are a comic little girl with a turned-up nose,' and they put me in comic parts. But pretty soon they don't laugh so much. I like to play str-range parts, and sometimes I do. Also in pictures when I go to Berlin and Budapest, but always I play in French. It is here for the first time I speak English. Never have I studied it. I don't study much at all in one place. My education it jump around. It start pretty good in Marseilles, where I am born. But when I am ten my mother she take me to Madagascar, then to one place on top of the other. In Paris I study sculpture, and something in me comes out. To express myself I do not have to act. It is—what you say?—the impulse."

**W**ITH the word, it goes to her feet, but this time she misses you.

"Before I think I be in American films people they tell me to come here. They think it is the best place to go. So when I come I think acting it is better here than any place. But I am not easily as-tonished," she complacently assures you, drawing up her knees. "There is here only one thing I find that really as-tonish me. It is the man and the woman. From the French they are much differ-ent. There the man he have a friendship for the girl, but the woman they fight each other. You know, jealous, and their hands they are claws. Always I felt I must be on my guard against them. But the man, no. In Paris I have only one girl friend—much older than me—all the others they are boy friends. But here it is something else. The woman they like each other. I never have so many girl friends as here. They are so much sweet they make me sweeter. But with the man in Hollywood I cannot have the friendship. I do not have with him a pal. He has no time for it. Why is that?"

Well, really you can't say. Perhaps they're so busy with one girl and another they haven't time to be pals.

"Per-r'aps," pensively considers Simone. "Anyhow, one thing I know, they have no time for me. But I have a good time with the girls, and I don't have to dress up so much. In Paris I don't care how I look. But here I must not be so carefree—no, careless. American girls are more beautiful than the French—like beautiful animals of a healthier race—and they dress more beautifully."

Paying this surprising compliment seems almost as unbelievable as paying the French war debt.

"Oh, yes, the figure here it is much better. And up on the toes. When the American girl walk she walk with all of her. She is what you call streamerline, eh? This is good because it makes her good for the clothes. But till I come here this I do not imagine."

Just what, you wonder, did she imagine Hollywood to be like?

"Now I tell you," she merrily laughs, sitting close with the confidence she is to make. "I never imagine Hollywood with shops. I do not think the people here have to live like other people, that they buy everything like every other. I think there is nothing but stars, and I am surprised I do not meet Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in the street. I do not know that they and the other stars live in houses and don't come out much to walk around in Hollywood. It must be, I think, they go up and down on the boulevard so that everybody see and admire them. But to me they are not so much the curiosity. In Europe I work with stars in pictures, so I know how they are, what they are. No one could tell me they are gods and goddesses—just stars."

**Y**OU assume Simone had hoped to be the star she has become.

"First of all," she stoutly informs you, "I don't like that word 'star,' and if a woman she is one it make me dislike her. It is too standard, an old-fashioned thing, just a sign hung out in front of you like a sign in front of a shop. You want to be free and get away from that. Many times I try. But sometimes the joke it is on me. One day in Paris a man he raise his hat and say, 'You are Simone Simon?' 'No,' I say. Then he say, 'I am sorry, I had a box of candy for her.' He walk away—and I love candy! In Hollywood I come out from the Vendome when someone with a book and pencil he is holding out to me say, 'Are you a star?' 'NO!' I tell him. He walk off and don't care who I am."

Still, you feel it humanly possible that at least one or two Hollywood luminaries may have made some slight impression on her.

"This is so," admits Simone. "Garbo I have seen in only two pictures, *Queen Christina* and *Anna Karenina*, but I am not yet tired of her. She has everything required of the actress. She is so deep, so true. This is why she is far, far above all others, the goddess of pictures. And there is yet another who stands alone. You know who it is that now I mean? Charlie Chaplin. As a little girl I was very unfair to him. I thought he was a clown. I do not know he is suffering. Every time now I see his pictures I am unhappy. He makes me see the sadness. This is like me, for I am sad inside."

In her happy presence you can only observe she doesn't seem sad outside.

"But inside much so," she gravely declares. "Per-r'aps this is wrong for me, I do not know. If always I am gay the people like me better. I want them to like me just for what I am, hu-uman, and not consider me as a star with a feather in my head. I love humanity, and humanity it is sad, oh, yes! This is why I like to play parts which are to life true. Most of all I want to play Saint Joan. I think I'm typically looking like her, our own Jeanne d'Arc. I look like a peasant girl. I'm the product of the earth. I feel like that. And I think I could play her because I am big and strong."

Not so big, even as she rises to her full height. But the hand she gives you is firm and strong. Pressing it, you remark it has been charming to talk with her.

"I like it, too," responds Simone, with her man-killing smile. "You are easy to speak to."

These French!



## A Zest for Giving

[Continued from page 32]

evidenced in the modish crystal bottle and smart container. The gift size bottle of Rythm is priced at \$10.

For the holiday trade, Max Factor of Hollywood has assembled a gift box to delight the heart of every girl lucky enough to find one beneath her Christmas tree. On the top of the box is the inviting legend "My Make-Up Secret" and on the inside cover is a large photo and personal autograph of a star of the color type you select—Ginger Rogers for the redheads, Jean Arthur for the blondes, Ann Dvorak for brunettes, and Ruby Keeler for the girls with brown hair. The set contains large box of Max Factor's Face Powder, rouge and lipstick, all blended in color harmony, and the price is \$2.50. The girl who receives this gift assortment will know that she is using the very same cosmetics as the star whose photo adorns the cover.

In a zipper case of genuine leather, Colonial Dames have fitted as neat and complete an array of manicure equipment as you could hope to find. The case opens flat and up pops a row of five bottles containing cuticle oil, cuticle remover, polish remover, and two shades of nail enamel (one for daytime and one for evening wear). File and other implements are secured by loops attached to one side of the case. This attractive accessory for the traveller or the girl at school is offered in red, white, black, brown, and blue leather at \$2.50.

Christmas just wouldn't be a success for many a girl if someone didn't remember to add a compact to her store of treasures. The Jewel Compact offered by Primrose House and pictured with the orchid, is an exquisite, wafer-thin case of 24 karat gold plate. The jewel catch and motif add a further note of luxury to make this compact a fitting accompaniment to an evening of romance. Any girl will appreciate, too, the generous loose-powder compartment and French beveled mirror which gives perfect vision. The price for this concentrated elegance is \$5.

Wrisley's, famous old house of soaps and perfumes, have put out for Christmas a Pine

Set containing two amusing Soap Cones, Bath Oil, Cologne, and Sachet—all spicily fragrant with the scent of pine forests and all cool green in color to match the attractive box. Even the most conservative of women would revel in the soothing unguents of this bath ensemble. Priced at \$1.

In a gayly-checked Christmas box is discovered that ever popular gift combination of powder and perfume. It's from the Lucretia Vanderbilt line, which has recently undergone many beneficial changes in formula. This particular gift set will prove an exciting experience for the girl who demands the very latest in beauty aids. A thoughtful addition is the atomizer top which can be fitted into the perfume bottle. Lucretia Vanderbilt preparations are identified with butterfly motif on a cream and gold box and this complete package comes at \$1.59.

The big, little, and medium sized bottles of Drene marshalled impressively in line are reminders that there is a beauty gift for the girl whose hair is her special pride. Drene is that famous shampoo formula which is so easy to use and which adds new life and luster to one's tresses. The three sized bottles have three prices, of course, all within the scope of modest pocketbooks.

Dressed up for Christmas in the Imperial Package is the square-cut bottle of Campana's Italian Balm. This would make an ideal family remembrance and is an answer to the need for a small but useful gift. Campana's Italian Balm is at home any place—on a girl's dressing table, on the bathroom shelf, beside the kitchen sink, or on the beach when summer rolls around. Its simple mission is to protect and soften the skin and the vast popularity of this lotion attests to the thoroughness with which its task is performed.

Additional information on any of the items described in this article may be had by writing Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City. You may also consult Miss Alden, free of charge, on your personal beauty problems. Kindly enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.



Photo by Carroll Photo Service

Sigmund Romberg, noted composer, and Billie Burke stage an impromptu concert

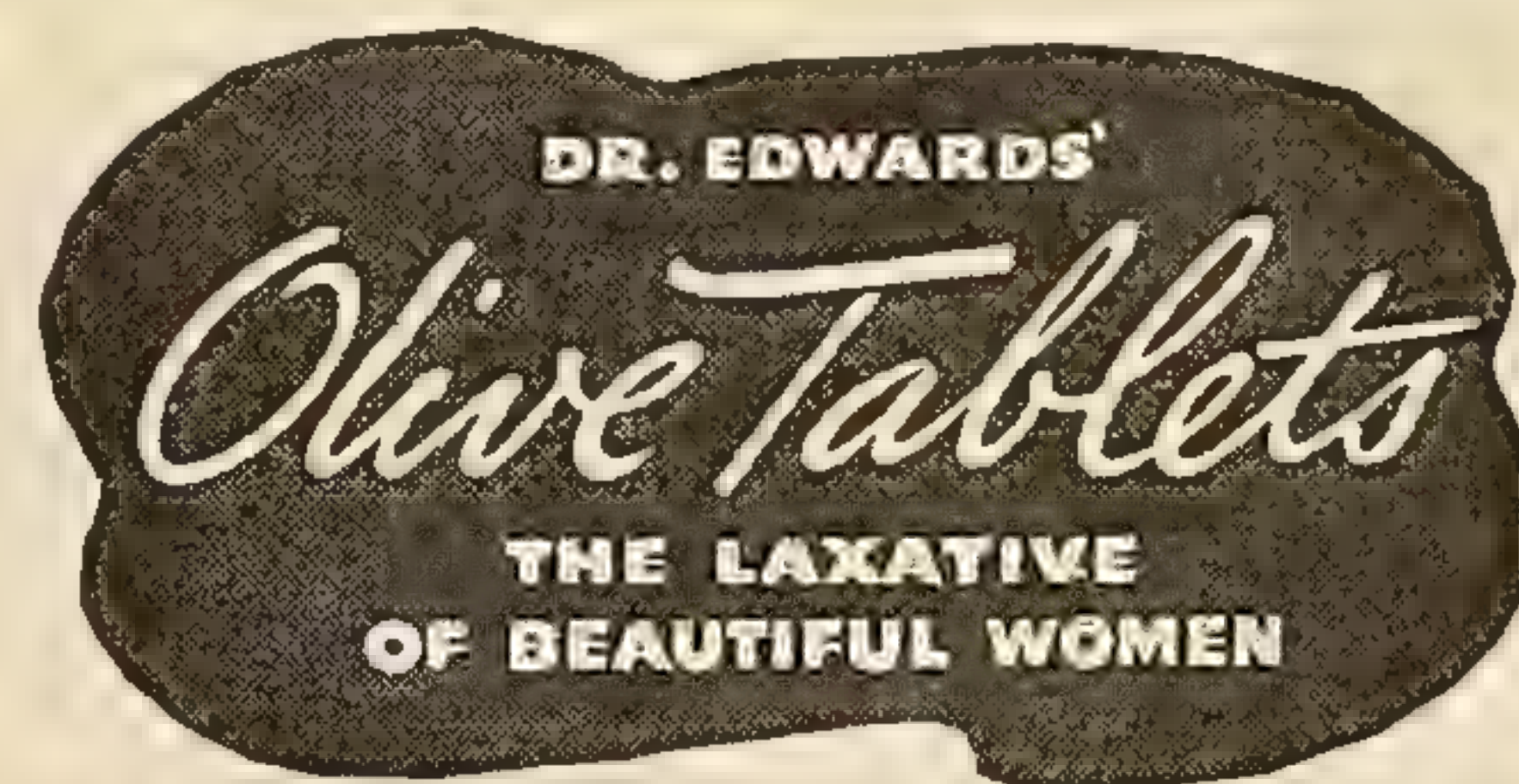


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## Calamity Jean

[Continued from page 31]

Besides the red bandana, she was wearing blue denim overalls and jumper, washed and worn pale. Bright socks and sandals. Lipstick, no powder. But never, in satin, was the Arthur silhouette set off to fairer advantage.

From now on, denim is one of the daintiest of fabrics, to me.

"How about all those new pets I hear tell of your adopting?" was my first question.

"New pets? Well, there's only Satan, the canary, and that nice white mule we used in the Deadwood, South Dakota, scenes of *The Plainsman*. I didn't bring the mule home with me because he was too bulky. I only feed him at the studio. And I have Satan only over weekends. He's the bird who did the famous bird bath scene in *Madam Satan*. Mr. De Mille wants to keep him."

I didn't bring up about her three dogs, and the other birds, fish and game to which she has given haven from time to time, because the idea of Satan intrigued me.

"I love Satan because he made friends for me," she declared. "When I started work in *The Plainsman*, I didn't know a soul on the picture except Gary Cooper and Mr. De Mille. It's not my home studio and I felt strange the first day, walking out on a set where there were five hundred people. Mr. De Mille was preparing to do a riverboat arrival scene. There were stevedores and frontier characters everywhere. The catwalks overhead were alive with electricians and reflector men. The 'old guard' of a studio is sometimes hostile to a newcomer on the lot. They act distant and indifferent to you—as, I suppose, you do to them. I felt like a mote in a dust storm—until I saw Satan.

"In his dome shaped cage, he had been left by a property man right in the sun. I took him into the shade and gave him some water. Right then, I decided to make him my special charge. Pretty soon, people were smiling at me, and I was smiling back. Grips and electricians exchanged remarks with me about the bird. The actors made their friendliness evident. So, you see, Satan broke the ice for me."

Of course, I don't know about that. Seems to me the entire credit for winning over that crowd shouldn't go to the bird. If you can imagine Jean in a blue Union cap, buckskin jacket, tight leather trousers and high boots, tiny and shy as she is, wandering out onto that set like a small

stranger in a strange land, you'll see what I mean.

IT doesn't take long for her to establish that she is not distant, whatever you may be. She is retiring. She shrinks from many Hollywood contacts like a burnt child from flame. Because no girl of Jean Arthur's calibre has ever been so severely "kicked around" in pictures. Denied recognition for years, she hung onto the fringe of the industry, begging for a break. She was shunted into small releases, driven out of town by the indifference of producers, returned to hope and gamble forlornly on her chances. If she is still a little hurt and bitter, if she still bears the psychic scars of that experience, who can blame her?

But once you pierce that outer reserve, once you make the first overture of friendliness, you feel her barriers go down. She is appealingly anxious for your friendship. In return, she offers frankness, trust and reliance.

Because Jean has no delusions about herself. She is absolutely without airs.

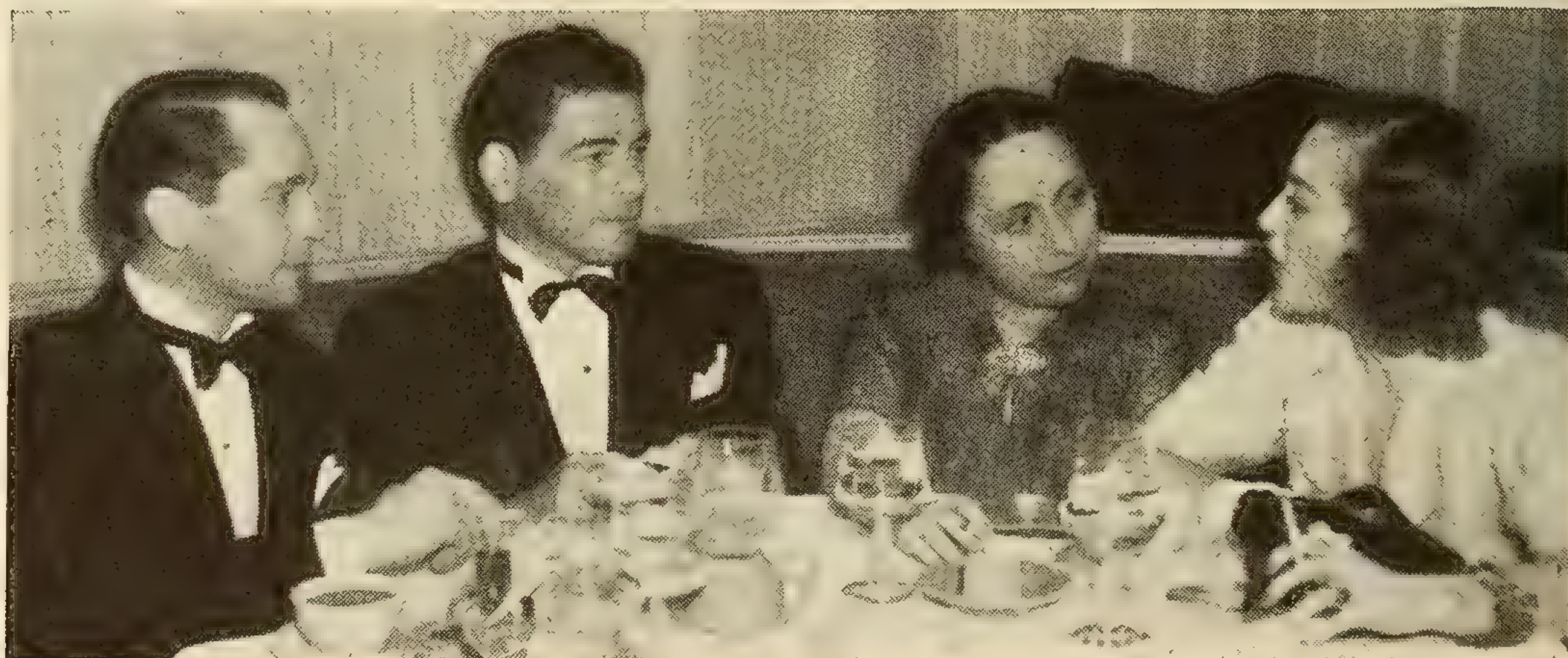
When I asked her what she does to pass the time, she said: "Well, I don't look like an actress, so I can go almost any place I like without being bothered. I put on a coat and a pair of dark glasses, and I can go into any of the shops in Los Angeles without being recognized. So I go shopping, often with my husband."

It was the first time Frank Ross, the handsome young New York real estate broker Jean married four years ago, had been brought into the conversation. He's out here now, and you gather that they are great pals.

"We hike, too," she said. "Or maybe I should say that we trespass. Malibu is a community of restrictions, you know. You can't go on everybody's land. But we both have an adventurous streak. I love adventure—when I'm rested. So one morning, after a good night's sleep, we started out. As you drove out here, you probably noticed the big stone castle over on the hilltop toward the canyon. That's been a landmark for years. They say it cost almost a million dollars to build, and it has never been occupied."

"I hear that the owners have rangers on the property to keep trespassers off," I said.

"We'd heard it, too. But we crossed through the open fields and right up to the house without anybody bothering us. From



Fawcett Photo by Charles Rhodes

Franchot Tone, Paul Muni and his wife, and Joan Crawford enjoying themselves at Irving Berlin's party





Joe E. Brown and his wife are ardent football fans. They are seen here watching Loyola defeat Pacific

the foot of the hill, it looks like an ancient palace of King Arthur's time. You confidently expect to find a moat and a drawbridge when you get up to it. But it's really Spanish, with many patios and pergolas. And from the top of the hill you see down into a golden valley, thronged with orange trees and looking as if it's a magic new world where no one has ever been."

"So it's new worlds you want."

She paused. "Yes, it's fun to find new horizons. There's no adventure without mystery. And why do you struggle up the hill? It isn't the peak that lures you. It's what's beyond."

I knew that here Jean was phrasing her entire outlook and philosophy, and encouraged her to go on.

"Of course, my future has always been obscured," she said. "As a little girl, back in New York, I planned to be a teacher of foreign languages. Instead, I became a commercial model because the opportunity came along, and the work paid better. Then, just when I had become resigned to a career of posing for advertisements, I found myself with a movie contract."

"For a while, things looked pretty bright in the movies. I played opposite Richard Dix and William Powell. I had an important part in an Emil Jannings picture. My friends said, 'You can't miss now, Jean'—but I missed!

"Pretty soon I found myself in pictures I was ashamed of. And next, there weren't any jobs at all.

"I went back to New York, so bewildered and bruised by everything that I thought I would try something far away from the theatre or films. I know I would have done something, might have become a designer—at least would have sought some career. But I have always been attracted to the theatre—always, that is, since people first began to show some interest in me as an actress. A chance to do a play came along and I took it. After that, though none of the plays I was in ran very long—I was in eleven of them in two years—I was happy. And I knew that I would never again be happy in any other career but acting.

"However, the screen didn't seem my metier. I was resigned to concentrating on the stage. When an offer came along from Hollywood I asked for a very elastic contract, thinking I would go directly back to the stage. I didn't go back, and don't know now that I ever will.

"So you see, I never know about the future. I only try to know."

And by "trying to know," she means that she makes acting, and all that pertains to it, a serious business. I know that because I know her schedule when she's

working. Up at six a. m. for a dip in the ocean, a brisk drive to the studio, an intense day's work during which she tries to make every second she is before the camera count, home for a late dinner, an hour or so with her hairdresser, and she retires.

That sort of schedule she keeps up for days on end, while she is in a production, never going out at night and rarely speaking to anyone but her husband and the people with whom she comes in direct contact at the studio. It is easy to understand where she gets her reputation for solitude.

But it's Jean's code to be earnest.

"I can't stand still," she says. "I must go ahead and try to accomplish whatever I can accomplish."

SHE adores Katherine Cornell and Helen Hayes, and spends hours analyzing their technic, discussing her conclusions with others. Director Frank Capra and Jo Swerling, writer, are her near neighbors, and they often take part in her discussions. She has a definite longing to do a great play on Broadway, something with an extended run. "Because people have told me," she says, "that the longer you play a part the more you learn about it—and yourself. You really get under your own skin, they say. And I want that experience."

As for the screen, her prayer is for more vital roles that are not routine romance.

Calamity Jane she considers her greatest.

"Because the screen has never had anybody like Calamity," she avers. "The girl is completely free and unhampered. She doesn't know what conventions are and she wouldn't care if she did. I had to learn to use a bullwhip, because Calamity was a two-fisted bullwhacking beauty. Practicing on De Mille, I cut him across the wrist with it. He's been so splendid. He wouldn't let me strike an extra he had hired to be struck until I had first practiced on him."

"And another thing I like about Calamity, she doesn't dress like anybody else you've ever seen on the screen; she doesn't talk or think like the average heroine. She's in love with Wild Bill Hickok—our Mr. Cooper—and she has healthy, generous human instincts. And that's all she knows."

Meanwhile the sun had been sinking into the red mid-Pacific. We had tea in Jean's glass sun house on the beach, and she walked to the door with me. We went out through the garage.

"I only wish I'd given you something to write about," she said, as she shook hands at my car. "But that's me. You'll have to take me or leave me."

I left her, to set down the things she had said to me. And these are the notes I have written.



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## Meet "Bill"—Sir Walter Raleigh

[Continued from page 25]

wife, but he put it right in her hat for her, too. Throughout the picture he made himself the background against which she might shine. In countless ways, throwing the limelight in her direction. A most obvious example was the scene of the party when Bill was passing food, and Carole was emoting in the background. He was bent low, so that the camera might shoot over him at Carole, as he proffered the tray to Gail Patrick. His back was directly to the camera, and he did not once turn around. Few people even realized that that figure in the foreground was Bill until Gail mentioned that her sister was "having servant trouble" and looked pointedly at him.

And so it went all through the picture. In their scenes together those wise to the methods of picture making could see that Bill was figuratively holding out his hands, urging her on, helping her over hurdles, handing her each scene on a silver platter. Not that she was not adept in the reaching. Naturally Carole is no novice. But it was Bill's help that put her on a new high pedestal, a pedestal that she might not have reached so safely and so surely, had an out-to-get-his actor been playing opposite her.

But Bill has helped novices too. It was against his broad shoulders, as a matter of fact that Margaret Lindsay first leaned her troubles—we hasten to add, figuratively, not literally, because there was no love between them. But they were friends, and they did go dining and dancing together back in the days when Hollywood was still laboring under the delusion that Maggie was English. Bill Powell, too, believed it. She had made *Cavalcade* with Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, and Frank Lawton, and her accent had stacked up with the rest of them. But after that, nothing happened—nothing very good, that is. Universal talked of borrowing her for a picture, then decided that the part should be played by an American. Several parts came up at Warner's which she finally lost because of her accent. The accent that had gotten her into pictures was now threatening to keep her out of them. Margaret didn't know what to do. She didn't know whom she could trust. If she admitted her hoax and reverted to the American that she was, the bigwigs *might* feel it necessary to punish her. Then there was the added strain of the deception itself. Remembering her broad A's nearly drove her crazy at times. Finally she just couldn't stand it anymore

and it was Bill Powell she turned to . . . told him the whole story . . . begged him to advise. Not only did he advise—he told her to give up the game and confess all—but he himself put in a strong word for her at the studio. Her career received a new spurt, and it's to the man with the kid-glove manner that she says she owes much.

**I**T was at the same studio that he did even more for Kay Francis. Kay was not suffering from a lack of work, but she was suffering from too much of the same kind. When many another actor would have been worrying about his own parts, Bill was constantly egging Kay on to something besides those efficient, but unromantic, uniformed women she was always playing. "Now that's a becoming thing," he used to say in his best sarcastic manner, when he'd meet her on the lot clad in a plain dark serge for one of her secretary roles. "Such a rich satin, it does something to you, Kay." Or when he'd see her in a white doctor's uniform for another typical Kay Francis part—"Good morning, Dr. Kay. That lovely antiseptic scent you're wearing is really entrancing. So romantic, Doctor dear, it makes my head swim. For heaven's sake, Kay, when are you going to put your foot down on these mental-giant roles and become a wilting woman for a change? Don't you know these stiff-collar parts are going to bury you some day?"

Of course, Kay did know it, but as she told him time and time again, what was she to do about it? She had fought. Long and often, and hard. Her agents had fought. Now would he please not kid her any more about it, and leave her to her own sad fate in peace!

Which is exactly what Bill Powell has never been able to do under any circumstances. Kay Francis might be the master of her own fate, or the master of the fate of hospitals, orphanages and big business, on the screen, but to him she was just a stranded youngster who must be taken by the hand and led home. He did it by the simple device of putting a bug in the publicity department's ear. That bug buzzed to the effect that Kay Francis is the Best Dressed Woman in Town! The word spread, and photographers caught Kay in her own personal wardrobe to prove it. There were feminine fur-trimmed suits, alluring and décolleté evening gowns, exotic hats. Newspaper editors reached for these



James Montgomery Flagg persuades Jessie Mathews, noted English star, to pose for him





Whatever the argument is between Walter Huston and Edward Arnold it looks like a dead heat

pictures instead of the set stills which showed Kay "in uniform" for her pictures. "Kay Francis, the best dressed woman in town." The slogan spread and took hold.

"Well, why don't we let her wear some fancy clothes in a picture some time?" said one of the Warner executives. Whereupon Mr. Powell stepped up. "No feminine lead has been assigned yet to *One Way Passage*, that new picture of mine."

"No, that picture is not her type," came the verdict. "The girl is ill and frail and feminine and clinging. No, definitely, not a Kay Francis part."

But in the end, Bill, and the publicity angle he had suggested, gained his point. Bill Powell and Kay Francis made *One Way Passage* together, and that picture marked a turning point. Kay still does uniform parts occasionally (Florence Nightingale, for example), but now there is nothing in the movie bible which says she can't do the other, too.

Other front-office moves which Bill Powell made in behalf of beauty involved the now-famous casting of Myrna Loy in *The Thin Man*. Never before had Myrna Loy been cast as a comedienne, and it was only due to the combined efforts of Bill and Director Woody Van Dyke that she was assigned to this picture. But his helping hand wasn't pocketed at that point—it remained out and gently encouraging all through the actual shooting. Much of the "business" was actually worked out on the set, and there were a number of scenes which appeared in the picture which were not in the script. These added scenes were all Myrna's, amazingly enough. Instead of hogging the picture as he might have done Bill Powell insisted on sharing it. The result is history.

**B**UT there is even a greater example of his unselfishness and his give-the-little-girl-a-hand-ishness in what he did for Luise Rainer when she was suddenly thrust into *Escapade*, in the part that Myrna Loy, in a money tiff with the studio had vacated. Here was Bill Powell, an old timer. Here was Luise Rainer, a newcomer. Not only was she new to American picture-making, but America's language was new to her besides. How Bill Powell could have walked off with that picture! Instead, it turned out to be Luise Rainer's "discovery" picture.

It was a number of years ago that a struggling young girl by the name of Jean Arthur worked with Bill Powell in a now all-but-forgotten picture, *The Green Murder Mystery*. Jean had worked in pie-strewn

comedies and in Westerns and in an occasional feature, but she wasn't getting any place. This fact had robbed her of enthusiasm, spontaneity, hope. She wasn't kidding herself that her little bit of fame was amounting to anything. Friends and employers, too, tried to convince her that all that was needed was for her just to hold on. But along came Bill Powell who advised her to do just the opposite . . . to let go . . . and for the first time Jean heard a voice that she could believe in, listen to. It was he who advised her to look for love and happiness first . . . and then, if she must carry on with her career, to go back to New York, get on the stage, start all over again along the new road to movie success, via the stage. That Jean followed his advice and found it good is an established fact today—with her career in a better state than it ever was.

**I**F you have read a great deal the last year or so about the turn-about Jean Harlow has taken in her own ambitions, you can be sure that this, too, is the result of that famous Bill Powell guidance. For a long time Jean had wanted to take the glitter out of her platinum reputation and become a dramatic actress but she never knew exactly how to go about it until Bill came along to lend an attentive ear. "You'll have to dramatize your change—make other people realize it. Have a different kind of publicity, really strike out for different parts." *Reckless* followed—the first really dramatic part of her career. She made it with Bill Powell. He gave her the best support she had ever had. While the critics and fans were buzzing about that, he encouraged her to strike while the iron was hot, to do something that would clinch the idea that she had changed. On his advice then, Jean blossomed forth in a new and milder shade of hair.

And so it goes, on and on. Advice, you may say, is cheap, but not the kind Bill Powell gives. For his is not flip or routine. It springs from a real human interest in the situation at hand. In each case it is made-to-order, tailored-to-fit. Nor, as we have shown, is it only advice that he gives. As Kay Francis said once, "He can't help helping—it's his gentleman's code of honor." But it is even more than that. It is his mania for cape-spreading-over-puddles and for guiding beautiful wanderers. It is that quality in him which is best summed up by his nicknames of Daddy, Pop, and Pater. It is his urge to consider all women as the very especial problem of man. Of this one, in particular.

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has been the subject of much gossip. Now you can learn the truth about the strange way in which the handsome actor wooed and won the famous beauty. 'Raye for Our Side, is a sparkling and witty story about cavern-mouthed Martha Raye, whose popularity has taken the nation by storm. She's amazingly frank—and you'll love it! Read

JANUARY

## SCREEN BOOK

Jean Arthur is being called *Blonde Dynamite*—and for very good reason! The story of her temperamental outbursts will astonish you. All Hollywood is buzzing with talk about them. Read January SCREEN BOOK and get in on the fun!

*Adventure in an Insane Asylum* is a hair-raising story of a famous blonde star's night of horror in a mad house. Don't miss it!

"Beauty Isn't Important," says Joan Crawford. She tells how loveliness and success may be attained by any girl. Her advice is inspiring!

The latest news, the choicest gossip and candid camera snaps fill the pages of January SCREEN BOOK.

AT ALL  
NEWS  
STANDS  
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## The Five Million Dollar Battle Over Gary Cooper

[Continued from page 29]

individual from a twenty-five to a five million dollar box office threat . . .

What part did the studio play in it? What part do they actually have in the creating of any big star? Let's see—

Supposing you had just stepped into the "star clinic." Somebody has seen screen possibilities in you. (In Gary's case, nine producers saw it in him at once! That was the time he walked unannounced into B. P. Schulberg's office at Paramount and found a pow-wow going on. During the next minute and a half he blushed violently, stammered his apologies and managed to get out without dropping his hat. But in that minute and a half they'd caught a glimpse of Something. The Something in him that made them outbid Goldwyn for his services, get his John Henry on the dotted line, and usher him into the "clinic.")

You head for the makeup "doctor" first. He's a valiant man of mighty muscle as a rule, and quite literally he takes your face in hand. When he's through sometimes you recognize yourself and sometimes you don't! "What've you done to my mouth for Pete's sake?" Gary asked.

"It's got a twist in it. I had to fix that up so the camera wouldn't register it," the other explained.

"I don't think that's a twist," grinned Coop. "That's where the old bull registered with his hoof!"

After that, it's the Wardrobe "Doc," and the Drama "Doc" in the person of the test director. Coop's first three tests ran around \$4000. Initial expense. After that more people talked to him and got his background. And pretty soon they cast him in two-fisted roles where he was a wild man ahorse and a demon on the draw. Coop was at home with that stuff. It was his meat. But when Esther Ralston wanted him for the romantic lead in her picture, Coop got the worst case of camera jitters ever seen in these regions. That was in *Children of Divorce* and Frank Lloyd was the director. I don't know how much money the studio lost but it was plenty on the way Gary "held up production!" It took them three days to "shoot" the first kiss alone.

"It was supposed to be a torrid love scene and I died a thousand and one deaths," Gary said afterward. "You couldn't blame Esther for laughing at me inwardly. I knew a lot more about horses than loving! I handled her like a man trying to pass a hot dish at the dinner table. I was as hammy as a Virginia smokehouse. I knew it by the way the director began tearing his hair."

And that night Coop started back for Montana and the wide open spaces. He'd never set foot in Hollywood again. That's what he thought. The studio, with their cost sheet mounting like a thermometer in Hades, thought differently. They took him off the train. Coop would be a screen Lover—or else!

THEY required forty-eight "takes" for the second kiss. And Coop wilted twelve collars. But in the end he got the idea. Every feminine star on the lot began asking for him. The publicity department got busy with a terrific build-up. They sold Cooper steadily to magazines and news syndicates. They splurged him on twenty-four sheets throughout the country. In all, the studio invested around \$150,000 in the man before he became an actor.

And he has netted them a thousand per

cent profit and then some. Of all the stars who have come and gone at Paramount, Gary has received the largest amount of fan mail and the most varied. It comes to him from smart young tyros and gentle old ladies; from thatched Maori huts and Sicilian castles and Park Avenue penthouses.

Gary has struck deep roots at Paramount. Every corner of the lot is filled with old associations. There's the little table in the commissary where he used to eat noon after noon with Clara Bow. And the turnstile at the entrance where Clara fought with him one day and kept shoving him around and around in it.

And there's the same old bootblack who shined his shoes for his first important part and gave him that sage piece of advice: "I always tell de young fellas nevah to part der hair in de middle and nevah put no water on it so dey can have dry thoughts. Yas suh!"

Yes, and there's the spot where the old billboard used to stand. In the days when Coop was searching for work as an extra, many a time he'd devour a loaf of bread behind it for want of a dining room.

Over there is the stage (greatly transformed since then) where Lupe Velez stormed at him. It was the first day on the set of *Wolf Song* and they had just met. "He is too beeg to play opposite me. Too beeg, I tell you!" she cried.

Gary Cooper has written some exciting pages of Hollywood history there at Paramount. Written them all unconsciously and with the abashed earnestness that is part of him. Perhaps one should start a fresh chapter every so often.

He is, of course, taking his "gang" with him to Goldwyn's. Coop would be lost without the Invincible Three. Jack Moss, Cracker and Slim. With the guns of the court battle booming about them, they're as steadfast as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Jack Moss used to be an assistant director at Paramount's Long Island studio. When Gary went back there to do *His Woman* Jack rescued him from Greater Feminine-Manhattan and the two of them went fishing. They've been buddies ever since and Jack is now the Cooper business manager.

Cracker (the *Uptown* Cracker) is Gary's man Friday. (His brother, the *Downtown* Cracker, is Jack Oakie's.) Just why he is called that is still a mystery. And Gary will draw a bead on anyone who pulls that "Polly wants a Cracker!" stuff.

Slim Talbot who has been Coop's stand-in for the past six years, was a boyhood pal back in Montana. They've ridden the range together and gone bear hunting. They've been snowed in on the same trail and been pinochle partners on fifty location trips. It's all right with Slim if the Big Shots fight over Gary. But not at him. Because in that case he'd have to begin oiling those .45s.

*Souls At Sea* is to be the next Cooper picture under the old regime. Then he and his wife, the lovely Sandra Shaw, are going to rent a houseboat on the Nile or plane to Bali. Anyway, they're going a long, long way from here where all is peace and quiet!

What will 1937 hold for Coop? It's the start of new adventure, it means sinking new roots. But nothing that could ever happen to him will be as dramatic as this last ten year period, which began with a \$25 advance, and ended in a \$5,000,000 battle!



# What Love Has Done to Dick Powell and Joan Blondell

[Continued from page 21]

plenty of money in the bank, Joan's first thoughts were of her family. And in Hollywood they'll all tell you she was and still is a mighty fine daughter and sister.

Being a beautiful, vivacious, normal young girl, Joan had plenty of admirers and plenty of ardent suitors. It seemed only a question of time before she would say "yes" to one of the many who popped the question of marriage. The winner was George Barnes. Handsome, well thought of in the industry as Samuel Goldwyn's ace cameraman, he had been married three times before. On January 4, 1933, they made the trip up the middle aisle.

NOW, as a rule, vaudevillians are an extremely superstitious lot. Apparently Joan thought that superstitions were just a lot of nonsense. Because, after her marriage, she made her home in a house on a high hill, overlooking Hollywood and Beverly Hills. It is called Lookout Mountain and to get there you must drive through Laurel Canyon. The thing that would have deterred many others was the fact that the house formerly belonged to the Shelby family, of which the unlucky Mary Miles Minter is a daughter. Another point is that in Hollywood many think that Laurel Canyon isn't such a lucky spot for motion picture people. Call it hooey, if you will, nevertheless that superstition does exist. Joan laughed the whole thing off. She was happy in her Cape Cod cottage high on the hill—happier still after little Norman Scott Barnes arrived on November 2, 1934, to bless the union.

What happened to mar this happiness? Nobody knows. Neither Joan nor George Barnes ever talked about it. The divorce was a formal affair. Joan and George continued to be good friends—were even seen out in public together on a couple of occasions. But from the day that she sued George for divorce, which was some time after the separation, Hollywood just took it for granted that she would ultimately marry Dick Powell. And Hollywood was right.

Which brings us to another part of the story. It concerns the background of Dick Powell.

He was born in Mountain View, Arkansas, and was christened Richard. Like Joan, he had to work hard when he was a kid. After his family moved to Little Rock, which is a metropolis when compared with Mountain View, Dick had to help buy the family groceries. And the telephone company will tell you, if you take the time to ask, that he was a darned responsible, hard working lad who would have gone far with the firm if he hadn't decided to be a musician. In those days, though, his only musical activities consisted in singing in the church choir.

When the day came for Dick to hit the hard, cruel world beyond the city limits of Little Rock, he went to Louisville, Kentucky, and joined a band. By that time he could play every known instrument and could sing a sweet lullaby as well. He was a handy man for any orchestra and it wasn't long before he was the talk of the town.

Then it was on to bigger and better things and Dick found his way to Pittsburgh. For three years he was master of ceremonies as well as singer and soloist at the Stanley Theatre. There it was that Warner Brothers discovered him and his charm. With his name inked into a big money contract, he headed for Hollywood to make his screen debut in *Blessed Event* and he shared honors with the fast talking Lee Tracy. Picture followed picture and Dick Powell's stock hit an all time high.

GIRLS the world over were clamoring for more of him. He had that something that goes for cinema greatness. With his acting, playing, singing, dancing, and love making talents, he was a five way threat to all the other lads of the screen. But a man who was working as hard as Dick in those first years, had little time for girls. Most of his love making was done on the screen.

Besides, he was just getting over one match that had taken him to the altar. She was a non-professional girl he met in the east. The marriage didn't last long. They just weren't suited, Dick would explain on those rare occasions when he would mention it all. They agreed to go their separate ways and Dick was quietly divorced.

Like Joan, his first thoughts after his success were for his family. His mother can—and will, if she gets the chance—tell you what a fine lad Dick has been. She came out to visit him in California and would spend her spare time putting up preserves in the massive kitchen of Dick's Toluca Lake home and wouldn't feel just right if she didn't tuck her boy in bed at night. And when she had to say goodbye and go back to Arkansas, there was a tear in Dick's eye. He's that kind of a son.

And, so, don't you agree with Hollywood that Joan and Dick are an ideal match? They both like to work hard and to enjoy the surroundings of a comfortable home. Dick has disposed of his old Toluca Lake bachelor estate and they're moving into one that will give them a new start in life. There'll be a swimming pool and tennis courts, because they have a common fondness for those sports. And on top of these, Dick will have his polo ponies, for he swings a mean mallet.

Love has given them each a new lease on life, a new reason for attaining even greater successes on the screen. So, the next time you see the famous Blondell and Powell smiles, you'll know they're genuine, just as Director Dan Cupid ordained they should be.

**DID YOU KNOW THAT** Bob Taylor used his gasoline scooter recently to make the 30 miles from studio to his home, then skinned his arms and legs in a spill almost at his doorstep—and that his bosses have forbidden him to ride his new motor-bike?

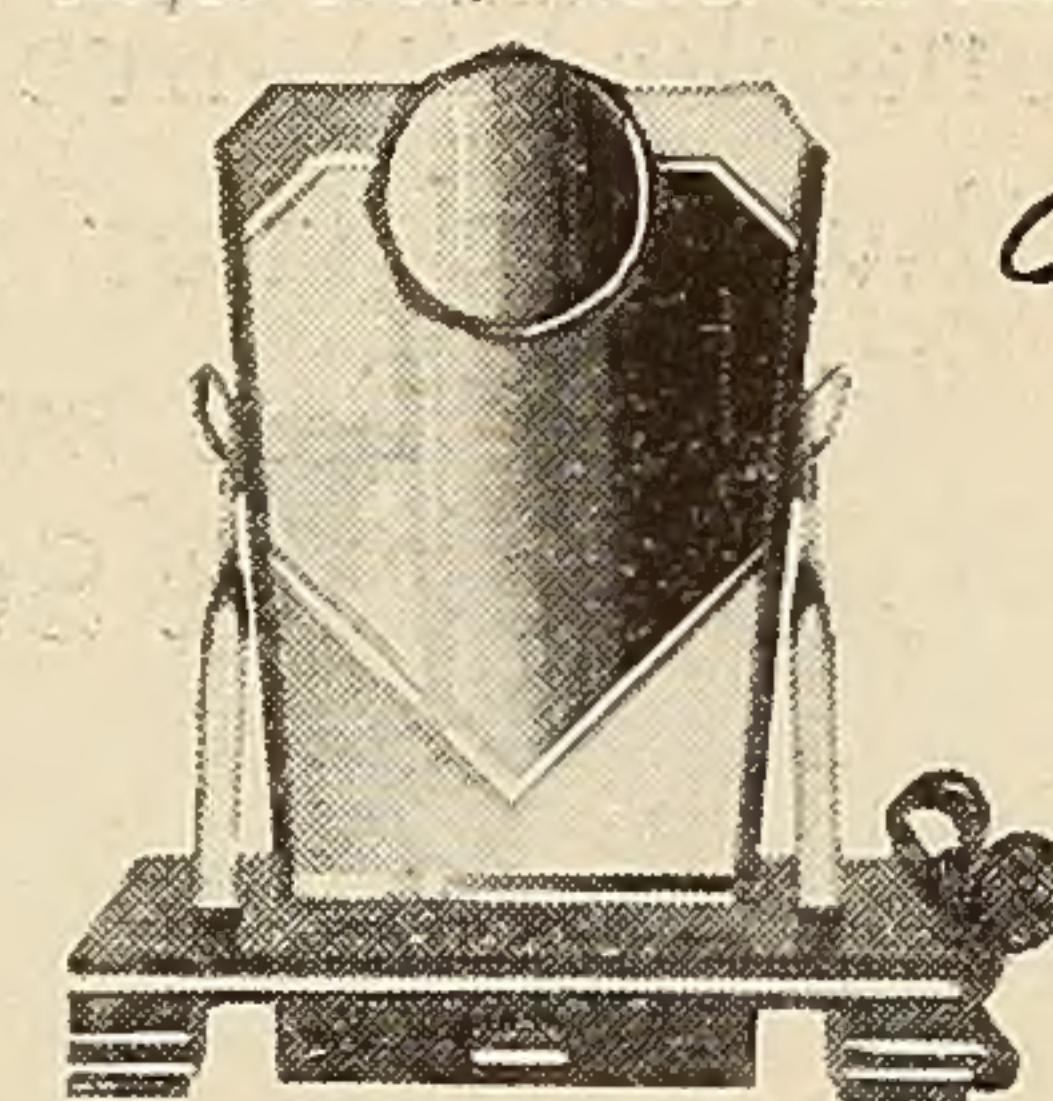


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# The Crossroads of Hollywood



by Harry Hammond Beall

Managing Editor MOVIE CLASSIC



**I**N NEW YORK it's 42nd and Broadway. In the cinema capital it's Hollywood and Vine.

Vine Street leads a double life. A mile or so south of Hollywood boulevard, its name changes to Rossmore, as the exclusive apartment skyscraper dwellings of such celebrities as Mae West and George Raft rear aloft their penthouses. And as Rossmore it invades Los Angeles' fashionable Wilshire district.

On the southwest corner is the Broadway Hollywood, a more or less swanky offshoot of the Broadway Department Store in downtown Los Angeles.

A few doors west is the studio of Sergis Alberts, world-renowned celebrity photographer, who like the marrying M'Divanis migrated to movieland from the steppes of Georgia.

Closeby is the Hollywood office of Western Union, where the young manager Bruce McLeod surely must have his tickers and teletypes equipped with extra ciphers to handle daily messages concerning million, billion, and trillion dollar productions.

On the northwest corner is a squatty building owned by Carl Laemmle and his brother-in-laws, Abe and Julius Stern. Abe and Julius were the lads years ago sponsoring Century comedies. They antedated Sam Goldwyn with Mrs. Malapropieties.

"Century comedies are not to be laughed at" was credited as one of their bonnier mots.

When *Puddinhead Wilson* was suggested for filming, both are said to have patriotically exclaimed, "Why insult our president?"

Julius, tradition has it, on hiring a scenario editor demanded, "So you're a scenario editor, are you? Well, spell me a big word."

The Coco Tree, an attractive and well patronized restaurant, occupies the street floor. The roof has as its unique decorative motif a battery of billboards.

Not far west is Eddie Brandstatter's latest venture; "Sardi's." He has named it after the famous Manhattan refueling station for writers, artists and theatrical folks.

It is Al Levy's Tavern and the original Hollywood Brown Derby, however, that lure the stars to the Vine and Hollywood locale.

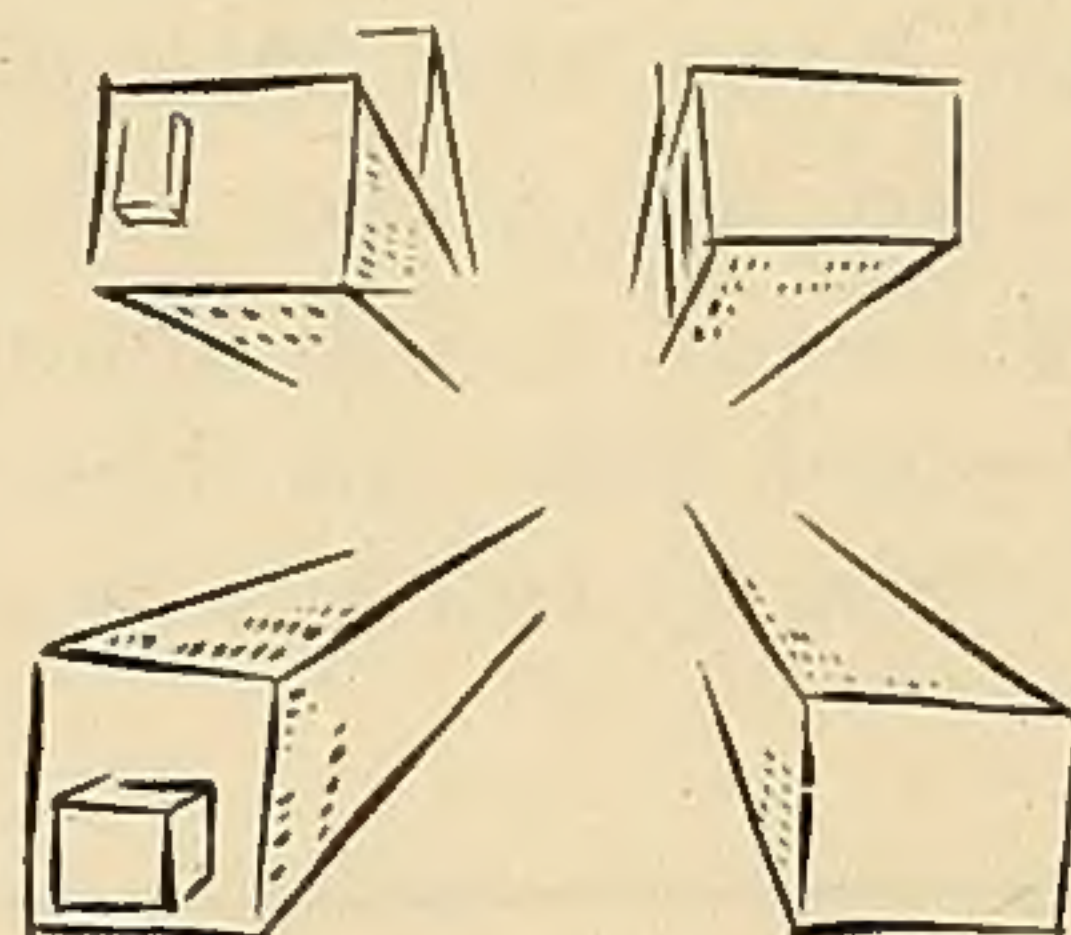
Al started with a tamale wagon when the Angel City was a *pocito pueblo*, and there was no Hollywood. His maitre d'hotel, Alex Montoya, is known to every notable who ever visited Agua Caliente. His chief bartender, Jack Marsh, is the mixologist whose advice is sought by celebrities when their own cocktails taste like hair tonic, and their Planter's Punches resemble essence of well-brewed boxing gloves.

It was in the Hollywood Brown Derby that the late playwright Wilson Mizner used to let down his hair, telling of Alaskan adventures when the late Alexander Pantages and Sid Grauman rushed through the trail of '98.

The site of the Hollywood Plaza where many MOVIE CLASSIC contest winners have been royally quartered, not so long ago was an orange grove, before the Sterns, father and sons, decided more hostelries were needed here. Tommy Hull, lessee of the Roosevelt, now operates this, too, as a part of his California chain.

Across Hollywood boulevard toward the hills is the Hollywood Playhouse, built by a man at this writing in San Quentin for looting the Guaranty Building and Loan, costing many stars, directors, writers and executives their life savings. Seldom housing a successful engagement, the Playhouse has sheltered varied offerings from Clifford Odet's communistic comedies to Minsky's strip teasers.

And there you have a more or less hop, skip, and jump voyage on roller skates, as it were, hitting highspots in the vicinity of Hollywood's best known crossroads.





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